MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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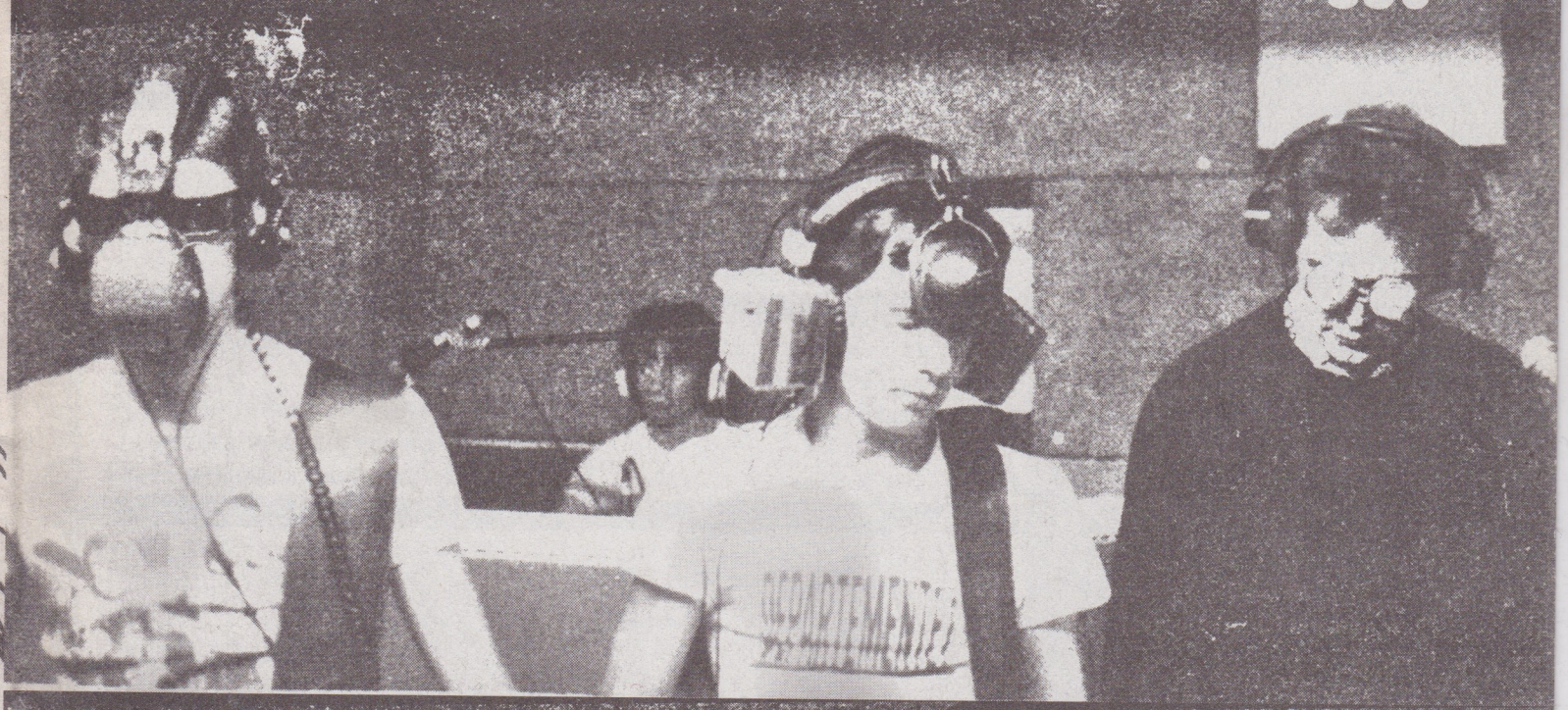

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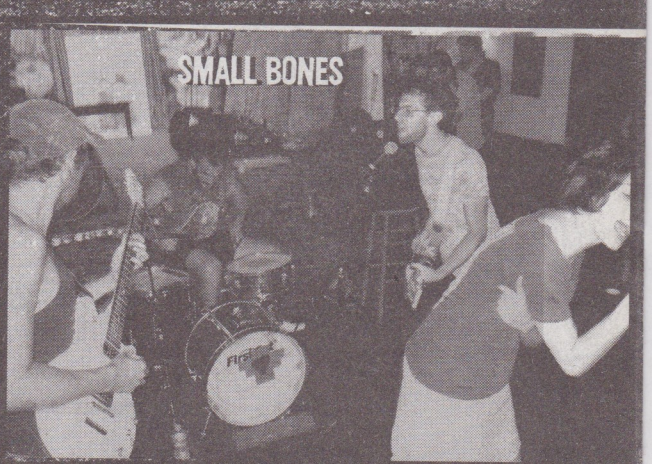

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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•Canada & Mexico: Current issue $5 (Canada) or $7 (Mexico) 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $57 (air).

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-328, 330, 331-338

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- LA TERMINAL-Esta Al Caer-EP
- WHITE WARDS-Waste My Time...-EP
- GASMIASMA-EP / LIEUTENANT-LP
- KRIG I HUDIK-2-EP / KONTRASEKT-EP
- NERVESKADE/PERDITION-split EP
- METRALLETAS LECHERAS-Melodias Para Romanos-LP
- DESPERAT-EP / TEARGAS-LP
- NIGHTGAUN-EP / GOOD GOOD THINGS-EP
- OBEDIENCIA-Edificios-EP
- VILE GASH / NEEDLES / STRESSORS / FIREBRAND-live

BRACE BELDEN

- JETS-Anthology 1977-1979-LP
- FUNGUS BRAINS-Ron Pistos Real World-LP
- LA TERMINAL-Esta Al Caer-EP
- NERVESKADE/PERDITION-split EP
- PINK REASON-Shit in the Garden-LP
- BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL-ISO 9004-EP
- REATARDS-Teenage Hate-2xLP
- USELESS EATERS-Daily Commute-LP
- USELESS EATERS-Cheap Talk-LP
- CRAZY SPIRIT-live

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- WHITE WARDS-Waste My Time...-EP
- OMEGAS-Blast of Lunacy-LP
- THE MEN-Leave Home-LP
- KRIG I HUDIK-2-EP
- TEARGAS-Way of All Flesh-EP
- DESPERAT-Demokrati Eller Diktatur?-EP
- SHAVED WOMEN-LP
- CREEM-Good Riddance/I Hate You-45
- NEEDLES / STRESSORS / IRON LUNG-live
- EXTORTION / VILE GASH / NUKKEHAMMER-live

TIM BROOKS

Something about a holiday in the sun

ROBERT COLLINS

- STRESSORS-live
- GAS CHAMBER-live / TEARGAS-LP+live
- GOVERNMENT FLU-Are You Sorry Now?-LP
- SLAKTRENS-Strålande Tider-EP
- WHITE LUNG-live / DOUBLE NEGATIVE-live
- PORKERIA-La Mierda De Siempre-LP
- WHITE WARDS-EP / BIG CRUX-EP
- NAKED ON THE VAGUE-Abstract Figures/Reflections-45
- DESPERAT-Demokrati Eller Diktatur?-EP
- SALTED CITY-Rebirth-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- PUNCTURE-Mucky Pup/You Can't Rock & Roll-45
- ACID BABY JESUS-Hospitals-EP
- AMERICAN HEIST-LP
- LOS VIGILANTES-CD
- JACK OF HEART-Eureka-EP
- MANIKIN-Keep Dancing Charlie-45
- 1981-Decay-EP
- USELESS EATERS-both LPs
- TRMRS-Sea Things-LP
- NERVESKADE/PERDITION-split EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- OBEDIENCIA-Edificios-EP
- FUNGUS BRAINS-Ron Pistos Real World-LP
- LA URSS-Mecanismo-EP
- BIG CRUX-Big Crux is a Big Funk-EP
- GOOD THROB-tape / PARLOR-LP
- LA TERMINAL-Esta Al Caer-EP
- VEGETABLE / FIREBRAND-live
- METRALLETAS LECHERAS-Melodias Para Romanos-LP
- WHITE WARDS-Waste My Time...-EP
- NAKED ON THE VAGUE-Abstract Figures/Reflections-45

DAN GOETZ

- REATARDS-Teenage Hate-LP
- NO PROBLEM-LP / TEARGAS-LP
- BONE SICKNESS-live
- LIEUTENANT-LP / AGATHA-live
- BIG CRUX-EP / NERVESKADE-side of split-EP
- GOOD GOOD THINGS-EP / UNLEARN-EP
- JETZ-LP / DESPERAT-EP
- THE MEN-LP / OBEDIENCIA-EP
- CREDENTIALS-Goocher-LP
- AMSTERDAMNED!-LP / GASMASK TERROR-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

- JETZ-Anthology 1977-1979-LP
- BIG CRUX-Big Crux is a Big Funk-EP
- PUNCTURE-Mucky Pup/You Can't Rock & Roll-45
- KNIFE IN THE LEG-No Place For Boys-EP
- NO PROBLEM-And Now This-LP
- GOVERNMENT FLU-Are You Sorry Now?-LP
- SCROTUM POLES-Revelation-EP
- DESPERAT-Demokrati Eller Diktatur?-EP
- ANSTALT-EP / GOOD GOOD THINGS-EP
- WAR OF WORDS-Dim World Act III-LP

KENNY KAOS

- DETROIT COBRAS-live
- HUSSY-Cement Tomb Mind Control-LP
- PEACH KELLI POP-LP
- SEXY CRIMES/SPORTS BAR-split EP
- MOBY DICKS-Spiders-EP
- MORALËNS VÄKTARE/RODA STEN-split EP
- PATT TODD AND THE RANK OUTSIDERS-45
- PUNCTURE-Mucky Pup/You Can't Rock & Roll-45
- RATCLIFFS-Junkyard Barbecue-EP
- THE SHIRKS-Cry Cry Cry-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- ALEX CUERVO-Two Broken Fingers-EP
- TY SEGALL-I Can't Feel It/Falling Hair-45
- BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL-ISO 9004-EP
- GOLDEN STAPH-LP / USELESS EATERS-both LPs
- PINK REASON-Shit in the Garden-LP
- THE SHIRKS-Cry Cry Cry-EP / CLOCKCLEANER-LP
- REATARDS-Teenage Hate-2xLP
- PUNCTURE-Mucky Pup/You Can't Rock & Roll-45
- SCROTUM POLES-Revelation-EP
- FEEDTIME / 3 TOED SLOTH-live

RAY LUJAN

- 1981-Decay-EP / AMERICAN HEIST-LP
- THE CAPACES-The Restless Breed-LP
- CLUB 27-CD / DWARVES-Born Again-CD/DVD
- HAPPY THOUGHTS-CD
- JELLO BIAFRA AND TGSOM-Enhanced Methods...-CD
- JETZ-Anthology 1977-1979-LP
- NO PROBLEM-LP / PLEASURE LEFTISTS-EP
- TERRIBLE FEELINGS-Impending Doom/Death to...45
- THE WRONG WORDS-LP
- THE UNDERTONES live / TSOL live

MARISSA MAGIC

- CACAW-live
- NU SENSAE-live
- WHITE LUNG-live
- UZI RASH-live
- PRISON LIBRARY-live
- NAKED ON THE VAGUE-Abstract Figures/Reflections-45
- PANZRAM-Reform-10"
- THE MEN-Leave Home-LP
- ULTRATHIN-Glass City-EP
- FUNGUS BRAINS-Ron Pistos Real World-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

- OBEDIENCIA-Edificios-EP
- ANTIDOTUM-Testowane Na Ludziach-LP
- YOUR PEST BAND-Ya Ya Ya-EP
- METRALLETAS LECHERAS-Melodias Para Romanos-LP
- TERRIBLE FEELINGS-Imepnding Doom-45
- 1981-Decay-EP
- PARLOR-LP
- XAXAXA-Tango Revolucioner-LP
- BARAKA FACE JUNTA-LP
- SLUTEVER-Pretend to be Nice-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- UNLEARN-When the Reaper Comes to You...-EP
- NIGHTGAUN-Absurdity of Meaning-EP
- LA TERMINAL-Esta Al Caer-EP
- NERVESKADE/PERDITION-split EP
- DESPERAT-Demokrati Eller Diktatur?-EP
- OBEDIENCIA-Edificios-EP
- KRIG I HUDIK-2-EP
- WHITE WARDS-Waste My Time...-EP
- CREEM-Good Riddance/I Hate You-45
- PORKERIA-La Mierda De Siempre-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Nuts! #7*
- *Negative Guestlist #22-24*
- *Hey Ronnie #8*
- *Pipe Bomb #43*
- *Punks! Punks! Punks! #4*
- *Got Myself #5*
- *Ploppy Pants #12*
- *Broke Ass #1*
- *AB #12 / So Nails #6*
- *Everything is a Frankenstein Monster #2*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiffle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nün Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilfer, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Vakivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick 'n' Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paul1 Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege. 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#338/July '11. Zouo, Inservibles, Krömosom, Useless Eaters, Nightgaun, No Problem, Raw Nerves, Family Man, Lost Tribe, Gatillazo in Mexico, Czech Punk History pt 1

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—
Gracias por incluír mi artículo sobre Gatillazo en la edición de Julio. Estamos pendientes para hacer algo en México y/o Califas...don´t believe the hype! Mexican shows are safe jeje...Salud Comadre!!
—Gilberto Húmar, Rodado Ponchado Records/Al Chingazo Productions

Hello Brace—
Thought that I would respond. Read your column in issue #337 in *MRR*. Just wondered, wasn't it that of Henry Rollins of whom which at the time had worked, and managed in a Haagen Daaz before Black Flag, rather?
Thanks,
—Kristopher

Dear MRR—
So, there's this new hardcore and punk fest happening on August 19th and 20th, in Olympia, WA, called New Direction Fest. The idea behind the fest is pretty awesome; its goal is to revive the punk tradition of resisting the status quo. The first line-up announcement just came out. It's their first year, but so far they have Articles of Faith (Seattle), Migraine (San Fran), Brigada Roja (Mexico), Know More (Denver, CO), Resist and Exist (L.A.), Adelit@s (PDX), Red and Black (Oly), Alpinist (Germany), Hummingbird of Death (Boise), and Masakari (Cleveland). All of these bands have actually done something to make the world a less shitty place; from animal rights activism to IWW labor organizing to starting a DIY all-ages venue. Finally, a fest that just doesn't complain about our fucked up world but actually strives to change that shit.

During the morning, there are also going to be workshops put on by radical punks fighting the power including Rose City Antifa (PDX), Mark Anderson (Positive Force DC), Josh Simpson (Coffee Strong), and a workshop with Migraine about class struggle and unionizing our workplace. These spaces will be a perfect opportunity to exchange ideas and opinions how these issues affect our hardcore/punk communities and general society. It's refreshing to see punks getting active and confronting the bullshit injustices that plague everything around us, instead of the apathetic hipster attitude that "doesn't give a fuck" about other peoples suffering. Punks shouldn't stand by and do nothing when the government and corporations thrive off the obedience and widespread suffering happening right now. It's absurd how much our counter-culture has been commercialized and made into a commodity by corporate fucks. New Direction Fest represents all the best aspects of punk: distrust of authority, rejection of power structures, fighting fascism, independent thinking, DIY ethics, and anti-consumerism. Now, more than ever, we need to reconnect with these punk values and make them into a reality. We need to transform our lyrics into action. That's what this fest is about. That's why I'm stoked to go and check it out.

For more information about the fest, how to help out and what not, check out their website at newdirectionfest.net. The final line up announcement should be announced within the next month. Can't wait to see what these people cook up next.
—Brad Collins (Olympia)

Dear MRR—
I recently did the Lost Tribe interview and forgot to give photo credit. All the incredible photos were taken by Sarja Hasan of Richmond, VA who can best be contacted at facebook.com/sarja.hasan. Flyers were made by Shiva of Accept the Darkness/Deformity, Brian from Bloodkrow Butcher, and Collin Claire from Bortgang.
Cheers
—Amelia

Hi MRR—
I was looking at the newest issue and saw the letter asking if Peops really was discontinued. It referenced an explanation that had previously been printed and I missed that issue. I am a big fan of Peops and was wondering if you could pass along that explanation or anything else relevant/useful to know about the decision to discontinue it serially.
Thanks,
—Dave

Yes, after ten years we made the decision to cut Peops. We really appreciate what Fly has done for the magazine, but wanted to open up that space to other artists. She's had a long run, and it's time for others to have that space. MRR *is not a permanent position, for anyone that volunteers here, as coordinators we want the magazine to continually change and to represent the international DIY punk scene.*
—Layla

Dear MRR—
Thanks for publishing Logan Dean Worrell's column in issue #337 where he was like "Now that I'm 28, I've learned not to use racist or homophobic language, but I still get to use slurs that make trans women feel unwelcome anywhere." That was totally rad, bro.
—Imogen

I am certain that what you quoted was not a direct quote from Logan, but I do see what you are saying. You are objecting to the use of the word "trannie." I tried to get Logan to respond to this but he is currently unavailable due to a hospitalization. That is a legitimate excuse.

Personally, I don't think Logan meant it to be offensive, based on his past experience, preferences and living situations, but it was indeed ignorant and does not make it any less offensive. It's ironic that the column we are referencing is ambiguously about learning what is right and what is wrong regardless of your up bringing and then Logan seems to negate the message in the end. I would say that this can serve as a cautionary tale, that just when you think you have figured it all out, there is still much more to learn. Regardless of this personal interpretation, I am inclined to say that Logan and many of our columnists sometimes forget (other times it is very deliberate) that the audience that this magazine reaches is often broader that they think. Even though punk is still a primarily white dude fest, there are punks of all kinds.

With that said, I think Logan was writing to the audience he usually has, his friends. Again this is not an excuse, but I am assuming that we all make allowances for our friends. Logan isn't a dummy, but like all of us, he can certainly act like one and fortunately for him, his friends make allowances. I think that perhaps Logan overestimated his audience. Maybe he thought that we would all make allowances for things said and done—the ability to decipher offensive or socially inappropriate lexicon as, "aw man... I knew what he meant" or "that's not what he meant." Luckily for MRR, *people like you,*

Imogen, are here to call to attention the fact that you never know who you are talking to when you are talking to strangers and sometimes even friends. What we say around our friends and what we say around other people is not the same, whether it is self-imposed or not. Also, the refusal to use certain words does not mean that the concept behind why something is offensive is understood. Yet, people should acknowledge that without alienating people right away with racial epithets, sexist, transphobic, etc... language, maybe we can arrive at that discussion in a personal forum.

Printing this slur is not in any way meant to provoke violence, prejudice or discrimination, but I can safely say that Logan, the MRR *contributors and shitworkers do realize that it very well could lead to such, so sorry for the offense and thanks for pointing that out.*

If you would like to contribute more of your thoughts about this matter and the subject at hand, these pages have room. Anytime.
—Mariam

[redacted]

Dear MRR—
I will try to keep it short and sweet. There is a charity organization in Tennessee on top of a mountain that offers sanctuary for punkers from all over the place that have nowhere else to go and otherwise no hope. It would be a perfect venue for west or east coast punk bands to travel and stay for free and hopefully make some money at gigs. Also, it runs on charity and is always in dire need of many different items to keep it going. The best place to check it out is on facebook under hippie hill. It is also listed on my facebook page, email for it robertkbrown2@hotmail.com.any help getting the word out, setting up gigs, or keeping it running would be very appreciated. Thanks. Heading there soon myself wanted to repay them anyway I could for the generosity I've already been shown there.
—Robert Brown

I don't mean to sound suspicious, but I looked this up and there was little to no information. I didn't get a chance to ask my pals from your area, but I am hoping this is not some ploy to get young punks involved with something harmful. I can't help but be wary. Being from the Midwest, I have seen and heard some rather unsavory stories about some exploitation of punk kids, particularly by Christian "punk" groups like Japuza and Scallywags bike club shit. Also, there are some pretty crazy places I have encountered in traveling that have looked for the same support that have ended up being straight up drug dens. Again, I am not saying you aren't legit, but I am hoping you can be a little clearer on this. That would be cool.
—Mariam

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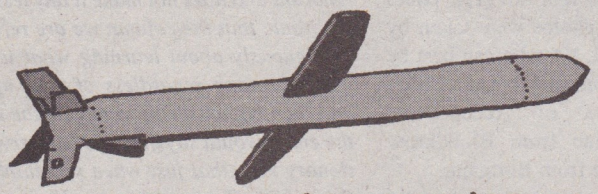

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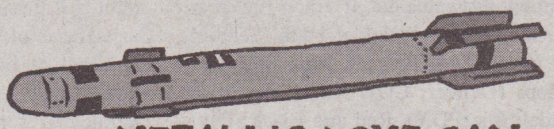

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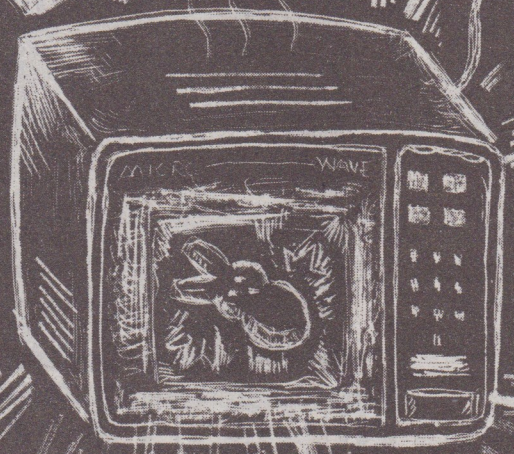

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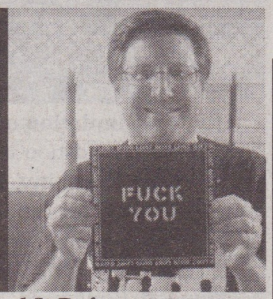

I've Heard It Before...

Ellen just took off for her 30th college reunion a little while ago. She went to Lesley College, now Lesley University. It's now a co-ed school, whereas it was women-only when I met her at a party there in 1979. I figured that since I wasn't having much luck finding a girlfriend at Boston University, my chances would be better at Lesley and, well, the rest is history. I actually should have gone to the reunion since I spent more time at Lesley than at BU—on the weekends at least.

Something else happened 30 years ago this summer. Much as 1977 was the year I discovered punk, 1981 was when I started hearing and embracing hardcore punk. It was a tumultuous summer, both in good and bad ways, I suppose. Summer break began as a welcome escape from a miserable junior year at BU. Not so much the academics but the dorm living. By the end of the year, I was so despised by the other guys on my dorm's floor that I had to basically sneak up there to remove my stuff, with the assistance of my friend at the time and senior year roommate Rick. Within a year, Rick would be an ex-friend but that's another story for another time. I don't even remember the events leading up to the fear of showing my face around floor 8-E of the Towers dorm. It's probably because I had an abrasive personality (not that it's different now but some people apparently find it endearing). I was always bitching about the noise in the nearby lounge or emanating from my drug-dealing neighbor in the adjacent room. Listen, if you were trying to fall asleep while they were next door snorting coke and playing the Doors at a wall-shaking volume at 2AM, don't you think it wouldn't have gotten to you? I know some of you are wondering why I didn't just go over there and party with them. And you might have a point, there—it might have made my personality *less* abrasive. I could have been like Mel, across the hall. His real name was John. Mel was short for "Mellow Man" and, with his copious weed intake, the nickname fit.

On to more pleasant matters... That summer, I started listening to an incredible Friday afternoon radio show on WMBR, the MIT station, called "Media Blitz." It was my first exposure to the West Coast punk and hardcore. I'd already been aware of BLACK FLAG but this was the first time I'd heard the GERMS, CIRCLE JERKS, RHINO 39, CONTROLLERS, RED CROSS, and THE GEARS, to name a few. I started buying records that would form the cornerstone of my collection, like the first two DOA albums and the ADOLESCENTS self-titled (aka "blue") album. But I got most of that high-quality tuneage from the tapes I made of those radio shows. I always talk about the importance of mix tapes I made back then, since I couldn't buy every record that came out, though I've since acquired almost all of those discs.

Another great radio show was Rich Anzalone's on WLYN-FM (it eventually became the hipster rock station WFNX). Rich had perhaps the best show ever to appear on a local commercial station and, within a year, he had been fired, of course. It was bound to happen. It probably didn't help that he played the DKs "Too Drunk To Fuck," even though he bleeped out the swears. He also played a rough-sounding early demo by SS DECONTROL, and it didn't make too strong an impression (that would change, of course). He officially got fired for cutting off the horse racing recap show that preceded his but that was just an excuse.

I first became aware of Rich's show in late 1980. He'd run ads for a store called Rockit Records on Rt. 1 in Saugus. One evening, I decided to take a trip up there and found a great selection of import and US punk and hardcore vinyl. I remember my first purchase there was FLUX OF PINK INDIANS *Neu Smell* EP and THE OUTCASTS' *Magnum Force* 7". I even remember the cost was $6.02 (or maybe it was $6.03). It was worth every penny. In an odd twist, after Rich was fired from the station, he started working at Rockit and I started working there in '85 (where I stayed for eight years). Rich left after a few years and I took over his duties. Good guy.

Let's talk about that ADOLESCENTS album for a moment. I heard "Kids Of The Black Hole" on "Media Blitz" and it was absolutely mind-blowing. I didn't roll tape, unfortunately. So the next week, I made a request for the song and the DJ said, "well, it's kind of long but I'll see what I can do." He played it and I got it on tape, right after "Lexicon Devil" by the GERMS and before "The Ballad Of Joey Pincushion" by VKTMS. That was the song that sealed the deal for me on this newer brand of punk.

I didn't see any real hardcore shows that summer. Probably the first one I saw was TSOL later that fall and then BLACK FLAG, the day after Christmas. Ellen and I saw THE JAM at the huge Channel club near South Station in Boston. That's the club that was the home to many a great all-ages hardcore show in the coming years. I wrote about it in my April Fools column about *Glue: A Boston Hardcore Fable*. There had to be 2000 people jammed (sorry) in there and it was hot as fuck at that show too. We each drank one beer and both got dizzy, due to the heat. But it was incredible. Weller scowled through most of the set but I do remember him cracking a smile at one point. There was a guy standing near us affecting an English accent singing along and we sang "Private Hell" with our arms draped across each other's shoulders like old pals. At the end of the night he said "cheers mate" to me and "bye luv" to Ellen. KILLING JOKE also played at the Channel and was one of the sickest shows I saw that year. It was probably the best besides BLACK FLAG, who I finally saw later that year, the day after Christmas. Jaz had black clay on his face and danced like a demon. "Wardance" was the opening song and he punctuated the chorus by going "The wardance... ha ha ha ha ha," in a cadence remarkably similar to Elmer

Fudd's.

For the second summer in a row, I had a job with the Richdale convenience store chain. I was splitting my time between a store in Marblehead (a snotty seaside suburb, to turn a groan-worthy phrase) and Salem (in more of a blue collar neighborhood). I'd often bring along my clunky tape deck and mix tapes to have good music to get me through the day. I hated the Sunday morning shift because I'd have to assemble all the papers. And I got in big trouble one day when I was apparently rude to a woman who, uh, turned out to be the wife of one of the owners of the parent company, West Lynn Creamery. So the next time I went to work, the manager, Alex, was there with the district manager, a tool named Bob Mullen, who bore a striking resemblance to Howdy Doody. They ushered me into the back room and Mullen says, "we're going to have to let you go" and tells me how I'd been rude to Mrs. Scangas or whatever the fuck her name was and that I wasn't wearing the appropriate shirt and tie. Thing is, the dress code had never been enforced up to that point. I was floored. I pretty much lost it and voiced my disappointment rather loudly as I exited the store, although I didn't go off the deep end like Michael Douglas did in *Falling Down*. I'm thinking of the scene where he smashed up a convenience store after the owner wouldn't give him change for a dollar. He was just standing up for his rights as a consumer! Great move, *Falling Down*. Michael Douglas rules.

The next morning, I went to the main office to see if I could salvage my summer retail career. After a dressing down by the owner of the company, old man Scangas, I was told I could stay in the Salem store, which was managed by a much nicer guy, Dave Bilodeau. I did have to start wearing a tie but what I did was wear a skinny tie over a three-button jersey. Hey, it worked. And, even though my hours were cut almost to nothing by the end of the summer, one good thing happened...

I noticed that a cute teenage girl started hanging out in the store quite a bit. Her name was Anjie, spelled that way instead of the other and it was short for Anjeanette. She lived across the street. Being the clueless dipshit that I was, it took a few days to realize she might be hanging out in the store for a reason, that she was probably trying to get my attention, if you know what I mean. Dawn breaks over Marblehead. Or, in this case, Salem. I got the hint, asked her out and ended up having a few dates with her. I have some pleasant memories there and when I hear certain songs from that era, it conjures up those memories (awwwww... Al's getting all sentimental. Fuck off.) She was one of the nicest girls I ever went out with. Being a socially-retarded dweeb, I never really *did* go out with that many girls but she was still one of the nicest. We still exchange emails once in awhile, although I haven't seen her since 1982.

I should also mention that she was 16 and I was 21. I figured she was 18 or so but I was off by a few years. Her mom was cool with it, but my parents most certainly were *not*. They were never satisfied with just about *anything* I did—what else is new? Why do you think I'm a punk? The Anjie situation caused a *lot* of friction. Come to think of it, most of my years living at home were filled with friction, conflict, and drama. Once again, why do you think I'm a punk? Alienation, baby! I've said this before but music gave me a respite from those pressures, both at home and in the "outside" world and that's still true.

Earlier in this column, I wrote that I was starting to listen to BLACK FLAG at around this time. My first purchase was the *Six Pack* EP with its wall-smashing flip-side songs "I've Heard It Before" and "American Waste." I remember writing the lyrics to "I've Heard It Before" on the chalkboard in the cellar (*"Don't need authority figures!"*) Chafing at parental control even though, yes, it was their house. How did that song by the ANGRY SAMOANS go? "My old man's a fatso but you know he owns this house." And while it's true it was his house, I wouldn't be so crude to say he was a "fatso." Let's just say that my somewhat pudgy physique in recent years resembles his. I miss my old man. We got along better during the last ten or so years of his life. No regrets.

Unfortunately, there were a lot of violent arguments during the latter part of the summer. Nothing that came to blows but there was plenty of door-slamming by yours truly to shut them out—I wonder if the subsequent owner of our house replaced the chunks of plaster that fell out around the door frame to my bedroom?

Why didn't I just get the fuck out? Easy—I wasn't emotionally or fiscally ready to bail. I still had a year of college left and not going back wasn't an option. I don't think it even crossed my mind. I was still dependent, far from independent.

I think I'll listen to that ADOLESCENTS album now. My parents don't own this house, *we* do, and I can play it as loudly as I want. At least until Ellen gets home from her reunion...

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Assimilation of the City

The Disney-fication of our city is imminent. While the shiny happy people and tourists looking for fun family time usually stay at Fisherman's Wharf, a cookie cutter area that is Times Square, that is Hollywood Boulevard, that is The Dells, that is Las Vegas, there is a whole other new contingent of people looking for adventure in the fair city of San Francisco. The young, rich, and white. The people who move to seedy areas and then complain that there are hookers on the corner. The kinds who demand the urban scum be polished up and washed away so it can be safe and sanitary for their family and their dog. While I realize I am stuck firmly in what is known as the first wave of gentrification—the white poor arty type—I very much definitely do not move into a "bad" neighborhood and then promptly complain that it's a "bad" neighborhood. I love San Francisco for its sleaze. For the fact that our street fairs frequently involve public sex, for the fact that places that cater to queers and weirdos (and of course I say weirdos in the most positive and excited sense possible) like The Eagle and Lyon Martin are considered SF institutions, the fact that its not a place to go if you really want to "make it," but definitely a destination for the outcasts of the world. The things that define us for the most part are bastions of art and outsider lives. The things that make it San Francisco and not LA and not New York.

The eve of April 30, 2011 brought about the last hours of The Eagle, a gay leather bar that was so very San Francisco. Supposedly the reasons for its demise were not because of late rent, or debt, or problems with violence or any of that. Supposedly its simply because the property owners would like to lease the space to a different bar—a mega straight bar that calls its home the nightlife cesspool that is the 16th and Valencia area, a part of town filled to the brim on any given Saturday night

with privileged young coeds out for night of binge drinking and "crazed debauchery." A perfect example of a young wild oats sewing city culture that I find hugely abrasive. It feels the same to me as the rich popular kids in high school who had parties when the 'rents left town and/or your typical frat house. Anyways, in regards to The Eagle, I believe in change and the avoidance of being mired in nostalgia, but when all the winds of change are blowing us towards white bread homogeny it's a huge bullshit bummer. I like cities for being filled with interesting people, people who couldn't hack it in suburbia and fled to the bright lights. There is something I love about being woken up by sirens or people arguing in the street at four AM, that at this point side stepping over a human turd whilst ambling down the sidewalk is par for the course for me, that everything smells like weed smoke all the fucking time. These things make me feel at home.

Another San Francisco institution that as of late has found itself on death's doorstep (but thankfully has not met its demise–yet) is Lyon Martin. Lyon Martin is a clinic that specializes in non-judgmental and top-notch care for women, transpeople, and sex workers. This place is considered by many to be *the* health clinic of San Francisco. It entirely personifies (if a clinic can really personify something) everything this city is (or at least historically has been, or at least something I want it to be) about—accepting you and taking care of you whether you are rich or poor, cis or trans, homeless or not. No matter what, they will take care of you for being exactly who you are. This is the spirit of San Francisco: give us society's outcasts, because they have a home here. They will flourish here. This is also exactly what is dying, what I feel is giving way to a new polished "spirit of San Francisco." The young "funky" professional climbing the corporate ladder, the fancy slow food restaurants few can afford, and let us not forget the ever skyrocketing rent.

Recently I have taken notice of the banners dotting the Tenderloin re-claiming it as "Uptown" along with a forthcoming Museum of Uptown. This is a blaringly obvious attempt at re-branding an entire neighborhood of sleaze and poverty to a clean historic district tourist destination. For those of you not in the know, the Tenderloin is the part of town with lots of people sleeping in doorways, drug addicts shuffling about, drug dealers open for business, and sex workers on the corner. You live in a city? You know this part of town most likely. You may live in it. You may avoid it. This part of town, these "unsavory" things, these things that are considered "not family friendly" must exist somewhere, so just let them exist here. Dear City, stop trying to turn the Tenderloin into Uptown aka the newest branch of Fisherman's Wharf. I mean, yes, there are a lot of historic buildings in the neighborhood, it's true. I understand there is a lot of history in the area; a lot of the SROs here are officially recognized as historic sites but really? A tourist destination? When are you gonna open one of those lovely chains that's almost like an adult Chuck E. Cheese? Maybe a wax museum too? So far it's everything from re-branding the neighborhood to the tourist board making self-guided tour maps for the area. Where does it stop before it becomes a theme park? A sanitized version of itself? The Eiffel Tower in Las Vegas? This is such an American thing to do, take something real that exists in life and then clean it up to make a product of it that can be sold. And duh, I don't want people to live in poverty or people to be homeless or drug addicts, it's not like I want to keep people in those positions. I reject the notion that if you shoo them away and out of the neighborhood they somehow cease to exist. I don't want the Tenderloin to stay the same because I lust for human suffering, I want the Tenderloin to stay the same because in the world we live in crack addicts and drug dealers exist and they need a place too. But really, fuck family friendly shit.

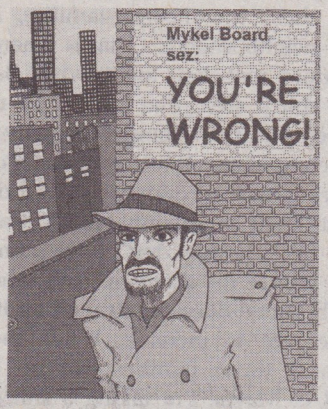
Seriously, why is everyone pearl clutching and crying "oh the children!" about every corner of the fucking planet? Sleaze has to exist somewhere because it exists; bad neighborhoods have to exist somewhere because they exist. They will never go away. Even if they somehow did that would be fucking creepy. San Francisco has begun to feel full of younguns getting their crazy kicks in the big city before they move onto careers and dogs and babies. And they won't leave when they have their dogs and babies, they'll just demand to clear away the scum of their youth. It feels like rich straight people don't want to leave their funky/edgy lives at Ellis and Leavenworth but they don't want the junkie to ask them for change either. It feels like its filling up with people who have never had a service job but enjoy rating the services provided by people making below a living wage on the internets. I understand wanting some stuff to be family friendly but some things are seedy, and those seedy things don't disappear just cuz some people with the right amount of money and leisure time to make a stink about it don't want it on their front porch anymore. The seedy things just get pushed somewhere else. You know what's easier then cleaning up a neighborhood and making it family friendly? Moving to an already family friendly neighborhood. And I understand that yes, for some families this is not an option. But it never seems like it's the families that have no other options are the ones that are crying out for a cleaned up neighborhood. As I said before, money and leisure time. It's like families who live on Folsom and complain about public sex during Folsom Street Fair. Folsom Street Fair has been a street fair featuring naked people just walking around and casually fucking on the street for 25 plus years, pretty sure you didn't have a family featuring young impressionable minds for all that time.

Another example of the dying culture of San Francisco, in recent years they've been trying to crack down on the public fucking/naked boners at certain street fairs like Dore Alley and Folsom Street. It's not like it's because there's a bunch of low income families stacked on top of each other along Folsom that are witness to public ass-fucking once a year, its because there are a bunch of yuppie white people who want both their edgy city lifestyle along with family friendliness. They want the shiny safe sanitary version of the city. A replica where they can have all the wild times of the city but the safety of suburbia. And about those low-income families, in the "bad" neighborhoods? That is where they can afford rent. You know why? Because it's a shitty area, that's why. So rent is cheaper. And those families actually might have complaints about drug deals openly occurring on their doorsteps but it doesn't matter. Their complaints fall on deaf ears. Why? Because they don't have money. Or really leisure for activism. And when the neighborhood does get cleaned up it causes the rent to increase. When the rent increases those families can no longer afford it. Maybe I'm taking a shit on the American dream by saying this, and really I could give a flying fuck because it's a myth anyways, but the idea that everyone can go from rags to riches here, that if you work hard enough and pull yourself by your bootstraps that you too could be Oprah. It's not true. Not only is the shitsystem not built like that but also some people are always going to be drug addicts and homeless, some people are just forever "unsavory" characters.

To take this example out of an urban set-

ting for a fleeting moment, I have a friend who is an elementary school teacher. With the existence of things like achievement tests and the like, there is the assumption that if all the kids work hard enough they can all function at the same level. This just isn't true. Even without factoring the effects of the shitsystem some kids are working as hard as they can but they're not going to do well on that test because that's just not how their brain works. Some kids are going to grow up to be doctors and some hairdressers and some teachers and a myriad of other things and guess what? That's totally fucking OK, man. The shitsystem is an entirely different thing. Denied advancement because you can't afford some school fee? That shit sucks. That's a fucking problem. That is a column for another day. And I've strayed from my point.

My point is is that in a legendary sense San Francisco welcomes all the outcasts with open arms, we arrive here and we are no longer outcasts but amongst our people or whatever. And shitty neighborhoods and unsavory characters exist. And when you clean it up it doesn't disappear it just gets pushed further out. If you clean up my neighborhood so the rent goes up and tell me to put away my boner at Dore Alley then you've made me unwelcome. If you clean up the bad neighborhood it's not really the cleaned up version of the neighborhood anymore, it's just a carnival ride to be sold.



"To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living." – Herman Melville

"Pfffammmda!" he says.

"Tell me later," I reply, "after I come."

I grab the back of his head, pressing the mohawk against the smooth sides of his skull. Thrusting forward, I push deeper into his mouth. He has one hand on each of my glutes. I reach behind me to adjust him.

"Stick a finger up my asshole," I tell him. "Press in... as far as you can go... like you're digging out a sesame seed... you may *be* digging out a sesame seed... Yes! Yes! That's it!"

I wish I could describe the semenal dribble down his chin, but as I work through my last decade of life, I just manage to produce a Nik-L-Nip. Gone before either of us knows it.

My tippling punk releases me and I squeeze out another drop.

"Now," I say, stuffing in and zipping up. "What were you trying to say?"

"Did you hear the new Social Distortion album?" he asks.

"No," I tell him. "Should I?"

"It sucks," he says. "They've gone... I dunno... bad."

I like the guy. Smart, attractive, skin the color of a Sam Adams bottle. Oh yeah! But an 18-year old punk with a mohawk may not be the best judge of music. So I check with the real experts: the guys who write the reviews on www.amazon.com.

From Amazon One: "I don't think that there was Social Distortion album that I didn't like until this one. It just doesn't sound like them. Yes, I agree that bands, like people evolve and change, but that doesn't always mean it's a good thing."

From Amazon Two: "Wow, this record is amazing... amazing in its mediocrity. Is this Social D, or is this the new Goo Goo Dolls album? Is Mike Ness trying to be the next John Mellencamp? Was this record pushed out to fulfill a contractual obligation? Was it dumbed down to get a single played on lamestream radio? Did aliens come down and abduct the band and replace them with Social D. clones?"

"The songs are pedestrian, the band is uninspired, the guitar solos are weak, the lyrics are every cliché pulled from the last four albums, and the vox are overproduced and sanitized. Where's that punch in the mouth I expect from a Social D. song?"

Looks like the band tried something new. That's how fans are, right? Keep remaking that first album. If you don't, you're slowing down...changing...getting old. And getting old is getting bad, right? My mohawked pal (I call him Punky Brewster) shakes his head.

"You're old, Mykel," he says. "But I'm here giving you a blow job because I respect what you're doing. You've never made an Artless At The Jazz Lounge album. You've stayed punk for 40 years!

I smile.

FLASH AHEAD: It's gonna be a great show. My friends, Cojoba, are opening. Then comes Death First, a band I don't know. Then, MDC yes, *that* MDC: Millions of Dead Cops, Millions of Damn Christians, Multi-Death Corporation, My Dog Charlie. *That* one. Then the (British) Subhumans. Wow!

When Punky and I get to the show, the place is already packed. The main stage isn't open yet, so we crowd into the bar downstairs. I buy a beer and slip it to Punky. He sucks on it greedily. That's my boy!

The show is masterful. Cojoba and Death First wow the crowd... set 'em pogo-ing! (I shit you not.) Both bands have girl singers. Cojoba is Hispanic enough to cause one of those hour-plus erections that the commercials warn you about. Death First is plain killer in the best sense of the word. Though few people know their songs, the crowd loves 'em.

And speaking of the crowd, I'm amazed and delighted by it. Mixed ages (I'm not even the oldest!) and genders. After the first two bands, kids who barely saw last century sing along with the Subhumans and MDC. Yeah! These kids know the words!

No, the bands don't jump around like they used to. They look older. They *are* older. They probably dribble semen instead of spray it into the back of the throat. But it is still quality semen.

FLASH AHEAD TO CALIFORNIA: I'm with Rebecca (name changed because she'd want it that way). I've known her since 1982... had a crush on her the whole time... didn't come to anything though. She's since gotten married, dropped a couple puppies, started a consulting business. We used to have very similar musical tastes. She, like me, is friends with Dave, the MDC singer.

"Hey, I saw MDC and the Subhumans in New York," I tell her. "Really?" she says, "They're doing one of those stupid reunion shows?" I nod.

"But it wasn't stupid," I say. "They were really punkrock. And there were these kids... same age as yours... they knew all the songs."

She shakes her head. "Don't they feel stuck? Doing the same songs for 30 years? Don't they know what people think of them? Another bunch of old farts, getting together to live on their past. It's sad. It must be a kind of hell."

FLASH FURTHER AHEAD: When I get back to New York, I hit the computer. Right to Google, god of everything that's true in the world. I enter, "boring old bands reuniting and touring" and in 0.34 seconds I get "About 3,280,000 results." I don't look

at any of them.

The May issue of *MRR* was filled with people lamenting "reunion bands." In California, I saw leaflets urging a boycott of Steve Ignorant's tour doing Crass songs. Dead bands should stay dead is the call.

And in the June *MRR* issue, a columnist who usually plays contrarian, not only jumps full force on the reunion band bashing bandwagon, but crawls to the front to beat the dead horse dragging the thing. Old people should just die, he says.

Well. Sin Arte, (the Mexican version of ARTLESS, with me singing), is reuniting for one show in Agua Prieta in August. Along with us will be La Merma and Solución Mortal—two of the most hardcore Mexican bands from the '80s. You wanna make somethin' of it?

Jeezus fuckin' Christ. If a band who loves playing tours when they're past 50, they're a sad bunch of old farts living in the past. When they try something new, they're pedestrian and uninspired. Why not just take a job selling insurance? Better yet, kill yourself... make it spectacular.

Listen kids, youth is *not* an asset. Just because your face sags a bit, your hair falls out, you dribble instead of shoot, you are no less inspired or creative. Your songs have no less value in 2011 than they did in 1981. Go ahead, complain because someone is old. I hope that's a condition you never face.

Listen adults, maturity is *not* an asset. Giving up a dream is not progress. Being realistic is defeat. Why should I settle for real life when I can live the fantasy? I've been doing it for a long time and while I don't have money or property. I *love* my life. You? Get married or an MBA or something. See how much you love *your* life. You can pick your maturity out of my asshole like a sesame seed... hen eat it.

It may take me slightly longer to fill that martini glass with viscous white semen from my aged balls. But fill it I will. Then I'll drink a spermata toast to every creaky old guy or gal... waddling on stage... temporarily ditching the walker for a guitar... inhaling oxygen through a tube attached to a tank on wheels... whaling out those last few chords before coughing up blood... I'll be singing along. I already know the words.

ENDNOTES: email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links, extra endnotes and a chance to post comments on the column

—>Conflict of interest dept: Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas will vote on the constitutionality of the health care reform law. He has already profited from opposition to that law. His wife has taken nearly $700,000 from health care opponents and now openly advertises herself as a crack lobbyist with the "experience and connections" to overturn the law of the land.

Seventy-five congressional representatives signed a letter to Justice Thomas calling on him to recuse himself from deliberations related to health care. I'm sure he'll take himself right out of the case. Yeah, right. And the world will end on May 21.

—>And why does Al Qaeda hate us? They're jealous of our freedom! dept: One out of every 100 Americans is in jail. One out of 39 are in jail, paroled or somehow in the criminal injustice system. More Negroes are in jail than were slaves before the Civil War. What do you mean *freedom*, whiteboy?

—>And *why* do the conservatives hate Obama? dept: The ACLU reports that Abdullah al-Kidd was arrested and never charged with a crime He was never asked to testify. But he spent 16 days in harsh detention, sometimes held naked and shackled hand-and-foot. The ACLU fought the case in the lower courts, and the court agreed with them. The Obama Administration is fighting that decision.

—>Speaking of Obama dept: AARP reports that Obama has named one "entertainer" to join his Council for Community Solutions. That's a group that's supposed to help reduce youth unemployment and help poor people in general. Of course, our pal Barack chose someone from the lower ranks of society, who really understands the problems of the poor. Russell Simmons... yeah right. Would you believe Jon Bon Jovi?

—>Just discovered dept: BARRACK in Australian English means: "to cheer for a team or player." They don't use root in that context, because root means "to fuck" in Australian English. Interesting, because a similar word BARACK in American English, means BIG DISAPPOINTMENT.

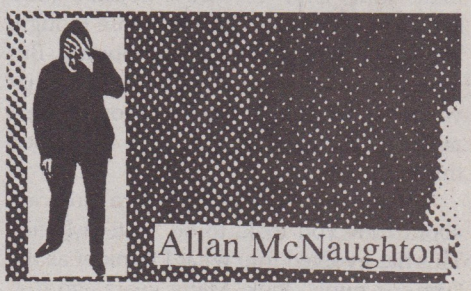
—>Catch the *other* guy dept: *Car & Travel Magazine* reports that 52% of Americans feel "less safe" on the road than they did a year ago. It also reveals: 66% of poll-answerers report talking on their cell phone while driving, 24% say they were texting or e-mailing while driving, 25% say they drove when they were so tired they had a hard time keeping their eyes open. Despite this, 66% support having more police on the road to catch traffic violators. Huh?

—>Modify *that* baby! dept: In spite of strong opposition from the organic community, the USDA approved the unrestricted cultivation of genetically engineered alfalfa. The approval included no requirements to prevent contamination of organic and non-GE crops. Genetically engineered alfalfa does not have to be labeled so that consumers can identify it.

—>But not this one dept: Among the dozens of bills awaiting Arizona Governor Jan Brewer's action are several that didn't pass until the final hours of the legislative session. Most of these provoked controversy or needed last-minute fixes to get through. They include Senate Bill 1307, which bans human-animal hybrids. It won narrow approval in both chambers of the legislature. Opponents ridiculed its attempt to legislate actions that they say have no foundation in reality, with Democrats cracking jokes about minotaurs and mermaids.

—>Let's go back to the past dept: In 1949, the UN launched a universal campaign for the decriminalization of prostitution. It failed. Now, I'm afraid, the foot is in the other mouth. Further back in the past: According to recent historical evidence, Empress Wu Hou of the Chinese Tang dynasty (683-705) insisted that all visiting dignitaries perform oral sex on her as a way of paying homage. Without knowing it, I've been copying the Empress for the last 50 years. Must be royalty in the blood

—>The Tea Party says China will beat us dept: No, it's not because of the oral sex. Instead, the tea party is running TV ads on how the Chinese are going to take over because of high US corporate taxes. They forgot, however, to connect their propaganda to the facts. Jim Hightower reports that in the 1950s, 30 percent of the US tax revenues came from corporations. In the 2010s that number is 6.6 percent. General Electric notoriously paid *no taxes* last year. Now, what's China going to do about that when they take over?



Kicks In Style

Did it start when Marlon Brando donned a leather jacket in *The Wild One*? Did it start

when Ron Asheton of The Stooges took the stage in a Luftwaffe uniform complete with Iron Crosses and swastikas? Did it start when Richard Hell wore a shirt held together with safety pins because he was too poor to replace it? Did it start when Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood stole Hell's style to dress up their protégés the Sex Pistols? When Poly Styrene wore a bin bag? It doesn't really matter, because anyone who was "there" for any of the above events will proclaim that they were privy to the only true and real expression of punk; anyone who came after was a poseur, a copyist. The fact is (as readers of this mag don't need to be told), punk style—like punk music—isn't going away and continues to evolve. Popular styles from the past ebb and flow in the current scene, usually in tune with whichever sub-genres of music are currently popular. What's interesting, though, is that each time a style re-emerges, it seems to have evolved slightly to accommodate and absorb outside influences. No matter how many dedicated spiky-top crust punks try to adhere strictly to styles gleaned from album covers and YouTube clips depicting Hackney squat life in 1982, there's always a tell-tale sign to let you know that you didn't sleep through a time warp and wake up outside GBH's first gig. It might be a fitted baseball hat on a dreadlocked crustlord or baggy jeans and a chain-wallet on a Northern California skinhead. It's these twists that keep us evolving and living in the twenty-first century, though they might shock the traditionalists that wish modern-day shows looked like some kind of historical re-enactment.

I understand that feeling though. If you're going to take your look 75% of the way there, why not follow through? From a distance, I see a sharp mod revivalist in a tonic suit and Weller haircut. As I get closer I notice his Vans sneakers, "plug" ear piercing, and patches on his parka of '90s third-wave American ska-punk abominations. It just ruins the look. He probably thinks he looks fine, and certainly doesn't (and shouldn't) care what I think. I care though. In the long run, it's not that important. But whether you pay attention to it or not, what you wear sends a message to people. What message are you sending? "I half-assed this?"

To certain punks, it's cool to not care about how you look: to be "anti-fashion." This has evolved into what I think of as the "serious punk" look. Many years ago (too many to mention here) when Manic Panic was all the rage amongst my group of friends, a guy called Colin poked fun at me for not partaking, inferring that I thought myself too busy thinking about the serious problems of the world to waste time with such frivolous pursuits. There are exceptions, but "serious punks" are typically the people in any local scene who actually get things done. Maybe they don't have time to dye their hair pillar-box red and spend an entire weekend applying studs to a leather jacket, but that's because they are busy running labels or record stores, publishing zines or putting on gigs. I saw Tim Yohannan wear black Converse, Levi's 501s, a plain black pocket t-shirt, and a black hoodie every day for as long as I knew him. Every day, whether he was working on the mag, going to a show, or playing basketball. If it was cold he'd don a black bomber jacket, and one day when he had to go talk to the bank he'd switched the Cons for polished black Docs.

The "serious punk" uniform (male or female), with little variation, is as follows: sneakers, jeans or work pants, a band T-shirt (generally black), and a hooded sweatshirt. In colder climates a jacket is also permitted, as long as it's a jean jacket, work jacket (e.g. Carhartt or Dickies) or, if you're rich, a black North Face jacket. Incidentally, the sneakers are usually Vans (despite universal opposition to the Warped Tour), but Converse (owned by Nike) are also acceptable, and recent in-roads have been made by Saucony and New Balance. Other skate shoe companies that *don't* sponsor multi-city corporate rock tours have been slow to find favor for some reason. If you are more into football (i.e. soccer) than skating, Adidas Sambas are the only acceptable footwear choice.

How did this style evolve? Why this particular uniform? I think the streamlining effect of American hardcore had something to do with it. As suburban skateboarding American teens stripped punk rock to the bare bones of riffs, speed, and anger, maybe they also stripped it of many of its artier, fashion-forward tendencies. As an example, if you look at early pictures of the punks of Washington, DC in the *Punk Love* book or *Banned In DC*, they started out aping many of the stereotypical punk trappings imported from the UK scene: spiky hair, studded belts, boots, and leather jackets. Fast forward a year or two later to the first Minor Threat EPs, and the future of the hardcore look has pretty much been defined: "regular" haircuts, sneakers, jeans, and T-shirts. The only acknowledgement of traditional punk style is Ian MacKaye's shaved head. Over the years, the jeans and T-shirts have gotten baggier, and then back to more fitted again, but as far as I can tell the "serious punk" style has been in place since then.

Styles continue to evolve though. When did tattoos start to become mandatory for punks? When I got into punk and hardcore, tattoos weren't really part of the deal. Tattoos were for sailors and criminals. Then that Modern Primitives book on RE/Search came along and things seemed to take off. OK, Rollins and Danzig had tattoos but it didn't seem as big as it is now. Now I'm one of about five people I know that *doesn't* have at least one tattoo. *Alternative Press* magazine is basically page after page of 18-year-olds in screamo bands with full sleeves and neck tattoos before they've recorded their first digital EP (or had their first legal PBR).

Scandinavian crust is one scene undergoing a renaissance in the DIY punk scene. But it's undergone a bit of a transformation. For one thing, the pants have gotten way tighter. And around the waist, along with the studs and bullet belts, what's that army-surplus fanny pack thing? Who started that? Where did that come from? What are they carrying in there? While on the crust tip, visitors to hardcore festivals in warmer climates will not have escaped the phenomenon of the scantily clad crust girl. When and why did female punk fashion become '80s hair-metal groupie, only all black, with more tattoos, and smellier?

Many of you probably think discussions of these subjects are pointless. Since I was old enough to be interested in girls, I've had an interest in fashion, at least in the fashion and styles of the street. Mods, skinheads, skinbyrds, '77 punks, glue heads, riot grrrls, crustafarians, skaters, skate punks, anarchos, Richard Hell-looking '70s NYC-style punks, glamour girls, metal heads, bears, bikers, baby dykes, drag kings, drag queens, Fonzies, bands with uniforms…they all look fantastic. Sorry if you think that's too frivolous. Maybe you need to go and dye your hair?

Shilling is My Business and Business is Ill

Far be it for me to enter into any kind of political pissing contest, but, as I feel my

views have been under-represented (as per usual), in this mag, and elsewhere, I shall indeed, whip it out. By all means, "if you don't want to get pissed on, just get the fuck outta the way."

As things stand right now, people seem to be upset about corporations (car companies, etc.) buying people off for concert performances in punk. This is seen as a betrayal of DIY punk ethics, because, corporations tend to be manifestations of greed, waste, consumerism, and so on. These views are being included in this column because I feel they have a certain amount of relevance here. Essentially unless you plan to build your recording equipment from the ground up, you will be putting yourself in thrall to corporate interest. In the larger scope of punk, I have a hard time reconciling the ideals of your standard issue D.I.Y. punker, with the reality of the culture "punk" exists inside of.

I respect when a band or person, truly takes a stand against greed, but I find it harder and harder to swallow as time goes on. There were pages and pages of outcry in relation to Steve Ignorant's Fake Crass Rock'n'Roll Review, and with good reason. I've seen considerably less outcry on the recent repackaging and reissuing of the entire CRASS catalog. Sheathed in more modern looking sleeves, each album boasts, in addition to its original tracks, a number of outtakes, BBC session, live material etc. Is this really any less gross than a live review tour? What is this but a way to sell people something they already have in the form of more wasted plastic (I don't have it though, CRASS has no songs I like)? It's now completely feasible to transmit this kind of music digitally without the existence of physical copies, and it could even be done for free—which seems to be a much less capitalist solution. Instead Penny, and Southern can line their pockets $16 USD a pop (which is like 1994 prices as far as compact discs are concerned).

At the end of the day there are two reasons this has been largely accepted—

1) Punk is inherently a consumer culture, and part of the larger first world culture of consumerism.

2) DIY ethics are more or less founded on overlooking a lot of—pardon the turn of phrase—inconvenient truths.

If you are "Punk" you buy shit. You buy records. You buy shirts. You buy this magazine. You pay admission to attend a concert. (Failing all that you buy beer). Moreover you probably buy them using PayPal or EBay because, let's face it, this is 2011, and that's the way it's done. At all turns you are at the mercy of Capitalism. By default then you will be in thrall to the corporate culture that dictates virtually every aspect of your life. Somewhere there's an industrial plant that makes the ink on your cool punk t-shirt, the shirt is probably made by Hanes or Fruit of the Loom. You consume. If you want to own a 4-track you get a Tascam. If you need a mic, it's a Shure. If you buy a compact disc by the band CRASS, you buy it from Southern, who may not be a giant conglomerate, but they conduct themselves as a business, and their primary concern is a bottom line. They are re-releasing the CRASS back catalog with the aim of making a profit. On that level it's no different than Corporation Incorporated.

Punk is consumerism. It will always be consumerism no matter how hard you wish it otherwise. It's a culture primarily concerned with a sub genre of music, and to obtain this music, you either engage in a capitalist exchange of money for goods, or you wait until someone else does, and then download it (let's face it no one tapes shit anymore —it's sad really). I don't care about taking money from corporations. I will happily take their money. Not taking it will not prove a point about me ethically. It will not affect them adversely in any way.

I'm typing this on a Macintosh computer. I've already given money to corporations, I'm already a part of a subculture that thrives on consumerism. Taking a stand by refusing a well paying corporate gig seems arbitrary, juvenile, and absurd from my point of view. Kind of like raking Steve Ignorant over the coals while no one cares about his ex-bandmates reselling their recorded legacy one more time. It's all the same shit. I wish there was a way to get away from it. Like there was a place I could that wouldn't be affected by multi-billion-dollar interests, but there ain't. You can go hide on an island in the middle of nowhere but if Google wants to buy it and terraform it, they can.

Hypocrisy! Wild delusions, real blindness, a hatred of facts and truths and logic and more! Unconscious self-flagellation at an altar to an uncaring Idol that had real meaning and vitality once but is now just a shell, housing only weird delusions and sick dreams. Punks!

You laugh! And if you're laughing, it must be at me and my ridiculous ideas, for you cannot be laughing with me at all—I'm tight-lipped and grim, serious as a catamite in ancient Rome. But if you've read my column, you might see that this is what I've been driving towards the past six or so months, alluding to and sometimes even mentioning flat-out, this notion that punk has strayed so far from the original ideal and idea and has become a bizarre mock-up freak show, sans freaks, hah, nerds instead.

Think! The last time you started a band, what did you say to the other members as you met in the practice space and tuned your plastic guitars? Did someone suggest that perhaps you attempt to sound like Minor Threat mixed with Youth of Today but with blast beats? Did you discuss how perhaps you'd like to sound like all Lou Barlow bands between 1980-89? Perhaps you'd just play like Cult Ritual and sell your demo tapes on the internet in a few weeks, and be forgotten in a month? Sure, sure, and I suppose there is nothing wrong with this scene, nothing wrong with a few pals getting together and making some music, hah, *bullshit*, there is! Unless you're blind as an underground rat, you must notice that modern music criticism, in regards to *punk*, amounts to a discussion of how well the band discussed apes a style past! Or what new sheen they can slap onto some sickening genre-mishmash! Piss, and shit, all of this, you might as well be playing the fucking blues, for all the difference it makes. If a band is good because they sound like the Ramones, well, shit the Ramones started well over thirty fucking years ago, and this is how far you've come? Not that, Christ, the Ramones weren't and aren't possibly one of the greatest rock and roll bands to ever exist; no, that is beside the point. The point is that they were a new, wild sound *thirty years ago*. And punk isn't supposed to be another fucking trip in the fucking Way-Back Machine! Leave that to the creepy '90s-'60s garage pricks and their jungle-baby garb! Punk wasn't supposed to be some stagnant weird creep bullshit, it was supposed to be lightning and fire, heat and hate! Go-nowhere at least, self-destruct at least, not just another exercise in dragging out the same old riffs time and time again. Now, of course, that's all gone and forgotten, tossed in the rubbish bin, ideals,

all of that, gone!

And then, of course, there's photographers, little Norman Rockwells that ignore the rottenness inherent in the reality we live in, which is to say they lie, snapping only little goose-step pictures of a stage dive or particularly photogenic Mohican character in front of some punk-type graffiti. A fashion show! A boutique! A travesty! Yes, it's what we live for, it's what some devote their whole lives to, but it's fascism! Make no mistake, that's what it is, fascism, no, I'm not lying at all, this isn't hyperbole, there is no pogo or slam, just the Goose-Step Shake, a dance so simple you needn't even move…it's sick. Yes, I believe I hit the nail on the head earlier in this paragraph, with a little word that twists the stomach, a very quaint, yes quaint word, boutique, it was, boutique, for that is much of what modern punk is. A boutique.

Select and match which vintage sound and clothing suits you the best, that's what they'd have you do! And once you've got it, you better stick to it, or else you're some trend-hopping poseur dog! That's a laugh, isn't it? A poseur. We're all fucking posing, for each other, because Christ knows that no one else outside of your crummy little social circle cares about how you look or act. Remember that dumb *Profane Existence* slogan, "Making Punk a Threat Again?" No one on fucking earth is threatened by a bunch of lily-livered adult children prancing about in hooded sweatshirts covered in Misery patches. If I saw a group of these types shuffling down the street, yes, I would turn tail and run, but not because of physical fear, no! Because those types are fucking obnoxious and smell like shit. Might as well be Jello Biafra, talk-talk-talk.

You see, punk seems now to be more about vegetarianism and car companies than it is about music. Weird trends and sub-genres, studs and leather vogue, all of it is a pose by pricks who don't know the first thing about rock and roll (punk *is* rock and roll, by the way), just about how to cook vegan fucking potatoes. There's absolutely no danger in the tepid bland boys who shine their leathers after work. I find myself uncomfortable around many punks, I don't know why. Perhaps it's fall-out from the '90s. Having fun is one thing, but punk was not always about having fun, not always about a kick and a laugh. No, it wasn't about eating seitan or Antioch college fuck-rules, or expensive demo tapes or any of that, it was about reshaping the very fucking fundaments of rock and roll. And it did. Everything changed—prog rock no longer dominated music's landscape once teens were introduced to three-chord punk, drum solos are a laughed-at novelty now, all the staid, boring things that punk set out to destroy have been done away with, almost incinerated. And, of course, replaced with new insipid trash belched at us from all corners of the record industry. This, of course, is how it will always be, no matter what. But it's rotten to think that punk is no longer the solution, that there may not be a solution.

I feel like I've written this column before. Maybe I have. There's times when I feel like all this punk mess isn't worth it a bit, that it's some weird fragmentary idea that I can't grasp and, when I get to thinking straight, don't want to. But I put on a record, whether it's Pere Ubu or Minor Threat, and I let the electric beat jackhammer me into this feeling I can't get from anything else, and I realize that I can't give up on something this important. Because as long as there's some dumb thirteen year old who just can't get it together enough to slip into the queue with his peers and listen to whatever trash is on the radio, even if he has to listen to bands broken up before he was born and see only groups that offer pale imitations of classic acts, it's at least music with a modicum of heart in it. And even now, that's a lot to ask for. See you next month, ha-ha-ha.

I learned about the death of Gil Scott-Heron the same day I went to a sold-out Tony Bennett concert at Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco. After listening to Tony do standards like "Smile," "I Left My Heart In San Francisco," and "Steppin' Out With My Baby," I listened to Gil doing "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised," "Whitey On The Moon," and "We Almost Lost Detroit" thanks to YouTube. Whereas Tony was a spry, animated, and healthy 84, Gil died at 62 gaunt, HIV positive, and fighting a long crack cocaine addiction. I admire the former as a unique interpreter of the great American songbook, but I revere the latter as a revolutionary black poet, a powerful voice of the '60s, and a seminal influence on modern rap and hip hop.

In the HBO TV drama *Treme*, the character Delmond Lambreaux, a New Orleans modern jazz musician transplanted to New York, listens to traditional New Orleans jazz, Jelly Roll Morton to be exact, on vinyl in his apartment with his girlfriend, Jill. When Jill complains that the music sounds so old-fashioned, Delmond protests that classical music can be over 300 years old and still considered relevant, yet jazz that's barely 40 years old is dismissed as out of date. The character is clearly frustrated as to why it's not possible to appreciate both styles of jazz on their own merits.

I'm not trying to judge what type of music is going to stand the test of time. Nor am I arguing that musical genius requires immense suffering and a short lifespan, or even any particular originality. What I am saying is that music which is meaningful in any way must move us, must in some way inspire us, must raise the hair on the back of our necks. The music of the above mentioned performers did just that for me. So did my exposure to the Ramone's first album, Gang of Four's *Entertainment*, Stiff Little Finger's *Inflammable Material*, and the Sex Pistol's *Never Mind the Bullocks*. Classical music (Beethoven, Bartok, Shostakovitch), bebop (Parker, Gillespie, Coltraine), acid rock (*Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape, Quicksilver Messenger Service*), and country (Hank Williams, Johnny Cash, Jimmie Dale Gilmore) also do it for me. In fact, there are only a few categories of music (soft rock, smooth jazz, disco) that I can't really listen to.

Plato contended, in book four of the *Republic*, that: "When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake" (as paraphrased by Tuli Kupferberg). Certainly, music has been used historically, by religion and politics, to strip people of their individuality, create ecstatic experiences, and help to forge powerful social movements. And folks in the '60s viewed rock music as a revolutionary weapon. My point is much more mundane. Music should feed our souls, uplift us, make us whole. It shouldn't be used to divide, to make us feel superior to others. I don't give a shit if you have the same taste in music that I do. Just enjoy yourself, for fuck's sake.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA

94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

The "Art in the Streets" exhibition at LA's Geffen Contemporary Museum is fighting an uphill battle to be an all inclusive survey of graffiti history while sorting out the paradox at it's core: taking art out of the street and still calling it street art. Even a deeply flawed exhibition like this one, fraught with contradictions and incomplete histories, can inspire us.

It's easy to critique this as an act of a museum appropriating our culture. It's obvious that that is going on, but it wasn't just that. The day I saw this exhibition the museum was at its best. It was filled people you don't normally see at the museum: families, teenagers, and groups of preening young men trying to flirt with the girls in sundresses (but only impressing themselves). The normally silent museum was loud and full of feverish voices. People were excited about this art, they recognized pictures of pieces in their neighborhoods, they speculated about artists, they told stories. I overheard at least four different people say they were inspired to go out and create. This is the best thing a museum can do. Much like a library, it holds the art that belongs to all of us, it provides a space for us to see it, to learn from it and be inspired by it.

It looks like the art establishment is looking back over the last few decades trying to use the fog of nostalgia to make a narrative out of the disparate movements and artists and work that have emerged as "important." Street Art has been picked up as one style of art making they are trying to Frankenstein into a singular movement, into a romantic story about art bubbling up out of the masses, of outsiders come insiders. In trying to write a history of this movement-that-isn't-really-a-movement, stories will be bent to fit the narrative they've chosen. The romantic narrative for street art seems to be evolving into the "artist as outlaw" trope. The dangerous and mysterious nature of the character they are creating will eclipse the real people who dedicated themselves to working in the street, to putting art and critique and expression out in the open for everyone to see.

There is an overlap between punk and street art, not surprising as it has always been part of our collective art making, but I was taken aback to see it there on the wall of the museum—artifacts of our world framed up and exhibited under the warm bright spotlights.

I expected the usual intersection of punk and street art with Barry McGee's subversive maxims or Banksy's tongue-in-cheek punk allusions, but I wasn't really ready for the rest. Ed Templeton had a photo wall full of misfit kids in punk shirts. Shepard Fairey cast Ian MacKaye's face on the wall, which was just the other side of too weird for me. Jamie Reed's iconic Sex Pistols collage work also took its place among the throng. I felt so strangely torn, wanting to look at and enjoy seeing the work while being a little uncomfortable it was there at all.

My overwhelmed feeling of being too much in my element got me in trouble. It was so crowded that the air was humid, and I was surrounded by bodies pressing their way through the exhibition. I'd gotten a little ahead of my friends and found myself in the middle of an almost Disney-esque miniature of an urban streetscape. It looked a lot like the Mission in San Francisco, with decayed and battered storefronts, and familiar flashing signs. My shoe was untied, so I stopped to knit it together again. I sat down and immediately heard an angry bellow of, "Hey you!" and just as I would in the real mission, I ignored it. The angry voice, now looming over me, was that of a red faced gallery attendant. "Don't touch the art!" he puffed at me. A line of people perched on a long bench opposite us stared at our exchange.

I was so completely confused, "What?"

"What are you doing? You can't sit there! I said don't touch the art!"

I stood up, my face flush, and found I was not sitting on the designated sitting bench of the museum's, which is made of wood, but another nondescript bench meant to be part of the installation. I tried to explain why I was confused, how disorienting it is to see your world recreated, but I saw that the museum attendant's expression glaze over with that same stupid kind of smugness cops wear, with eyes that said "rules are rules, missy." I abandoned the apology I was forming and plopped down on the museum sanctioned bench to address my untied shoe. The security guard looked like he wanted to try to get a response from me that was more to his satisfaction, but he was interrupted by another gallery attendant there to bring a "bigger" problem to his attention. Her hands were covered in stickers she had peeled off the walls of the exhibit. Evidently, some one had snuck "unauthorized" graffiti into the installation.

I was still hiccupping with laughter when my friends caught up. We pressed on through the massive exhibition to another installation. This one was a wall of speakers and musical instruments, with the great throng of people milling past peering at the instruments and at the arrangement of speakers installed in the wall. We leaned in gingerly for closer looks, our hands tucked behind our backs to signal to the museum attendants that we were behaving ourselves. I read later that we were meant to play the instruments, to jam to our hearts content, but the intention of artists at a museum gets lost among the rules, and the perceived rules of conduct.

After hours of looking at room after room we'd had enough. On our way out I saw an attendant standing guard in front of my bench, he looked side to side and spoke into his walkie-talkie. I shook my head and laughed again as we walked back out into the world, back out into the natural habitat of the art they had locked up inside.

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What punk says to would-be musicians, street art says to would-be artists: you don't need to be good, just get up there and play. This message of encouragement, of excitement, was still there though the art was transported out of the street and into the confines of the museum.

The Geffen Contemporary is free every Thursday after 5pm, or you could look around your neighborhood and city for art in the real street. If there is none there, maybe you're the one meant to put it there.

Fifteen years after I bought my first DOOM record, I finally saw them a couple of days ago, and it was...weird. The per-

formance was fantastic, the band was tight and obviously having fun, but there was something strange about seeing a band that I always imagined as the ultimate crusty underdogs playing on a big-assed stage under a light show to hundreds of people. I suppose no band, no matter their ethic, can tour forever on the DIY circuit and with big gigs like Chaos in Tejas and Maryland Death Fest I suppose they had to engage a booking agent. Point: at the end of the day, the circumstances surrounding the gig just didn't live up to the fantasy of the DIY crust warriors I had built up in my head for fifteen plus years. Counterpoint: holy shit, I saw DOOM! Certainly the crowd didn't seem very conflicted: the kids went fucking apeshit! DOOM ran out of songs to play and had to reprise several for a second encore due to popular demand. I suppose any reunion is a bit fraught with tension, especially when the band is political (see: the recent "CRASS" debacle), and for the most part I've avoided them on the grounds that I'd rather fear the worst and miss out than expect the most and be disappointed.

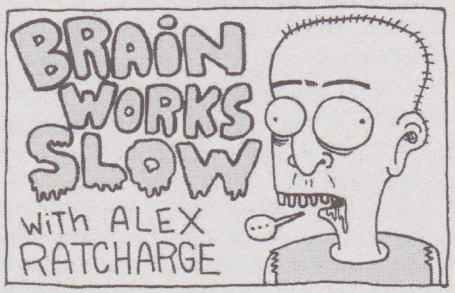
On the plus side, I have no such reservations about the new EP they were selling on the tour. Not only do I like this record as a DOOM "comeback" recording, I like it as much or more than most of the contemporary crust records that I've heard lately. These songs fit nicely in the mold of their mid-period stuff (like the split w/CRESS). It's not as simple as the early classics, in that there are over two riffs per song, but it's not over-complicated by any means. There might be a touch more metal/stench influence in the breakdowns, but for the most part these tracks bulldoze ahead, driven as always by Stick's brutally effective D-beat and Bri's Scandi-worshiping riffs. In a lot of ways this sounds like later ANTI-CIMEX; basic D-beat crust pumped up in songwriting and length to semi-epic proportions. Kudos to Denis for being as good a singer as DOOM's ever had as well. The record is on the band's own Black Cloud Records, and 1000 we pressed for sale on tour only, so I hope you picked one up at the gig or your local distro scored a few, because I don't believe these will be distributed through normal channels.

Speaking of crusty old Brits, the amazingly prolific WANKYS are back again with a two-song flexi disc that accompanies the new issue of *Ploppy Pants* zine. This floppy bit of plastic kicks off appropriately enough a song about floppy bits: "Please For Fuck Me" is as sloppy and 'orrible as ever. It appears that the WANKYS move toward more mid-tempo noize is continuing, as the following version of "It's A Punk Rock Life" would attest. After ten releases most of you probably know the drill: rusty-stringed noize guitar, bouncy '82 bass lines, rock-steady drumming, and Mr. Wanky's hideous shriek (a bit restrained on this outing) to top it all off. Getting a flexi with a magazine is a tradition that almost predates my rapidly aging ass, but I'm glad to see it back. The zine itself is a great read, chronicling the adventures of the WANKYS, LOTUS FUCKER and CHAOS DESTROY, along with roadie Mr. Roddy Ploppy Pants (damn it, it should have been *me*!), on last years US tour. I've always been a fan of tour diaries and this one is particularly entertaining, especially Mr. Wanky's two pages of caustic observations about America, its culture, and its punx. Dunno how many of these are left, check with Mr. Pants (*Ploppy Pants*, Sabhal Mor Ostaig, Sleite, An t-Eilean Sgitheanach, IV44 8RQ, Alba, UK)

The lads in REDNECKS may not be crusty old Brits, but they certainly take their cues from them (among others), as their new *Visions of Mad* EP draws deep inspiration from the early DOOM / ELECTRO HIPPIES school of lightning fast crust-core. There is more than a bit of LÄRM and BGK in their sound as well, as the playing is a bit tighter and the sound a little cleaner than most Brit-core bands. The vocals are raw as fuck, with total throat-straining shouts that really elevate this from good-if-run-of-the-mill to something special. If these guys were to play the Bay area the circle-pits would be legendary. This is retro enough to appeal to the '80s HC diehards and crusty enough to get the spiky jackets throwing down as well. These seven songs just fly by, and I can't wait to hear their next release. I don't think Hardcore Survives has put out a bad record, and this is certainly no exception. Speaking of Hardcore Survives, the label is releasing a CD compilation to benefit the victims of the earthquake and tsunami. That should be enough to encourage a purchase, but it will also feature new/live or re-recorded songs from bands like DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR, ISTERISMO, ZYANOSE, PERSEVERE, and FRAMTID. Contact the label for more info. (Hardcore Survives, http://hcsurvives.exblog.jp/)

I knew I was in for some fucked-up noise when I saw that FEROCIOUS X were releasing an EP in collaboration with noise maestro GUILTY CONNECTOR, and boy was I fucking right! While FEROCIOUS X has always had a bit of noize in their MOB 47-styled HC attack, this EP (*Svart Rädsla*), turns it up to 11. The drums lead the mix, the guitars are buried under mountains of delicious fuzz and feedback, with what sounds like an open channel feeding back weaving itself in and out and over the hoarsely screamed vocals. This is just an incredible collaboration, probably too much structure to appeal to pure noise geeks but it very much shares the spotlight with the band. This is raw, apocalyptic, ear-damaging hardcore fucking punk here. Really, I don't know if I can convey how devastatingly powerful this record is. I could listen to an LPs worth of this stuff any day. Dead brilliant, essential listening for noize freaks. (Overthrow Records, Maruta-Palace 402, 21:5, Shimoshinshuku, Ishikawa, Chiba 272-0102, Japan.)

Well, I missed Chaos in Tejas again this year, but at least I got a kick ass clutch of records this month to make up for it. I hope everyone who made it had fun! Until next time, demos and hate mail to me c/o *MRR* or at agunderwood@gmail.com.



"I belong to the Angel race... Angels find food in lookin' at a picture or... in hearin' a beautiful song... or just seein' a person smile. They find food in that. But Earth people, they just find food in food." (Sun Ra, in Downbeat magazine, 1978)

I miss LSD. There, I said it. I miss it like hell. It's been more than a decade I haven't touched the stuff but my brain is still craving goin' thru the doors of perception 'n experiencin' the world with the mind's eye instead of the shitty old brain's eye; in some ways I still feel like that Koro song, a sweet lil' acid casualty, forever lost in the valley of lameness after overdosing on psychedelics, eternally unable to see life the way it felt before the first hit. I think about it all the time, not every day, but at least every week; I think of smelling sounds'n eating colors and the taste sunny music left on my tongue back then, lookin' at the sky 'n seein' a thousand details that human eyes are usually blind to, hearing people's voices before they talked, thinking people's thoughts before they thought... talkin' to

dogs 'n believin' in the end of the world tomorrow, getting ready, getting prepared for 2001... Is it just me or has the end of the world been announced every couple years for the past decade? Are we really living end times? Sometimes I think so, other times I just don't care; sometimes I just realize the utter stupidity of trying to guess what's gonna happen to anything at all, me, you, the world, punk, the universe, even my own past is a mystery so how the hell could the future be anything other than a giant dumb question mark? There's a reason this column is called "Brain Works Slow" and not "I'm a Genius, Listen to Me," y' know? I'm writing this on the 23rd of May — two days ago was supposed to be the Rapture, the first in a series of events supposed to lead to the complete destruction of the earth in five months according to some hardcore Christian weirdos in America, but nothing happened! Nothing at all! Do Christians do drugs? Not that I know of! Fuck! Harold Camping, an 89 years old Christian radio broadcaster and writer, was the one who started the rumor, saying he had "developed a mathematical system to interpret prophecies hidden within the Bible" (!) and had come to the conclusion that the world was gonna end the day before yesterday, and you know what? A bunch of people believed it! I've heard some of them even killed their pets because they didn't want them to stay on earth with no one to feed them once their owners were up in the sky playin' Scrabble with Jesus 'n his daddy, no but seriously what do these people eat? And what do they feel like, today, two days after the fact, standing in their backyard looking at a tiny little grave that reads "RIP Gizmo, beloved dog and lover"? Your dog died for your own sins, not his! What is the ALF doing? Does the ALF even still exist or has it been bought by a Japanese car company for street cred? Does anyone care? God... I do, I don't... I am truly confused.

It's like that whole 2012 thing, I was a believer until Hollywood ruined it all by makin' a movie out of it, and as everyone with half a brain knows, nothing happens in real life that happens in a Hollywood movie, so now I'm just wondering if the true believers will start some kind of worldwide riot on the 22nd of December when they will realize that it was all a joke, all a scam, and all there is left to do is go back to shitty old job, shitty old daily bluff, trying to make new friends after losing all the old ones when it felt like the right thing to do was to tell them all to fuck off before the last days of man on earth, and waiting oh so desperately for something, for *anything* to happen. Some people in Holland are building ships and stocking canned food in secret basements in anticipation of December 2012, it's true, believe it, the internet says so! People are rioting in Spain as we speak, following the example of the Egyptian 'n Tunisian uprisings, and *another* volcano erupted in Iceland, while Japan is still dealing with one of history's most radical nuclear disaster that people stopped talking about here when the war in Libya started, with France proudly leading the attack together with the US/UK coalition, oh and Bin Laden died but this also became old news when the director of the IMF and main hope/joke for France to become socialist again during next year's election got arrested for rape then released for a million dollars bail, what, what, do you know that Blood & Honors Nazi skinheads are terrorizing the streets of Lyon, where I live, destroying kebab shops and hitting people with baseball bats in the head outside punk squat shows, no really, it ain't no joke, it's happening right here right now and I'm just about to overdose on information, my brain is so inundated with news that I can barely think and that's the condition of the western human in 2011, an infinity of bad news, an overdose of apocalyptic visions, too much of everything, something needs to change, I need a change!

I've been working like crazy in the past year, putting out a new zine or newspaper or book almost every month, writing evil reviews of shitty promo records and trying to understand new music in new ways, staying on top of the emails, getting addicted to newsflashes at my other job, the one that sucks but that brings food to the table, and now that summer's almost here I gotta wonder, what next? A million distractions to forget that my problems aren't solved, a million cigarettes to spice up a million cups of coffee, and I still don't know, still don't know what it is I am searching for. Thankfully *Atlantis* by Sun Ra is coming out of the speakers and it feels like someone is giving a blowjob to my ears 'n soul, and for today that's as good as it gets; the sun is up and I spent the weekend in the country, in the mountains, surrounded by kids, neo-hippies, radical feminists, transsexual hobos, eating great homemade food and checking out a bunch of bands who all sounded different, who all had their own thing going and were all French, from the freaked out Kleenex-meets-hectic-circus-noise of Fast Arbeit Babies to the drum/synth/accordion liberation of Le Fond de l'Air Effraie and the surf-rock meets spaghetti Western music of Les Profs de Skids, I kind of found what I was looking for when I wasn't expecting it, just something different, something nice, something quiet and chilled with no computers in sight, no banks, no gossips, no business as usual urban violence, no trendy garage assholes, just trees and rivers and puppies running around, saved by the fact that their owners weren't paranoid Christians.

What next? I'm planning to go to rehab for my addiction to dramatic news, turn off the computer and get on the road, one way or another. I want to make it to the West Coast of Coca-Cola land and meet the local hippies at some point, hopefully sooner than later, but before that I'll probably hit a few unknown French cities, go visit my grandma and take big walks by myself in hope of getting closer to something that feels like an acceptable truth. I wanna go back to the time where news felt like ideas rather than threats, and when the world is really gonna come to an end, please spare me the text messages — I just don't wanna know.

Endnotes.

1. A reader named Clara, from Spain, sent in a letter regarding my column about Out With a Bang, situationism, & The Feederz a few issues back. Here's an excerpt from it: "(...) I was lucky enough to get punched in the tit by Alessandro and see the Grabbies many times, and I also saw the Feederz a couple times in the '90s – even got hit in the head with a necklace made of aborted babies that Frank Discussion threw at the audience! Hot damn!" A necklace made of aborted babies? Now that's the kind of feedback that's much appreciated around here! If you too have seen these bands and want to share stories, please send them my way, it'll make my day.

2. If you want me to review your record in this column, please send it as well (especially if your label is called Fashionable Idiots, In The Red, Siltbreeze, or Solo Para Punks), I'm planning to include reviews in this column once in a while in the future. Thanks!

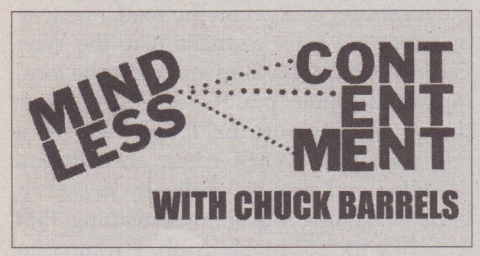
3. I'm delighted to report that the second Fugs album I mentioned last month is pretty amazing. More traditional '60s LSD rock & less WTF'n'roll than the first one but those songs kill anyway.

4. I'm looking for a copy of the 7" by Speed from Germany. The record is called *Speed Is Really All We Need* and it supposedly isn't that hard to find but what can I say, patience isn't one my virtues. If you can help, get in touch and we'll sort something out. Also still looking for early issues of

Forced Exposure, even Xerox will do, hell, scans will do too.

5. Spring soundtrack: everything by The Secret Prostitutes, the new studio recordings by French no-wave youth SIDA (hopefully out on vinyl at some point to convert the masses to the genius of these kids), Sun Ra, the Christian Mistress LP and the song with the little kids singing on the latest Homostupids 12".

6. I wanna read your strange tales: alex.simon82@yahoo.fr



We're at that point in the baseball year where things are getting a little heavy. Not quite at the All Star break yet. If your team is not doing so well, you're at that ill-at-ease moment where the season seems like it could last forever. No end in sight. The point where a player is no longer "off to a rough start:" he's officially having a shit year and/or extended slump. Tough times that separate the real fans from the boys. I know these feelings well as an Indians fan. But this year they're giving me a few less gray hairs. I feel decent about our situation, although I can feel the wheels starting to come off a bit. Asdrubal Cabrera has to come back to earth at some point. Shin-Soo Choo caught a DUI and is now mired in a slump due to the shame and public humiliation he feels. Grady Sizemore is playing like a pedestrian and is one bad hop away from going back to the DL. I do however feel good about Carlos Santana's bat right now (the next Johnny Bench…), and Justin Masterson has improved his game tenfold and seems to be the real deal. So, I'm still posi about this season, yet I feel the axe ready to fall in the second act…But in reality, the Phillies look so tough I don't think any AL team has a chance. Summer's just heating up, and the sweat is starting to roll. Which means it's about time to crank the AC and listen to some records. I'm only going to discuss a few heavy hitters this time around. Records that would be the top of the order if I was managing. Not that I ever discuss anything that is sub-par in these hallowed pages. But this batch seems to have something special about it. If I was a list-making man, these are all front-runners for year-end recognition.

We'll begin down South, where the mighty Braves are barely playing .500 ball and GG KING and PREDATOR are knocking the shit out of the ball. Let's discuss PREDATOR's self-titled LP first. Ex-members of FRANTIC with ties to BEAT BEAT BEAT and GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS LADS, this is quite exceptional punk rock of the RIKK AGNEW variety. Sounds quite OC if you know what I'm saying. I've always likened them to the What? Records roster as well, sort of a darkened LA-punk style à la KAOS, the CONTROLLERS or SKULLS. The LP is fast and gets right to the ripping, veering off into death-rock and post-punk for slight influences at times, but keeping it moving and crisp. This is the record I would have hitting in the two-hole; it's packed with some hits, a little under the radar, but also having a great OBP that's gonna hurt someone before they realize what's up. (www.douchemasterrecords.com)

Now this GG KING thing…I've listened to this *Esoteric Lore* LP twenty, no thirty times over the past month or so. And I still can't really tell you what it is, aside from just fucking great. I'd be remiss if I didn't mention the CARBONAS, because Greg did front that band in spectacular fashion for many years. And that non-stop tempo and hooky punk style is still here, but it's so much more than that. Darkness, death-rock, black metal, hardcore, post-punk…there's so much happening. The songs are seamless, and transition superbly via various spoken word bits, heavy metal Satan worship noises, sound bites, tape looping. It's hard to separate tracks from one another, you have to take it as a whole, and that's just fine. It's a real masterpiece that they spent some time constructing. And when I say death metal, this thing obviously does not sound like BONE AWL or something…but the spirit of Death is there, giving many tracks a ghastly pallor. The real centerpiece is Greg's vocals though, as the guy has one of the best voices in modern punk rock and he gives the songs that extra bit of charisma to elevate them from really good to fucking great. *Esoteric Lore* is fast, catchy, thrilling, shadowy and a really somewhat weird/arty experience that the singles did not even hint at. It's manic and yet seems to know exactly where it's going, and is the sort of record that you walk away from with a new favorite track after each listen. This LP would be batting third on my line-up card, because that's where you always put your best all-around bat. (www.robshouserecords.com)

In lieu of the semi-regular In the Red Records News segment I sometimes do in this column, let's just talk about the TV GHOST LP titled *Mass Dream*. This is their second LP (third if you count *Cold Fish* as a full length) and I think they've really hit their stride here. Tim Ghost has swapped some members out of the band, but seems to have come up with a powerful sounding group of henchmen. Perhaps some of the looseness of the early line-up is sacrificed, but they're also a few years older than the kids who were getting arrested at SXSW for having a "stolen" van as well. It's a bit less experimental, a bit less reckless, but you can also tell that this is Tim's band and he has a vision, and this record is the closest they've come yet to fulfilling it. The off-kilter rhythms keep things tense and taut, as do the tight guitar lines that sometimes veer into a sound that reminds me of some sort of twisted surf record at times. The synth sounds are deep and ominous, to the point where they should be giving John Carpenter a songwriting credit on a few tracks. Evil shit. The faster tracks will give you spasms, the slower stuff covers you like slime. You win either way! I felt like *Cold Fish* was just them playing the same song a few different times. On *Mass Dream* they vary the tempos and dive into some real murky places and come off sounding like a real band with some substance behind their tunes. I bat this record in the lead-off slot, they're young and aggressive on the basepaths and I see them generating some action out there. (www.intheredrecords.com)

There's not too much I can say about the new HUMAN EYE record. It's better than the first two. I always felt HE were a far better band live than they were on record, but listening to *They Came From The Sky* I feel like they've captured how bonkers they are on stage via vinyl for the first time. I've never been less than blown away by their live set, and this is the first of their LPs that will really blow your hair back. TIMMY VULGAR is one of the few bona fide geniuses in the modern underground and this record has some of his best guitar playing since the CLONE DEFECTS days, great lyrics and concepts and art. He is truly a renaissance mutant man. And the drumming….shit. Whether it's Hurricane Hafer (which it is on this LP) or the kid from FRUSTRATIONS on the kit, you won't be disappointed. Totally outta control, yet always on point. It's sick. And you have Johnny LZR on synths / squeals, a real modern day Dik Mik, and one of the few bands that are actually made better by the presence of the keyboard. Yes, I said that. This LP bats fucking clean-up, because it is

a legit fucking MONSTER... (www.sacredbonesrecords.com)

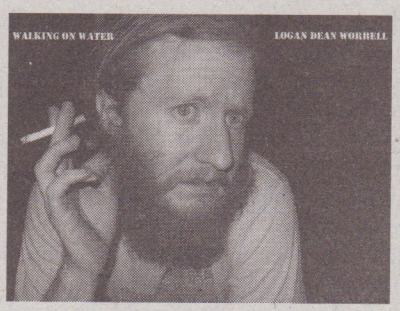
CLEVELAND DEPT.: I must discuss at least one Clevo band every column, and this time around it shall be THE FLYING TRICHECOS, who have graced us with a one-sided 12" containing all of their hits. Another super group, featuring members of H-100s, WOLFDOWNERS, GREG LOWERY EXPERIENCE and many many more, they've actually become a great band despite their own efforts at self-destruction. Rousing sing-a-long anthems, classy hardcore blazers and even some funk are the weapons of choice here, and this is the definitive Trichecos record up to this point. Buy this and fill your nose with goodness. (www.mastermindrec.com)

SMALL SIZED RECORD DEPT.: You've really got to hear this BLOODY HAMMER 7". 10 minutes, 11 songs, an absolute shitstorm of punk rock. Members of NO TALK roll up LIVEFASTDIE, DWARVES, SPITS, Italian hardcore and other good things into one easy to ingest pill. This thing has to be limited to less than 300 or so, because these Houston dudes roll like that, so be on the lookout...(Cut Throat Records)

REISSUE OF MERIT DEPT.: You might have had your head in the clouds for the past dozen years much like my friend Hippy Johnny and missed out on the REATARDS the first (and second) time around. Maybe you only know of Jay Jay from his solo stuff. If so, well lucky you, because *Teenage Hate*, one of the greatest punk rock LPs of the past decade (or more? Jeez, it's been a long time....) has been reunleashed. Filled with venom, hate, teenage recklessness and abandon, this record made me feel a lot better about punk rock when I first heard it. Jay meant every word of the lyrics, and you could sense it coming out of your speakers. DEAD BOYS, OBLIVIANS, FEAR, THE PACK are references. KBD meets BFTG. MUMMIES vs. MISFITS. Just spectacular. Goner has just re-released this as a double LP, with a second disc of the early tapes that are a must-hear. You must buy this even if you own the OG wax, the bonus material is essential to anyone who loved what Jay did. Well done and the vintage interview / liners / pics in the gatefold will remind of how funny Jay could be and how much we lost when he passed. Well done. (www.goner-records.com)

AUSSIE THING WE SHOULD DISCUSS: Australia's finest zine, *Negative Guest List* has branched out into the record business it seems, and they bring us a band not even from Australia, but from Shitheel, Wisconsin and they're called HATEFUCK. Yes, HATEFUCK, and this 7" record is sourced from some murky tapes that somehow survived a drug raid during the Nineties. It's ostensibly hardcore music, but I think what we've really discovered here is the missing link between CRUCIFUCKS and KILSLUG or something even more unholy and rocking that that. Or maybe it's just the DRRRRRRRUGS. Pre-PINK REASON for those who enjoy clowning on bitches as well. Essential and perhaps illegal. (dirtyalley@msn.com)

That's all ladies and germs. Make sure to cast an All Star ballot at your local park, and let's keep it real with those votes. Derek Jeter does NOT belong on the squad, no matter what you think. Andrew McCutchen definitely does. Think about it you knuckleheads. RIP IMANTS KRUMINS.



The last time I was really sick was after a big Indian food dinner at this sketchy buffet place in that shitty part of town you just know you shouldn't eat in. Walking back to the car afterwards, I (of course) shat myself and for the next four days. I shit on about everything else as well. Sucked. This is different. With the food poisoning, it didn't freak me out. I never thought I was gonna die. When I was sitting in the hospital a few days ago and fucking George Clooney came in and told me how lucky I was, it hit me—goddamn, I'm like Liz Taylor sick. I have pneumonia, that's why this column is so late. I feel terrible, I can't smoke and had to remind Mariam three times that my last will and testament is locked up in the safe at *MRR*.

Mike Staples and I work together at the bar. At first glance you would see Staples as nothing more than a jock. Big fucker. Arms like a goddamn linebacker. Really likes to pick me up and throw me on top of shit. This was really fun at first, but then I would commonly find myself drunk on top of a twelve foot high PA speaker with no way to get down. I digress, Staples is a kind, honorable man, but this one day, man, he fucking killed me.

Our boss, Sabala, has got himself a sweet little house out by the lake. Me and a few of the boys went out there for a day of drinking and carrying on. Solid times. On the way home we drove by a BBQ spot called The County Line, which backed up to the river. Staples said, "Oh, the County Line, that place is crazy." That caught me off guard because, what the fuck could be so crazy about a yuppie BBQ joint on the river? When I asked Staples about it, he dropped some serious shit on me: "Well, Logan, let me tell you about the time I tried to get back to Austin using only waterways".

For those of you who are not familiar with the Austin geographical landscape, the city is divided by a river that eventually funnels into a lake, Lake Travis. So technically, if you were to just follow the river, it would eventually lead you back home. Staples and another buddy were at the bar one night late. They met a couple of girls, yadda yadda yadda, and decided go back to their new friends' place for some more partying. Now, these ladies lived in a town called Lakeway. Lakeway is right near the lake and about a 40 minutes drive from Austin. It was about 3:30 in the morning when they finally made it to the ladies' apartment. This place was in the middle of nowhere. Forest in every direction. Being the seasoned partier that he was, some time around 6am he took some pills and decided that it was high time for him to head home. Now, his associate was still enjoying the company of a young lady, so he figured he'd just go ahead and try to make it back to Austin exclusively using waterways, ie, motherfucker decided to swim 40 miles back to Austin.

Staples was only wearing a t-shirt and cargo shorts when he began this Odyssean journey. He walked his jolly ass through the woods and eventually made his way to the water. After little to no hesitation, he dove right in. Seems like he was making pretty good time, but once the sun started to come up fatigue began to set in. He crawled out of the water and took a nap down in a small creek bed on what was presumably someone's private property. After a few hours' nap, Staples was awoken by a 70 year old man, who was very unhappy about his property being trespassed upon. He took off through the woods, plotting his course towards a state highway that ran parallel with the river. Now, Staples had no shoes on, and when it's summer in Texas and the asphalt is about 120 degrees, you really need something to keep your feet covered. Forever being the Boy Scout, Staples fashioned his shirt into some shoes. He dubbed

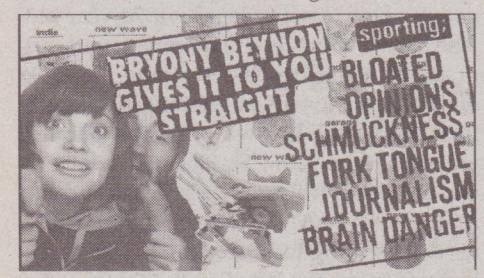
them, "Shirt Shoes." For some reason, no one was willing to give Staples a ride despite his best hitchhiking attempts. Something about a six foot tall shirtless, ripped, and extremely sun-burnt man really turned off the appeal of spontaneous temporary roadside companionship.

Being the man that he is, Staples said fuck it and jumped back in the water. He just kept swimming and swimming. Like an untrained Michael Phelps with a dick like a panther. Finally he could go on no more and popped right out of the water and found himself at the back deck of the County Line. Now imagine if you will, a quiet Sunday dinner with your family and friends. Not a cloud in the sky. Delicious food being laid in front of you. The river reflecting that breathtaking Texas sunset. Everything's perfect. Then all of a sudden Mike Fucking Staples pops out of the water, lobster red, wearing a t-shirt on his feet and not much else. He runs up to your table and starts drinking the water off your table and frantically asks to borrow your phone. *Buzzkill*. The County Line is still about twenty miles away from Austin and it took him about sixteen hours to get as far as he did. I, for one, think that's really impressive.

Meanwhile, back at the lake. Staples' friend who he went to Lakeway with was starting to wake up. The two girls were sleeping, but Staples was nowhere to be found. He looked in the living room where he last left him and only saw Staples' phone, wallet, keys, and a bunch of empty pill bottles. Fuck. Near as our buddy could tell, Staples got drunk, took a bunch of pills and died somewhere.

Staples finally got someone to let the poor bastard use their phone. Apparently it was an elderly Asian couple who didn't understand what was going on and kinda just gave in to the situation. The only phone number he knew by memory was his best friend's parents' number. He called the guy's mom and through a bunch of bullshit found someone to come pick him up at the County Line.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com



"I had a dream the other day about music critics. They were small and rodent-like with padlocked ears…as if they had stepped out of a Goya painting" – Stravinsky

"Professional" music critics are 98% thoroughbred chode. (Of course I'm probably jealous, but more on that later.) And yet, in the era of instantaneous connection we're living through, in a young future society where the onus is placed on the ability to voice one's (even when sorrowfully misinformed) opinion, well, like Igor says, they breed like rats (and you're no fuckin' better, but that's a sideline for another time). I'm not talking about zine writers, blog reviewers, facebook wall posters, or writers for anywhere else where stakes are low and opinion is a fun tussle, not the bread on the table, or even those whose diverting passions are built on a compulsion to tell the world that's more of a delightful personality disorder, an earnest deaf drive to total sonic annihilation, a platform for the overlooked, who thus has far more in common with the common or garden variety "fanatic" of yesteryear, you understand. No, I've in mind a critic, a wily, obsequious, and slippery handed toad-beast, a he or she that puts his money where his word count is, and believes himself a citizen of every musical universe, master of the full gamut of known language that could be used to describe it, to the degree that pre-existing terms, or indeed the sacred shared language of the seekers-of-the-new-old-rare-cool, is deemed inadequate for the next big thing…either that or, more often than not, they have an eager dollar-eyed commissioning editor breathing down their sweaty neck, hoping to spot something, a kernel of a trend, just about anything that the publication can then legitimately (or otherwise) lay claim to having championed, helped nurture, or even by very act of reviewing, have somehow originated. "Invention" ironically becoming everything, even in a world where musicians fight over fetid scraps of re-re-rehashed ideas…

Okay, and as I tie myself in unbecoming knots looking to justify this superfluous process-of-getting-to, let's be clear that today I'm thinking about a term that's been laughed out of town by many but nonetheless persists, a term that seeks to supersede more obvious connotations that others might come to first, a term that precisely sums up the kind of inflated rhetoric and unnecessary trend-seeking far too prevalent in musical journalism. I am talking about "hypnagogic pop." In the words of my non-fool suffering housemate Gav…*long pause and look of disgust* "…Come on man." I, like many, first encountered this term flicking through the subscriber copies of *The Wire* magazine that previous tenants of our house, persons unknown, evidently forgot to cancel, resulting in our receiving them. *The Wire* is a curious beast, in that I enter into a reader/read relationship with it on the strange ground of assuming for a fact that there is no chance I have heard of or heard any of the artists and musicians reviewed, and 5% of those referenced, which can result in—if I don't just put it in the recycling at this point—reading the criticism as some kind of almost impure literature. A good review can't just resort to "sounds like" when you're doing the equivalent of describing a particularly beautiful sunset to a blind person. Unselfconsciously intellectual (you won't find the kind of turgid "Yeah, this plain rocks" record company pleasing, jewel CD quote fodder and all round platitudinal shit that rags like the *NME* churn out), I do enjoy reading *The Wire* magazine when it occasionally falls on our matt for these reasons, and I have learnt some new and exciting non guitar-based music. There are, of course, occasional spats of ridiculously extrapolated analysis, particularly when it comes to punk rock, that I have to put it down and go and listen to some really, really dumb hardcore to compensate.

It could have been David Keenan—one of *The Wire*'s journalists—who originated the term, or it could have been someone else. He describes it thus: "Hypnagogic pop is music that reaches beyond its performers' abilities. It refashions '80s chart pop-rock into a hazy, psychedelic drone. It is listening to *Beverly Hills Cop* and hearing the music of the spheres. It is the sound that remains after the boys of summer have gone."

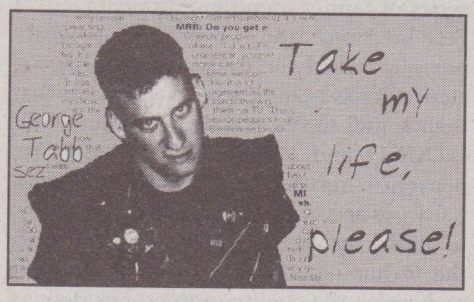
…Come on man. Listen to the music referred to by this term and hear the kind of post-everything ennui filled tuney-glare of empty sound and wonder to yourself, who listens to this? The ethereal and the dreamlike seem to be the modes these bands are going for, but it seems very much a spiritual dead end. Of course there's a clumsy, fun art of making up ever more niche genres, but its also a little embarrassing and I definitely don't want to see this game in the service of shifting units for the labels of megacorp shitsystem inc.

What worries me further is that a band I cannot stop listening to, who to me has nothing in common with the indistinct neutrality of overblown references found in so-called hypnagognic pop, has been described as such in a few places I wish I'd

never been to. That band is from Tampa, FL, and it is called MERCHANDISE. For the rest of this column, I will talk about their LP, one that I am certain you've already heard/cherished/discarded, but still I can't quite yet. *Strange Songs in the Dark*. There are few more descriptive titles. It's different to my usual audio territory and that might be why I rate it so highly.

On first listening, you could be forgiven for thinking that this group's sonic aims equals every song you've ever heard played backwards and forwards at the same time. It has that that sort of totality, matched weirdly by a strong sense of accident in the presentation and unfolding/unraveling of what are, undeniably, some huge, huge tunes. Tasteful poppy croutons (minus the banal—this is not yr friend's tweegaze band) bobbing in a thick, fermented stew, and lightly detuned like the sounds you catch yourself singing when engrossed in some other activity. Tangentially, the vocals remind me of Patrick Wolf, a UK mid-noughties multi-instrumentalist and once glittery darling of a queer (both senses) brand of electrosynthy-neo-folk thing. Sounds gross, right? I fear his star may have faded (or indeed intensified) with age, as I read some thing about police being called to his posh flat in some bizarre drugs sex coup, anyway, but Merchandise's vocalist has the same lush fey tones, like a 'luded-up Moz with his dick in his hand, still, mastery in every octave, all buried in indifferent, cozy, expansive fuzz. Fuzz with intent, not as a comfort blanket. Something's happening. Half-remembered, mumbled words, aimless, barely repeated vocal hooks floating over the scree, and they are kind of addictive. It's the *Best of New Order* through a ham radio. It's noisy, lurching, and hugely listenable.

P.S. Addendum, Dear weeder, I wrote this column in ten minutes whilst dubbing tapes to take to the Merica, and when I get back, you can totally have one too: goodthrob.tumblr.com



"So what are you going to do now?" asks my Stepfather, Nick, as I'm laying in New York Hospital with my abdomen ripped open to the size of a football. Or more.

If you look when they take off the wound dressings, you can see my stomach and intestines and stuff. I'd be freaked out if I wasn't in so much pain.

"I don't know," I tell my stepfather, who I have loved my entire life. He was my best friend. He helped me do *all* of my album covers, and when I'd just finished writing my second book, *Surfing Armageddon*, I dedicated the whole thing to him.

He took me to my first *big* Ramones show at the Palladium on New Year's Eve in the late 1970s, and he took me to my first Dead Boys show as well. In fact, he still has pictures of me and Stiv hanging out, and Stiv whipping it out, as well as some baby-faced pictures of Cheetah, Jeff, Johnny, Jimmy and the crew! They loved him and he loved them.

"You've got to do something!" says my stepfather, Nick, in more of a command then anything.

I look down at my chest as I'm laying in the bed, with a few IVs hooked up, and an oxygen thing up my nose, and a nurse literally cleaning my insides. It hurts. Everyone looks the other direction except for me and the nurse.

As my stepfather is saying this, the nurse, who is busy scrubbing my insides with Hydrogen Peroxide, stops for a second and give me a real look of empathy.

I mean, what was I supposed to do? I had a hole in me the size of a vinyl LP, the second one within five months. The last operation I had barely survived, and this one they weren't so sure I was going to make it.

"Well?" asks Nick.

I open my mouth to speak and suddenly I find myself sobbing, and no words are coming out of my mouth. Just moans.

I am totally frustrated, and in such pain, I don't know what to think. Plus, the painkillers that they have *pumping* into my body aren't helping all that much except to make it very hard to think.

"I don't know," I manage to sob out to my stepfather.

"Well, I do," he says.

***

Of course, all of this is the result of me being a volunteer around Ground Zero after 9/11. After living so close to that horrible event, and continuing to stay there while they put out the fires, which took months, I wasn't so worried as the government said the air was safe. Even though I was coughing up lung cookies and I did bleed from my eyes, I thought the effects were just temporary. Plus, I had nowhere to go, anyway. My stepfather had a place about a mile and a half away that was very safe, but he didn't want my ex-wife and I staying there very long after 9/11. I *did* feel there was something wrong with the air, but the government *did* say it was safe, and Nick took that as meaning we couldn't stay with him even though he had plenty of room.

Of course, after I was down there for a while, I got involved with "The New York Law and Environmental Justice Project." They were right around the corner from where I lived, and Joel (the head lawyer) and I did some testing and found out the air in my apartment was beyond dangerous. Like 90 times the legal or "acceptable" amount of mercury, 60 times the legal amount of lead, and 555 times the amount of asbestos there should be. And no level of asbestos is OK. Also, there were PCBs out the butt, and lots of "organic" material. When I asked the scientists at UC Davis in California, who did the testing on our apartment what that meant, they plainly said "dead people." I was living in a crematorium, besides other things.

Anyway, after finding all of this out, there was *no way* I was going to not tell everyone I could. I saw children around. Pregnant women. People who were unable to judge what the government was saying, which was a lie, and I had to react. Or else thousands or maybe millions would die in the future.

I went around Ground Zero everyday giving out pamphlets about the toxins, and tried to tell people to get out until the place was cleaned up to EPA standards. Everyone told me I was nuts. It got to the point where most of my friends dumped me and thought I was a "crazy person." And maybe they were right. Maybe I was crazy. Crazy because I did not want to see children born deformed, or people suffer the effects of a lie on top of a terrorist attack.

But in the end, even after being on the cover of *The Washington Post*, and debating the then-head of the EPA, Christine Todd Whitman, and meeting with Senator Hillary Clinton, it came down to my word against all of theirs.

Some people nicknamed me "Henny Penny" because they say I thought the sky was falling. The problem was, it had.

***

So now I'm laying in bed after my second colon resection, and my odds don't look good. Most of my large intestines are gone except for a few inches. The rest were taken out due to holes in it from all the tox-

ins. I've also started growing huge cysts on my kidneys and liver. My family doctor, Dr. Hurle, who I love to death, is retiring after 85 years, and I'm lost.

As Nick starts asking me what I'm going to do again, Dr. Hurle walks in.

"Is everything okay," he asks?

Nick tells him it's fine, as do I. But with my eyes, I tell him that everything is *far* from fine. That I'm in pain, that I'm upset, and that I don't know what to do!

Dr. Hurle asks everyone to clear the room except for Nick and me. All the nurses leave.

"So what's going on?" asks Dr. Hurle, with genuine concern on his face. He's worried about me, and it shows. I was already told my odds of getting through this alive weren't great.

"I'm just asking him what he's going to do when he gets out of here," explains Nick, "where he's going to live, how he's going to make money, and stuff like that. I certainly can't afford to take care of him."

I feel what's left of my stomach drop to my ankles.

"I guess that's up to George," explains Dr. Hurle to my stepfather, "but he shouldn't be thinking about that now. He should just be thinking about getting better. He *must* remain positive!"

Nick nods his head and Dr. Hurle leaves the room.

Relieved that *someone* is on my side, I let out a sigh of relief between the tears.

"You know," Nick says, "maybe you shouldn't be listening to the doctor and perhaps you should think of just giving up."

I look at him and suddenly remember that when my mom, whom he loved very much, was dying of lung cancer, he joined the "Hemlock Society" for her. It's a group of people that teaches you how to kill yourself when you are very sick. She had stored up all these pills that Nick wanted her to use. But in the end, she threw them away and clung to life, just like Dr. Hurle said she would. Thank God.

All of a sudden I start to cry again, and I feel as helpless as a baby who is hungry with wet diapers. I can't even lift my arms to wipe away the snot pouring out of my nose because I'm too weak.

I just look Nick in the eyes, and he looks in mine.

Then with a look of sadness, then disgust, he leaves the hospital room.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. For more information about all of this, please check out www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb—if ever I needed help, it's now.

2. Throughout all of this, I relearned something I always knew, but forgot about. I learned that *punk rock is my family*. It always was, and always shall be. That's what drew me to it in the first place. The Ramones seemed like brothers, other bands seemed like families, hell, all us punks were such misfits that we only had one another. When Tim had me start to write for *MRR* I felt at home! More misfits forming a family. Now, years later, I realize just how true that is. Thank you and God bless you to all those who have helped, and if you haven't, please check out the website. Special thanks this month to my "family" in Russia! You guys are the absolute best! Thanks Maks and friends!

3. Mykel Board, under that tall and tough guy exterior, is the nicest and smartest guy I know. And I wanted to let the world know that if it's the last thing I do.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

In the gleaming fecal matter of Australian television, hostile exchanges between the most repugnant examples of generation X, generation Y and the baby boomers have escalated. The boomers and X side against an apathetic Y. X and Y side against the self-indulgent boomers. The boomers and Y side against the self righteous X. It's the most tedious of pop cultural clichés that your peer group define your identity: to rebel against the values and standards of the previous generations is your duty. The boomers need to feel like they still possess some modicum of radical chic as doctors probe their assholes searching for cancer and their drooping labia slide past varicose veins into their ankles; they usually come off looking the worst, because they ultimately represent failure, death, decay. Generation X feel like they had it hard: like most people who have realized their life isn't what they wanted or intended, they blame outward circumstances, seeing in the boomers the corruption that robbed them of an opportunity to do more. Generation Y are young and their concerns revolve around being young.

But one thing notable about the backwards looking boomers is their continuous grave digging and rejuvenation of the spirit of '60s pop culture is always validated by the youth of today. And not just the hip types. Punk and hardcore are constantly implicated in the gravedigging cult, protected from charges of opportunism by the glistening allure of never having been drawn into popular culture, providing a space for naive reminiscence that accelerates into insignificance as the years draw open a yawning gap between the ground zero of Urban Waste kicking over trashcans in New York and bemoaning the rejects who criticise them for the music they like and the clothes they wear, when those people are really the rejects because they like music from the past and Urban Waste are NOW.

Were now.

Are now the past.

So, what happens when all of the music that you like is from the past? You start a band, apparently.

Perth punk band BURNING SENSATION have released a new record called *Mummy, What's a Funkadelic*? that successfully careens from Australian punk like the SCIENTISTS and the VICTIMS and American punk like ANGRY SAMOANS to the early DC hardcore of the TEEN IDLES. More reference points could be found in recent bands like FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES and the recently deceased BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS, but generally we're talking about music from the past here, close attention paying dividends in songs that suggest more than "we're a cover band."

A couple of decades ago I proposed the cognitively advanced theory that sensual and sexual disgust is a prime motivator of good punk and hardcore music, of course, stolen from Lester Bangs study of the Dead Boys and probably a hundred other sources that I would never have bothered to reference or acknowledge then or now seeing as its basically a banal tautology at this point. The discussion was developed in reference to Melbourne's best current hardcore band called FLESH WORLD, and today BURNING SENSATION assert a series of family friendly sentiments like "I Fear Erections" and "I Feel Disgust" (yeah, obvious) which help to justify my brave stance. It has been proposed elsewhere that their sound can be situated between DEEP WOUND and DINOSAUR JR: just like heaven? Ultimately, much like the modern hardcore and punk love story that is access to all the records all the time, access to all the technology to make records cheaper and easier, the quality of the songs defines the band. BURNING SENSATION have other people's ideas and other people's

sounds, but they have put thought into their own songs, and this record is, much like BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS, INSURGENTS and FLESH WORLD, a worthy example of Australian hardcore in 2011. Will I listen to it in 2012? Will I listen to it... next week?!

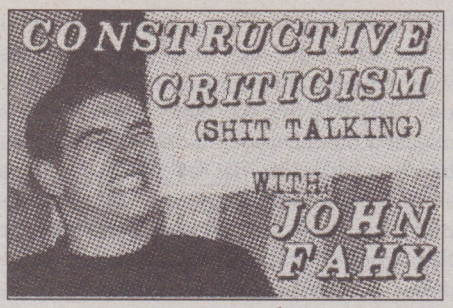
Now here is an example of a band that sound less beholden to the past. Somewhat more timeless. Less caustic and more goth-friendly than BURNING SENSATION is the new NAKED ON THE VAGUE *Abstract Figures*. Since developing from a no-wave duo into a rock band that skims the cream off the UK goth / post-punk sound, their songs have become more conventionally arresting or catchy or straight-forward, references to their more atonal or confronting beginnings growing more subtle, and the sound here could be placed somewhere between early records from both the CURE and CHRISTIAN DEATH. But that'd be selling this band short: at this point I think it's reasonable to assert that they have developed something distinctly their own.

Along with LAKES, NAKED ON THE VAGUE are releasing the best records from Australia at the moment. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. I will listen to it in 2012. I will listen to it... next week.

Final word: Ray Davies, saint, gentleman, asserted that "no one hesitates or beats around the bush in Australia" so lemme cut it straight: I don't have no money to spend on records no more, and I don't have much of an interest to skip meals in order to obtain them. I don't read about music on the internet, so I don't know which Lithuanian skinhead rockers or Fijian power violence duo is currently provoking vaginal secretions on the forums for office workers who are waiting for a call back from head office to resolve insurance claims.

In all of my time as *MRR* foreign correspondent, I have never lapsed in my responsibilities as much as this last couple months spent studying and avoiding new music. The imposition of the monthly column on my scattered writing schedule is overall a positive thing, but it does make for great hand wrangling guilt as I watch that deadline approach and I haven't heard one new record from one punk band in that entire month, so let me take this opportunity to thank the people who have made an effort to send me their records to write about here, especially those that send me the good ones. Gracias, merci, click cluck, úbúúúli.

Send money to DX PO BOX 239 NORTH CARLTON VIC 3054 AUSTRALIA



Before settling down at home after wrapping up a tour, one tradition I've always enjoyed upon return is the splitting of the haul; separating the goodies and treats band mates have acquired throughout travels. Recovering your own bounty can be a nervous chore. "Um, excuse me, I think this tape is mine..." There's renewed excitement at seeing the vinyl, zines, and tapes you threw in the back of the trunk while touring. After getting hammered by a band live or finally getting a hold of a record I've had an eye on, I'm majorly amped to get home and to the tape deck and stereo. I'm going to try to fit in as much as possible of what I've submerged myself in since getting back.

LOST TRIBE of Richmond, Virginia, pulled off a spectacular set at the show at The Acheron in Brooklyn, probably one of my favorites of our band's three-week tour. When these five set up, the last thing I expected to hear was soul-destroying post punk. Something along the lines of BAUHAUS or CHRISTIAN DEATH would be not completely out of line as far as comparisons go, but this lingers in despair for only so long before returning to the treasured JOY DIVISION beat which gets my heart pumping so well. The visual effect of their set was equally awesome; lights out, fog machine, strobe light set up behind the band. As dramatic or corny as this could have been, it worked and totally ruled. I overheard several folks at this show comment that they'd "wanted that set up" for their own band. Too late, chumps. Home test results of the band's demo tape, *The Dawn*? Spot on. The reverb-drenched vocals are not as lost as they may have gotten during the live show and the songs still rule. The banger of the bunch is the final track (always clever to close with the banger, no?), "Unsound." This is the catchiest song, hands down. Get this tape already! Lost Tribe: PO Box 1681 Richmond, VA 23218 losttribepunx@gmail.

While creeping around at this same show (where it should be noted that BRAIN KILLER also completely destroyed), I picked up three separate DAWN OF HUMANS releases—a cassette and two seven inches. Of the trio, the winner must be the 7" on Toxic State Records. This band just spells total chaos every which way. Is this sleazy or creepy or just hilarious? The music never takes off at any spectacular rate; it just descends and descends into something very hypnotic and dirty. The vocals are charged and fed up one minute and then brooding or nastily wasted or insulting, biting, and sardonic. These songs will make you want to wreck things because they are a wreck themselves, although put together in a very clever fashion. The cover art will provide no clear answers — images veer from something understated and quite cryptic to something insulting, gross, or hysterical in a Garbage Pail Kids-type aesthetic. Colors of the screen-printed jackets are appropriately nasty in scheme. Lyric sheets will require some time to pore over; there is definitely some real anger beneath all of this mess along with everything else. Clearly for mutants—seek and ye shall find.

At this show yet again (it was a very good show—the show the night before was equally great but let's take it slow.), I scored a copy of *Accept The Darkness* zine, issue five of which is a damn good read. The author is clearly jazzed about all of the music and zines covered within and writes very well about it while dropping a good bit of information. The pieces on punk ethics and the state of punk in 2011 in the editorials and some interviews were very good and leave me wanting to hear the discussion go further. This is what a punk zine should be: one that doesn't revel in the symbolism, fashion or image of various subgenres, but actually explains what makes them genius to the author with ideas and music. The interviews with LEBENDEN TOTEN and *Distort* fanzine are equally as good as the reviews and histories alongside them. Hope to grab up some more of this in the future. Contact: Shiva, 61 The Terrace, Katonah, NY 10536 eggmangel@gmail.

Staying with zines for a moment, Lexington, Kentucky, brought me into contact briefly with Tom Mayhugh, author of *Evil Minded* fanzine. Tom has done the zine for quite some time and from what I've seen, this is one of the best zines in the country. This is clearly someone who is a freak for music and lucky for us, is happily willing to unearth all kinds of bizarre and obscure shit to fascinate over. Reading the zine (coupled with actually speaking with the author) left me with a battery of bands and releases to investigate, notably those mixing peace punk and post punk/goth sounds. Tom is likely going to call it quits

soon, so you should scrounge up what you can of what he has left while it's available. The issue of *Evil Minded* that accompanies a video compilation of Visual Kai bands from Japan is something to behold. Some friends and I gathered with drink and substance one night to watch this and we were left speechless. Tom can explain the Visual Kai phenomenon much better than I can, so I leave it to you to nag him for issues. If you do so, be aware that *Evil Minded* is likely to dissolve because of the author's discomfort at seeing issues of the zine flipped for exorbitant prices simply because of the novel bands within. Sometimes it doesn't pay to be obscurest; such is the modern state of punk—people who love music that have solid punk ethics can't scrape off the parasites. This is a zine that should stay indefinitely, however—lobby Tom to keep it up, it's too good to lose. Contact: zine4musicaldestruction@hotmail.com.

Quite on the flipside, my good friend Karen H. has published her long overdue zine of ghost stories entitled *Haunted Ground*. This is a great zine to read alone, especially if you're prone to getting a little freaked out. There is some pretty chilly, ominous content within these pages. Karen lays out two solid, well-told ghost stories that are her own personal experiences. That last part, to me, is crucial. Ghost stories are so common and anyone can break out some bullshit like, "yo, I heard this shit went down one time that was fucking bananas," but when you drop a ghost story that has happened to you personally—and you yourself know that the shit *was* bananas, and are open for questioning about it—that makes the shit way more real and therefore, freakier. These stories are legit. Karen's looking for submissions for another issue so get in touch here: Karen H., PO Box 6912, Grand Rapids, MI, 49516, USA, mixtapersdoitbetter@riseup.net.

Now that I've bounced from New York to Lexington to Grand Rapids, I'll go back to the beginning of tour. Our first show was in Raleigh with SHOPPERS from Syracuse. They once again blew me away live, and we had a blast hanging out with them at the venue King's Barricade. There was a fairly large stage here and a *backstage area*, you know, with beer and lamps and stuff like hangers for the costumes we forgot to bring. However, for a seemingly professional-type joint, the whole show was very punk-run and a good time; actually the entire Raleigh experience ruled altogether. What was I talking about before? Oh yeah, SHOPPERS has just recorded for an LP to be released on Drugged Conscience sometime soon, which I cannot wait to hear. I think that both SHOPPERS and ourselves were equally blown away at this show by the STRIPMINES set. Sorry State Records released the *Sympathy Rations* EP from this band and like the live set, the 7" provides simply devastating hardcore. Their drummer Ira was a half-standing maniac throughout their set while the vocalist murdered his chest and head to hurl out nonstop hate and aggression. The record lives up to the live show—the songs are heavy, fast, catchy and brutal. Check out Sorry State Records for info.

In somewhat related news, a long lost gem from the same part of the US has been released by C6 Recordings. Containing several members of DOUBLE NEGATIVE, a cassette has surfaced of GARBAGEMAN, the recording of which I think took place in 1994? There is very little info inside this tape, except that even if you miss out on it, there will be an LP to follow with more material, entitled *Earth Sucks*. GARBAGEMAN sounds dirty, creepy, and wild. This stands up to any bizarre hardcore sleazefest of the modern era, like it could have been recorded yesterday or seventeen years ago. Maybe there's some AmRep influence? Possibly other DC weirdos like PUSSY GALORE? The hardcore is here, though. There is definitely some DIE KREUZEN pick-me-up sprinkled throughout the six songs here. This shit completely rules—seek it out, whether it's the tape or LP. Contact: C6 Recordings, 450 Manhattan Ave. 5B, Brooklyn, NY 11222, pollution.c6@gmail.

That's all for this round. Next time I'll dive more into Chicago, Western Massachusetts, Grand Rapids, New York, Maine, and a lot more. Check out humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com for PANZRAM recordings and send your demos of noise-ridden hardcore to: John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr. Apt. 2402, Fort Myers, FL 33919 or email me at fahy_john@hotmail.com.

The other night I watched the brilliant film *Carlos the Jackal*, about the life and times of international terrorist Ilich Ramírez Sánchez. Unlike most shit films I watch this is really good and it was days before I could recover. Watching the film and thinking about the story helped me settle some conflicting ideas I have about terrorism, radicalism and history. But watching the film also got me thinking of a song called "Armed Revolution" by my favourite hardcore band, the Shitlickers. The lyrics to the song argue that there is only one way to change anything in the world and that is by armed revolution. Everything else is fucking bullshit and a waste of time. "Discharge wrote lyrics against war, we wrote lyrics that advocated change through violence." But in reality, what the Shitlickers wanted to achieve with that song was to piss off all the hippies, liberals and punks: "We weren't a political or a non-political band, we were the Shitlickers, and we [...] were against whatever you were for, and we were for whatever you were against. As long as there was a conflict, I was happy. This also applied against other punk rockers. I despised the predictable. The politically correct." The Shitlickers, in other words, were just using the language of revolution to be provocative. If you have ever played the EP on repeat for 48 hours you will know that there is nothing wrong with talking revolution to piss off boring wankers. It is also fun to note that Tomas Jonsson is wearing a Crass t-shirt on the official the Shitlickers promo photos for the first EP ("aggressive marketing"). Hardcore nerdism. Another person who (also) famously misunderstood Crass, is Sakavi from G.i.S.M., who supposedly interpreted the imagery of war on Crass albums as reflective of a pro-violent or pro-war ideology. G's anti-war artwork was seen by the young and confused Japanese punk as pro-violence, not sophisticated pacifist art! I find this hilarious.

Talking as a fan of Crass, I have to point out again that I am shocked hearing the new sounds on the remastered Crass reissues. The sound is simply amazing and adds nuances to recordings I am considering my own, having listened the records since I was a kid. As I said elsewhere, listening to *Crassology: Feeding of the 5000*, for example, is like having the band playing to you in the room. I appreciate the attitude in dismissing the remastered albums on the basis of the old being primitive and perfect, but hearing is believing. I am also shocked by the recent scandals concerning Steve Ignorant playing in the US and Crass being profiled extensively by *Vice Magazine* (ugh!). Come on already, have a little class,

please!!! But primarily I am shocked by punks fighting to protect the legacy of Crass, or whatever. Come on, you're even worse than old bands reforming! I say: Let all these old bands destroy everything that we hold sacred about their old bands so we can move on already! It is time to create our own hardcore history! Stop going on about the absurdities of Crass, Discharge, Antisect and Amebix reforming in 2011! Make your own Crass, Discharge, Antisect and Amebix in 2011! Nostalgia is still a raped ass.

Today everything has become so polarised that it seems impossible for a hardcore band to react against scene political correctness without falling into the trap of sexist and racist jokes. I say that because I have been thinking about the life and times of Seth Putnam, who recently died. While Anal Cunt may not exactly qualify as a hardcore band, the band was (mostly) operating within a DIY underground scene shared by all sorts of genres (ugh!). One part of me is tempted to see his as an example of what happens if you stay in the underground longer than you should. That's an interpretation informed by the revisionists' reading of the life of GG Allin, which insists that GG was a normal person up until a point surprisingly late in his punk rock career when he stopped playing GG Allin, and became GG Allin. I mean, I was never a big Anal Cunt fan. I have a CD I got in a trade about fifteen years ago, and I remember I thought the music/noise was comical, a bit like Sore Throat, SOD, Protest Bengt or Arnes Plasthjärna, but more stupid than all those bands combined. Embarrassingly, it's only recently that I have found out that bands such as Napalm Death and Fear of God are more interesting than simple one-trick novelty acts. Apparently, from the point of view of bands like that Anal Cunt was the worst case of reductionism. Come to think of it I kind of like my Anal Cunt CD…

As for crazy fucked-up daily noise nerdism, I finally got a copy of the DH Pamoash – *Spy Och Vara Äcklig* 7" EP from 2007. It's a remarkable little curious recording with music ripped off from Missbrukarna and Moderat Likvidation but lyrics about fat people, arseholes, puke, shit and balls, and of course retarded people. Stoked!!!! I also got an old Swedish zine from 1997 called *Am I Punk Yet* (#4), still available from a German distro, just as if it's not been fourteen years since the zine came out. I got it because there's a Cracked Cop Skulls interview in there, and I am toying with idea of writing something about them in the future in my zine because I am a massive fan of the *No Fucking Tears For The Pieces Of Shit* 7" EP (1995). It is funny to read pre-internet punk zines. Everything good is labelled "crust" and other less worthwhile subgenres of punk are "riot punk," "'77 punk," "chaos punk," "drunk punk," "skate punk" etc. And remember the reviews from old zines that simply stated a label about the band followed by either good or great? "Raped Cows is a crust riot '77 band from Tidaholm that sings about animal warfare. They're good. 80 page booklet included. Write to…" The political views expressed in late '90s zines are also curious to read today—the way opinions are expressed seem naïve and dated today. I am not referring to Jim from Cracked Cop Skulls talking about killing people that abuse animals, but the general lack of critical thinking around political issues. Statements are all just casually thrown left and right. We're told that cows are **raped** to produce milk and the calves are **tortured**. I found the mention of a Disclose / Cracked Cop Skulls split release more interesting. But funniest is a column / scene report about Switzerland that talks about the different crust factions and the war between them. Sounds like someone is talking about Mad Max. But you know, fanzines are still around, here's just the latest I got from the US, called *Stabbing Brains* fanzine # 1, which aims to become regularly published. You should get in touch with Shayne today (neveragain6655 @hotmail.com). As for myself, I'll have some new zines out this summer. Let's party!

Stop fucking press. As I write this I am listening to one of the holy grails of historical hardcore punk. An unreleased demo by Japan's Confuse. Forget about it. I am not making you a copy. The band has decided not to release the demo and we should respect that (please don't write asking me to make a copy). However, I don't think there is any harm in talking about it. Fucking media, right? Ok, the sound source is surprisingly good. The demo contains ten songs, all of which are on the *Indignation* tape. Instead of the really blown-out distorted band that plays on *Indignation*, on this pre-*Indignation* demo you have a band that is maybe just a little more inept, with the result that the sound is more lo-fi than what the band later released. It is the sound of a band that have not perfected the manipulation of instruments into the noise Confuse is now world famous for. I would listen to this even if it was not a lost recording. I would argue this is really amazing recording that deserves to be released for the world of nerds to enjoy (especially if the original sound source remains). More on this in a forthcoming "Kyushu Punk Special" issue of *More Noize* fanzine.

Last time around I mentioned that FUK and the Wankys were going to play in London and that despite recent adventures in the underground I really wanted to go. But as this unexpected *More Noize MRR* guest feuilleton evolves, I am sad to reveal publicly that I failed dearly to show up at either event. I forgot why I did not make it to Scumfest to see FUK but I am sure it had something to do with me being a parent. But I will gladly make up for it by *strongly recommending* you to go and get the new FUK CD, which is fucking incredibly good. The reason why I missed the Wankys is a mixture of bad weather, rail replacement bus services operating outta Walthamstow and me failing to get alternative transportation means. I did however attempt to fix my neighbours' bike so I could cycle across London. But I gave up after 45 minutes of trying to get the gears to the bike work, in the pissing London rain, off my tits after having drunk a bottle of Bulgarian wudka with my neighbour. It was very comical. Check out the lunacy: By epicly failing to see more punk bands live I am more punk than ever! Drunkard filthy 32-year-old fatso Swedish father trying to fix a bike in the pissing London rain so that he can cycle to the other side of the city to catch some others freaks playing "noise not music" is nothing but win, win and win again. I mean, it takes years to perfect this level of shambolic shit. Punks cannot lose!

Note: Here's something my penpal Tom Mayhugh of *Evilminded* Fanzine wrote: "People should be forced to participate in the network of friends if they want the records produced by it." Yes, that's right, Tom is saying that punters should *forced* to do things DIY. How true!

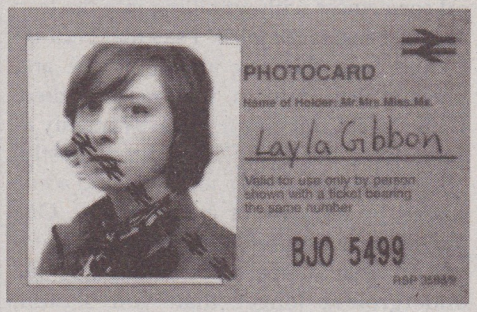
By the time this gets to print, this "debate," "controversy," "informed dialogue," "shit slinging festival," and so on, and so forth, will probably be bygone, moot. It might not; the fiery loins of philo-

sophical discussion and informed dialogues could still be raging on, with no measly, meager embers in sight. But let it be known, at the current time, I believe this to be a "hot topic," so to speak. Let it be known that Shiva Addanki isn't one to slack on the trends!!!! The issue I speak of is, of course, the great Scion, or maybe more broadly the corporate philanthropy / sponsorship / endorsement debate, in relation to punk. My greatest apologies if I am in fact, too late to the party, feel free to not print this. Whether it be Scion themselves by the time this reaches the easily rubbed off (especially with clammy palms such as my own) newsprint ink of *Maximum Rocknroll* (or doesn't), it may be Red Bull or Nike (they did it with skateboarding! But that's another story), or whatever, the essence is in the corporation part.

The funniest part about the actual car company tag is that you idiots could have at least waited for a product sponsorship that you could actually use the products from. If you can fit your half stacks, drum kit, and smelly band members into one of those dinky, stupid looking "box" cars they make, kudos to you. I take it all back. But, I seriously doubt you can. Couldn't you have at least waited for Dr. Pepper, Budweiser or Marlboro to throw money your way? *That*'d call for a real debate. ("Blah blah blah corporations blah blah" "blah blah blah free cigarettes/soda/beer!!! Blah blah blah" "They got you there"). If you look at it real terms, to a certain point I don't even understand why there is any "debate" to the whole thing: having a 7" garage rock, hardcore punk, or whatever record branded with Scion™ (or whoever else) is possibly one of the corniest things in the world. I don't know how the people in these bands can pick up their instruments and go on stage without crumpling with a rampant sense of shame and embarrassment. I don't know how the people in these bands can fill their van's gas tank knowing that they've essentially branded the words "I give in easily" on their chests without dousing themselves in gasoline (and lighting a match) in an act of self loathing suicidal rage. I'm no school of hard knocks road-dog—far from it, (I'm a student, also known as the *target audience* for these "cleverly" placed endorsements) but I feel like there are far too many other channels of making money to really seriously be able to write to *MRR* whimpering like a small child that "they did it to pay rent" because someone wrote how much of a cheesy doofus you are for branding your band. Isn't half the beauty of punk, hardcore, and garage (all one of the same if you're *really* keeping track) the desperation to keep it up that reeks from the grooves, tape coils, or 0s and 1s that bring you this sonic beating? Isn't desperation in general what makes *art* in general worthwhile? You know, because it's a human condition that we all face to a certain degree yet despite it we feel the urge to create blah blah blah etc. etc. etc... If you wanna have money and respect and people liking you, why the fuck do you play punk music? Oh right, because you're an attention whore.

In a lot of ways, if not all ways, the same goes for the people who are up in arms, fists shaking, about the whole thing? Were you *really* surprised that people would sign up for this shit? I feel like this whole thing is just another opportunity for too many people to flex their muscles and show how truly "alternative" they are. The fact that you buy some "cruelty free" thing (not saying all of you "corporate philanthropy" naysayers do, just an example) or whatever instead of the standard issue Acme shit is your way of advertising to the world how humanitarian and considerate you are when in reality it's an entirely self-serving and weirdly dogmatic priest/monk type deal to temporarily shield your eyes from your crippling self loathing so you can fall asleep to work at the organic supermarket the next day. All you're doing by enlisting in some "alternative" channel of consumerism is showing how much you desire the status and recognition of someone who "cares."

I can understand the sense of betrayal felt by people who see this and think, "What if my favorite band is next, rather than some shitty band like Magrudergrind?" I'm also not accusing all of you naysayers (I agree with most of you) of being dogmatic/priest-like weirdos. I remember I was just really getting into skateboarding and reading all the mags and what-not when suddenly Nike came knocking and picked up some of the most talented skaters with lucrative deals, and then subsequently a bunch of other equally well known and totally corny brands started handing out checks. I looked at it and thought to myself "Why?" and "This is really fucking lame." I'll go to a skate park every now and then and fucking every kid has a sports brand's "skate marketing" stuff plastered all over them. It's ridiculous. But, punks seem to have a more stoic and stubborn opposition to these kinds of things than skateboarders (Clearly! What I recognized as the most 'core mag of 'em all, *Thrasher*, now happily endorses everyone from Nike to Converse to Red Bull). If you really think Isterismo or Crazy Spirit are gonna sign contracts with whatever high-rise brand you need to re-evaluate your over stimulated sense of paranoia. In a lot of ways, it seems extremely unnecessary to even comment on these people who chose to be sponsored after a certain point. Once you call them out, they're automatically gonna be looking stupid. They signed a deal with a *car company*, remember? It's kind of like making fun of a paraplegic or yelling in a deaf person's ear after a while, or in other words, extremely unnecessary. Sayonara motherfuckers.



Sitting in my room listening to the Necro Hippies tape I picked up at the rad Vegetable / Firebrand show at a random 1920s social club... New and glamorous take on the trad VFW Hall show?! I walked in and saw a girl in a denim jacket with a United Mutation logo drawn on the back, and a Saccharine Trust patch under that, and nearly lost my shit. How in the hell does this person exist in SF without me knowing!!?? Of course it was Candise of Firebrand / Necro Hippies, on tour, punk rock dream come true, only in town for one night etc etc. Her band Firebrand, with the equally dreamy Osa (formerly of New Bloods, ruled. Their demo reminded me of Young Marble Giants' restraint but live it was more in a Bush Tetras sphere, which was cool... Vegetable was great too, especially the drummer who stands up whilst playing and has a crazy Palmolive maniac style; she is the main singer too. She definitely makes the band. They really reminded me of the Ama-Dots, a rad mid-western art punk band from the early '80s... The show was a Grass Widow release party but we did not stay for them—we had to come back to the compound for another late night shift working on this magazine you hold in your hands.

This is our existence, random kicks amid endless crisis, good times and negative energy. A continuous loop of the teenage bedroom experience, the sound of ratty girl bands and cruddy hardcore; an endless

infection. The wrong clothes and the wrong timing, never satisfied or ready. (This world is a tomb. Your future is imaginary). Watching a video of something that happened thirty years ago or last week, a blog post about a record that someone made, it's not real life. Endless reconstructions intersected with occasional adventure and possibility out of all the reenactment. A set of chords, a list of words.

I have stayed up until three or four am every day this week working on the magazine or at my shitty retail job, and thus you get this weird shit created under the influence of the following: the Good Throb tape, the Massmedia LP, the Dorothy 7", the Hygiene LP, the Diagram Bros 7" and a video of the SF synth-punk band the Wasp Women performing at a Pride party in the late '70s. You know, this could be your tired insane ramblings. If you want to coordinate *MRR* we are still looking for someone… apply punks! Email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for an application ok?
Old columns on the web:
whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

Teaching Foreigners.

When someone foreign asks you a question about a particular cultural issue in which they know you could be a trusted informant, you feel a duty to yourself and to your culture to help them out. Sometimes the question isn't even framed as a question but as a statement of a story about a situation followed by, "What do you think about that?" Sometimes the question can be accusatory, rude even, but you have to be sensitive to another person's ignorance and understand that it is not necessarily their fault that they have a lack of exposure to education whether self imposed or not.

When a question was posed to me about an important part my life, I decided to carefully explain to these people who might not speak my language quite well in the best way I knew how. I spoke clearly, I asked questions to clarify and I made sure to not be patronizing in any way about this person's ignorance or lack of knowledge about the particular lexicon I was using.

In the end, most of the people present left with an understanding of my point of view. Two others didn't seem to grasp that their confusion was only caused by their own cultural ignorance. I am an understanding person, but when it comes to being a woman in punk, I take no prisoners. The foreigners I am speaking of were from the UK and Australia, the language that a few of these "lads" didn't seem to know was feminist terminology and the culture I am speaking of is women in punk. Why are they foreigners? Because that mentality, though a wide spread and enduring vestige of total ignorance and domination, is very foreign, outdated and tired from my vantage point. Yeah, I am using the term "foreign" in an Orientalist fucked up way, but fuck it, that term was used on my people and I am claiming it in the name of my father's people. I am not even going to get in to the intersection of ethnicity or sexuality in this column for the sake of length, so let's move on… Oh, and Viva La Raza…

Firstly, please recognize that the first two paragraphs were somewhat tongue in cheek. I am in no way implying that people should be patronizing to people of other cultures. What I am implying is that if you are already in a position of power, you need to back up, shut up and listen sometimes. Let me explain…

If you are a lady or a person who identifies as a lady in punk, I would bet my left one that you have had the same experience I had a few weeks ago, when a friendly conversation with an honestly rad guy turned into an philosophical melee on the nature of women in punk. Basically, this guy told me about a fest his new band, that happens to be comprised mostly of women, played at which their band was interviewed and the interviewer seemed to only be concerned about issues surrounding being women in a punk band. His complaint was that no attention was actually paid to their music or any thing other than the gender of the people in the band. I get it. Most of the bands I have been in have been exclusively with women. I think I can probably speak for most ladies in punk when I say that we do not all sound like either Bikini Kill or Spitboy. I would agree that you should be into a band primarily if the music is good, but there is nothing wrong with supporting or encouraging other women to play in bands. If that manifests as attending or taking part in a fest, a rock lotto, girls rock camp, or anything else that primarily or exclusively supports women or girls, which is created by women or girls, that is an expression of women taking control and serving their own needs.

When I expressed this sentiment in the conversation with these guys, this is when the trouble started. While others seemed to be pondering the implications of this concept, the one "lad" who managed to stay quiet the whole evening managed to say, with conviction, "Why be separatist?" It was a laughable comment, but what can you expect from a white male English foreigner treading in to the land of multicultural feminism? Whether you think the music is more important than the message or vice versa, you have to admit that the person writing and playing the music is shaped by who they are—if you are a woman that is part of what shapes you. For me being a woman is not an exception, but a starting point where my involvement in punk is not limited to manifestly sex-specific problems. I am willing to bet that this is the case for more women than myself. If anyone out there thinks that women are alienating themselves by playing with other women, organizing fests, booking shows, setting up tours, putting out records, writing zines, etc, that wants to speak to about and for women, answer this: How many bands with women did you see in the last month? How many punk bands with women did your band play with on tour? How many punk bands with women did you read about in any given zine you picked up? Can you name ten punk bands from the past that have women members?

Wake up "lads," punk isn't about being part of the boys club, it's about doing shit on your own and when our bands aren't invited to play with your bands not based on the music, but on whether our gender makes us able or unable to rock the fuck out hard enough, we are going to form our own punk bands, set up our own shows, write our own zines, set up our own touring network, etc. not to be exclusive, but to do the same things that we all love to do as punks without waiting for anyone else to invite us in. Come along for the ride, hear some killer music, privy to perspectives you may not have had the chance to experience, learn something about punk history while it is being made. Either way, it's gonna happen with or without you, so either stand up or stand aside.
Later… mariam@maximumrocknroll.com

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Split Picture 7" EP
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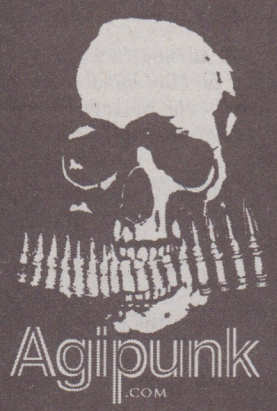
ACEPHALIX
Interminable night LP
Devastating death metal outburst raised on their crust past, early 90's US death metal is what comes first to mind. Their two demos finally on vinyl, "Interminable night", originally released august 2010 and "Flesh torn in twilight", in January 2011. 1000 copies press, 150 copies on colored vinyl and limited poster. Cd version on Southern Lord.

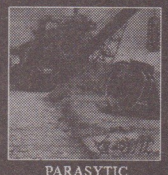


SLAUGHTER
"Nocturnal karnage" LP

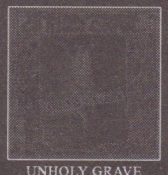
NAGOYA CITY HARDCORE
Comp. LP

ANIHILATED
"Path to destruction" MLP

UNCURBED
"Turmoil" LP



PARASYTIC
"Poison minds" LP



UNHOLY GRAVE
"Grind killers" LP

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY Mariam Bastani

IMANTS KRUMINS R.I.P.

By Craig Caron Schizophrenic / Hammer City Records hammercityrecords@gmail.com

It has been five days and I'm finally at the point that I can type out two words before the tears come. Hamilton, Ontario, Canada has lost its Musical Mayor, the international punk scene has lost the cornerstone of its foundation, and I have lost one of my best pals of almost 30 years. Imants Krumins passed away on June 9, 2011 after a brave battle with cancer.

Imants Krumins, all round nice man, mild mannered bank worker, crazed record collector, the human Smithsonian of punk / hardcore / Kraut rock / reggae / NOISE / outsider art / roller derby / wrestling and the most sincere, compassionate, non-pretentious human you could have ever met has passed away.

Imants had a passion for life and embraced all of his interests with the zeal of a small child. He also had an amazing ability to befriend everybody and leave a lasting impression, so if you met him once, he would have remembered you and woven you into his connections, his subterranean world.

Imants should have been an ambassador. His presence in Hamilton had no boundaries. You would see him at a show and then at a reggae bar to be followed by a roller derby match or just a quiet night out for a beer with friends.

With his multitude of interests, Imants was able to flip back and forth between subjects and engage the whole room, sharing his stories and his interest in the most sincere way, passionate and without attitude. He was there for the early days and he was glad to be there, but his passion was the here and now. Imants could flip back and forth between ABBA, Disclose and the Forgotten Rebels, wrestling, an art exhibit and his next travels and the need to get records from some unknown city's past and present music scene without 1. missing a breath 2. excluding anybody in the room from the conversation and 3. in true Imants fashion not sounding like a pretentious art snob, record collecting, scenester asshole. After speaking with him, you often wanted to make notes, jot down a label address or book a trip. Imants was the mortar in the scene and he used his glue to attract and bring new life into everything that he was passionate about. He always had time to talk with you whether you were 10 or 60 and when he said it was a pleasure to meet you; the man was telling you the truth!

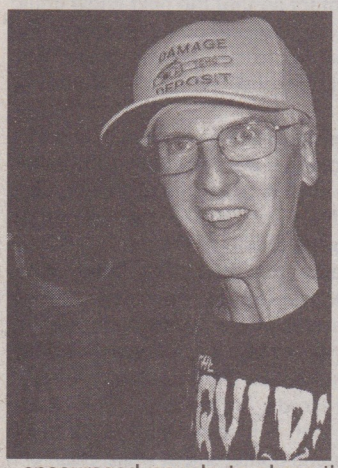
Imants was a staple in the early developing Hamilton punk scene, and in fact he was the Forgotten Rebels first customer. In true Krumins fashion he gave Mickey $10 and told him to put the $7 change towards future recordings. $7 was a mighty investment in 1977. He was also there for the early Simply Saucer gigs and then championed the band to a new breed of kids in the '80s, '90s and 2000s. Teenage Head, the Dream Dates, the Loudmouths; Imants had the stories, saw the shows and I know he was the glue that kept people in contact so that the next show could happen, the next fanzine could be made and the next tape would be shared. Imants was also an early pioneer at CFMU McMaster Radio.

The folklore of those early days is endless. There are stories of people holding the doors to the studio closed as Imants played endless Captain Beefhart while the football team tried to break into the studio to stop it. Years later he would play for the MRR radio show because he wanted to hear the newest sounds from across the world and then the second hour would be a sampling from his latest record purchases and tales of his trips to NYC to buy records. At this time, CFMU was a small studio with limited range. I recall being in my early teens contorting in weird positions to get some semblance of a signal. Hearing great tunes and thinking to myself who goes to NYC to buy records? Krumins did. Imants looked for punk everywhere he went and taught me that vacations always have opportunities. Soon enough my family vacations would include ventures to out of the way alleys and basements searching for a local punk scene wherever I visited.

Back to the folklore...Legend had it that the foundation in his home had separated and broken due to the stress caused by the weight of his archives. Years after hearing that story, the apartment building that he had lived in was deemed structurally unsound and condemned. Then there's the story about how a punk from out of town meeting him and not having a means of reaching him called 411 Directory Assistance and hummed and hawed through a descriptor of Imants as she had no address or last name. The operator happened to be a friend of Imants and connected them. Imants driving the Ramones, Lydia Lunch and a host of other folks to their early Toronto shows. The stories are there, whether they are true or not all irrelevant. Imants would downplay them as he had no use for a spotlight...unless it was at the distro table.

Pre internet/cell phone texting world

Imants was a go to Punk Directory. For many kids he not only introduced them to a subterranean world of alternatives, but he was also the tour guide. I remember the first time I met him—I gave him a rough practice tape that he listened to and then archived. For Imants a tape of some snot nosed kids thrashing in the basement was just as important as any G.I.S.M. or Can LP. And it would be archived in Terminal Faceache, his personal trade list, or perhaps your address and phone number went into the huge piece of paper that contained numbers and address of punks and stores and venues that he folded about 30 times and placed in his wallet for easy reference.



Imants returned the favor of giving him a tape by giving me a 7" from Germany and a huge list of places that I could write for international hardcore. He was an active tape trader—he encouraged people to share the sounds of our community with punks across the world. When I told him I only had our basement tapes the next time I saw him he asked me to give him a couple of tapes. When I saw him next he had recorded me a few live sets and demos and encouraged me to start my own trade list.

Imants was a chauffeur to many punks without cars. The Krumins tour company, as I often joked, started with regular weekly visits to Toronto to buy records and see bands, and trips to Buffalo and Rochester and Detroit would soon follow. In only Imants fashion there were whirlwind trips. Mid week hanging in some bar in Buffalo when the headliner would go on at two a.m. and we both had to be at work or high school the next morning. Life with Imants included regular record buying excursion or seeing a band that we had no idea was playing in some small club in the basement of some non descript place in the middle of nowhere. Often trips with Imants meant that there was some juggling and playing with time frames. Of course we had to see Funeral Oration because they traveled from Holland, but there is some Japanese avant garde saxophone player playing at a church only 40 miles away and on the way there is an outsider art show that we can squeeze in and then if all goes well we can travel another hour to see some band play a cafe and then we have to rush home as Imants had a soccer game early the following morning. Imants would be dropping us off at six in the morning and he is gong to get two hours sleep before he plays soccer and sure as hell he is on the phone again that evening with plans for a new adventure or plans to schedule our regular trip to hang out with our buddies in Cleveland.

Over the years I have gotten to know his family through Imants and through his stories they became my family. Through Imants eyes you celebrated milestones, birthdays, graduations, job opportunities in the US, films being produced. His love of family was as intense as his love for music

Throughout his battle with cancer, Imants remained regal and brave. If he knew how ill he was he never shared that—it wouldn't be Imants to want you to worry for him. He was in the here and now. "What new records does the label have planned? What records have come into the shop? Can I find the first two Gang of Four 7"s. How was the roller derby game? When is the new MRR coming out?" were questions he had. Some of his last words to me were "Press play. You gotta watch this Paintbox DVD! It's so good. Press play."

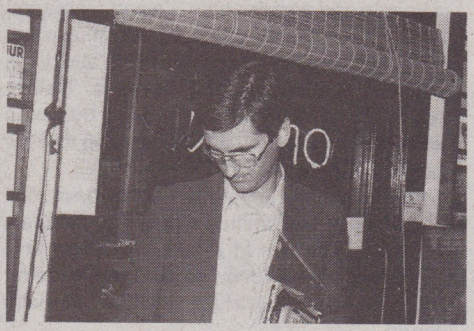
Tears and sorrow would be the last thing that Imants would want but for many, we cannot imagine what our lives would have become had it not been for his hypnotic influence. The City is mourning Imants. An impromptu wake occurred at Hammer City Records with friends sharing stories, tears and beers in his honor. Some friends and fans posted flyers up and down James Street North reading "Imants Krumins: He Loved Music, We Loved Him." The next day the Orphans one of his favorite bands played live outside of This Ain't Hollywood after his formal memorial for all to hear.

Mickey Desadist said it best, "A part of us goes with you and a part of you will always stay with us."

In honour of Krumins—visit your local indie record store, buy a demo from that young band that just finished their set, support your local scene and reach out to one another!

Donations to the Brain Tumor Foundation of Canada or a charity of your choice would be appreciated.

Inspiration—Krumins



SYRIAN REFUGEES IN TURKEY SEEK SAFETY

By Bassem Mroue reporting from Beirut from the Associated Press writer Albert Aji in Jisr al-Shughour contributed to this report.

Guvecci, Turkey — Syrians streamed across the border Monday into neighboring Turkey, finding sanctuary in refugee camps ringed by barbed wire and offering a frightening picture of life back home where a deadly crackdown on dissent is fueling a popular revolt. Turkey's prime minister has accused Syrian President Bashar Assad's regime of "savagery," but also said he would reach out to the Syrian leader to help solve the crisis. Still, many of the nearly 7,000 refugees in Turkey say they expect their government to inflict only more violence and pain.

Refugees were pouring across the border to flee a crackdown Sunday that sent elite forces backed by helicopters and tanks into Jisr al-Shughour, a northern town that spun out of government control for a week. Troops led by Assad's brother regained control of Jisr al-Shughour on Sunday, and residents ran for their lives. In Guvecci, two Syrians gave a bleak picture of life across the frontier.

"There are 7,000 people across the border, more and more women and children are coming toward the barbed wires," said Abu Ali, who left Jisr al-Shughour. "Jisr is finished, it is razed."

Turkey and Syria once nearly went to war, but the two countries have cultivated warm relations in recent years, lifting travel visa requirements for their citizens and promoting business ties. Turkey and Syria share a 520-mile (850 kilometer) border, which includes several Syrian provinces. Refugees and relatives on both sides appeared to be crossing unimpeded around the village of Guvecci. Syrian refugees staged open-air noon prayers behind wire fences Monday at the Boynuyogun refugee camp inside Turkey. At another camp in the town of Altinozu, refugee families flashed V for victory signs as police guarded their compound. Turkish authorities have blocked the media from entering the camps. Turkey appears to be trying to limit the publicity of the crisis even as Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan, who won a landslide victory in Sunday's general elections, says he will speak to Assad soon.

Despite their support of NATO intervention in Libya, Arab governments have not responded to Syria's crackdown, fearing the chaos that could follow Assad's fall. The country has a potentially explosive sectarian mix and is seen as a regional powerhouse with influence on events in neighboring Israel, Lebanon and Iraq. A reported mutiny in Jisr al-Shughour posed one of the most serious threats to the Assad regime since protests against his rule began in mid-March. Assad has made some concessions, but thousands of people demonstrating weekly—inspired by protests in Tunisia, Egypt and elsewhere—say they will not stop until he leaves power.

The Local Coordination Committees, a group that documents the protests, said government snipers have killed at least ten people in the nearby village of Ariha in the past two days. Syria's government has said 500 members of the security forces have died, including 120 last week in Jisr al-Shughour, although it has denied a mutiny. More than 1,400 Syrians have died and some 10,000 have been detained in the government crackdown since mid-March, activists say.

The Obama administration condemned the Syrian crackdown.

"We understand the Syrian government is instructing its security forces to use tanks and helicopter gunships against Syrian people," State Department spokesman Mark Toner told reporters in Washington. "What continues to occur is absolutely revolting, and we condemn these barbaric acts in the strongest possible terms."

Two of the refugees in Turkey said the military is killing soldiers who refuse orders to fire on protesters. "Assad's men are killing anyone within the military, police or others who don't obey their orders blindly," said a man who gave his name as Abu Ali. "They are killing those who want freedom."

Another Syrian, who gave his name as Ammar, had a similar allegation, though neither man offered any specifics.

Syria imposed a travel ban on one of the president's cousins, a move that appeared to be an attempt to show Assad is serious about investigating the bloodshed. State-run SANA news agency says the ban was imposed on Brig. Gen. Atef Najib, who ran the security department in the southern province of Daraa. The uprising erupted there in mid-March after the arrest of 15 teenagers who scrawled anti-government graffiti.

Judge Mohammed Deeb al-Muqatran of the Special Judicial Committee said the travel ban is precautionary in order for Najib to be available for questioning. Al-Muqatran was quoted as saying on Monday that "no one has immunity, whoever he is."

In an apparent anticipation of more refugees, workers of the Turkish Red Crescent, the equivalent of the Red Cross, began building a fourth tent camp Monday near the border. Women in the camp, many of them wearing colorful robes and head scarves, tended to children as refugees tried to dry laundry under a cloudy sky.

CIW'S TOMATO SCHOOL

By Barry Eastabrook from the Atlantic.

As ethical tomatoes become more common, a new curriculum teaches migrant workers about minimum wage, proper conditions, and how not to be exploited

Last week, I attended tomato school.

Sitting in a room at a packing plant near Immokalee in southwest Florida with about 50 migrant laborers, I learned that I had a right to earn a minimum wage of $7.25 an hour, and could take regular breaks in a shady area provided by the farm—including a lunch break. I was told exactly what constituted a full bucket of tomatoes when I was working on a "piece," or per-bucket basis. For some of my work, I would get an extra penny per pound for the tomatoes I picked—which amounted to a 50-percent raise. I was informed that sexual harassment would not be tolerated. And finally I received a card with the number of a 24-hour confidential help line. "If you see a problem, talk to someone—your friends, your boss, us, anyone, just say something," said Lucas Benitez, one of the members of the Coalition of Immokalee Workers (CIW), a grassroots labor rights group that was responsible for the lesson.

"It's like a time machine has suddenly whisked us from a Charles Dickens workhouse to an auto plant in the 21st century," said one farm worker. Until this year none of my classmates, many of whom were veteran tomato workers, had ever attended a session like this one, where their fellow workers outlined their new rights and responsibilities under the CIW's Fair Food Code of Conduct as employees of Pacific Tomato Growers, a major corporation that markets its products under the brand names Sunripe and Suncoast.

Last November, the Florida Tomato Growers Exchange, a cooperative of agribusinesses that grow the vast majority of Florida tomatoes, signed the Fair Food agreement with the CIW. The CIW had been working since 1993 to improve the lot of farm workers. With a few pen strokes, the Florida tomato industry went from being one of the most repressive employers in the country (nine cases involving abject slavery in Florida fields have been prosecuted in the past 15 years) to being on the road to becoming the most progressive groups in the fruit and vegetable industry.

"You cannot believe how big a change it has been," said one CIW member, recalling that the last time she had tried to gain entry to Pacific's facility in the mid-'90s, she'd been met by locked gates and armed sheriff's deputies. "It's like a time machine has suddenly whisked us from a Charles Dickens workhouse to an auto plant in the 21st century. The difference in attitude is that great."

After signing the agreement, the growers and CIW members decided that the 2010-2011 growing season would be a transitional year. Two companies—Pacific and Six L's—would work with the CIW to create a template for how the words of the agreement would be translated into actions in the fields. The course I attended was one result of those efforts. The plan is that all 33,000 Florida tomato pickers will receive similar training next year. Together, the workers group and the growers also decided what would constitute a full bucket of tomatoes. They instituted a safety program that includes regular breaks in shady areas, establishes a complaints line, banned all forms of sexual harassment, and took steps to ensure that any incidents of slavery were identified and prosecuted.

Every major fast food chain and food service corporation has agreed to the Fair Foods principles and, as a key part of the deal, has begun to funnel an extra penny per pound for the tomatoes they buy directly to workers. But unfortunately, a single dark cloud still hangs over the efforts of the CIW and the growers. With the notable exception of Whole Foods Market, not a single supermarket chain has come aboard. Supermarkets buy about half of Florida's tomatoes, so they represent an enormous amount of lost wages to workers.

The noncompliance of the grocery giants also deprives the workers of the moral and financial suasion that such large buyers can exert to make growers adhere to the agreement.

In recent months, the CIW has intensified its efforts against grocery chains, holding a series of demonstrations at Publix Super Markets, Stop & Shop, Giant Food Supermarkets, and Trader Joe's. "We didn't come this far by fainting if companies didn't come to the table the first time we called," said the coalition's Greg Asbed.

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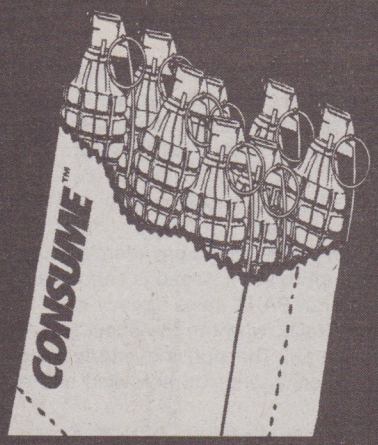

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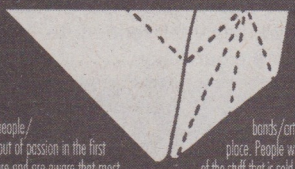

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

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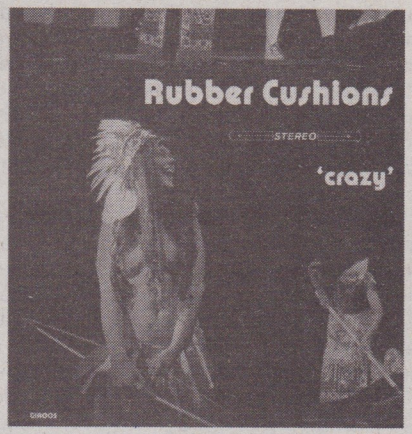

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Sunday, August 14 - Chicago, IL
Monday, August 15 - Pittsburgh, PA
Tuesday, August 16 - Toronto, Canada
Wednesday, August 17 - Montreal, Canada
Thursday, August 18 - NYC
Friday, August 19 - Philadelphia, PA
Saturday, August 20 - Richmond, VA
Sunday, August 21 - Columbus, OH
Monday, August 22 - Indianapolis, IN
Tuesday, August 23 - Davenport, IA
Wednesday, August 24 - Lincoln, NE
Thursday, August 25 - Denver, CO
Friday, August 26 - Salt Lake City, UT
Saturday, August 27 - Reno, NV
Sunday, August 28 - San Francisco, CA

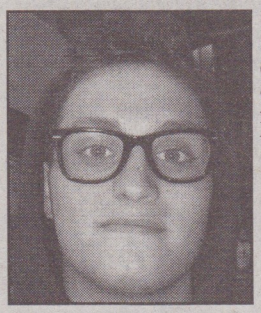
SIX TWO FIVE PLAY FAST, EH?

DISCOS HUELGA

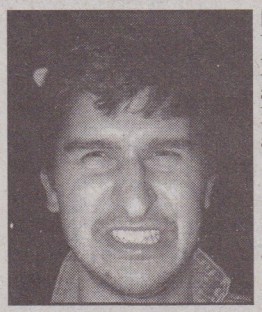
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

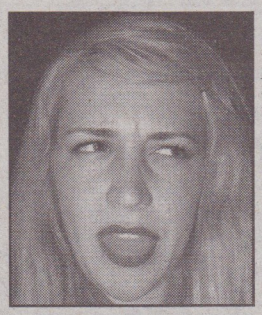
This month's question: What's the worst tattoo you've ever seen (in real life)? (asked at the Bay Area Slowmotions and Crazy Spirit shows)



Max, 22, San Francisco
Some dude with knuckle tats, and it was literally a knuckle sandwich: a piece of bread on the pinky, meat and lettuce on the inner fingers, and then another piece of bread on the pointing finger.



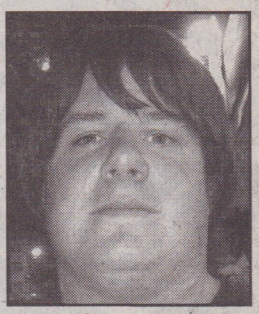
Logan, 23, San Francisco
When I was walking on Church and Market, I saw this guy wearing shorts, and all over his legs were different logos of Broadway musicals. Cats, The Lion King, all of those.



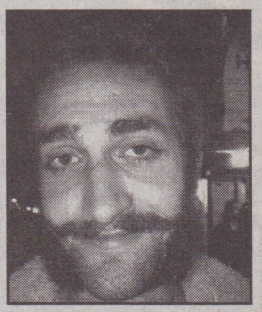
Rachel, 21, Oakland
A friend of mine has a giant spider from *Lord of the Rings* attacking a naked pregnant woman, pulling the baby out of her stomach, on his arm where everyone can see it. I think it might send out a weird message.

Kat, 23, San Francisco
A chest piece of a dude jerking off with his dick in his hand, with a huge bedroom scene behind him, with someone standing in the doorway looking jealous. Worst I've ever seen.

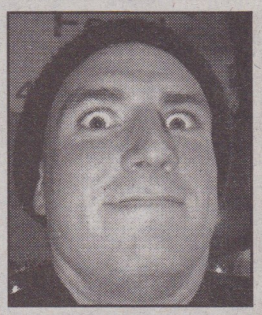
Doyle, 25, Alameda
The worst tattoo that I've ever seen is this stick-and-poke in Sacramento. This guy really loved GG Allin, and he had this crappy, upside down, flip-off tattoo on his shoulder, but somebody had fucked it up and put three fingers instead of five.



Sean, 22, Concord
Chase from Migraine's Pushead tattoo of a skeleton on a skateboard, saying "what's up?" with his hand. It's been done too much.

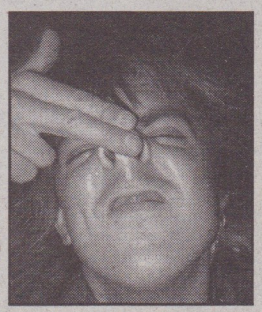


Dan, 24, Concord
The worst tattoo I've ever seen is of a dolphin on a couch smoking out of a bong.



Greg, 25, Oakland
A tattoo of a guy with twirly eyes, all psychadelic, with his hands right at the beltline, pulling his eyes above the beltline, staring out at you. It's pretty gross.

Ben, 24, Concord
I'd have to say it's a back piece, shoulder to shoulder, that says "HOUSE OF HAIR", and he had all the worst butt-rock band names with their drawn out logos, like Ratt, Poison, Quiet Riot, and all these bands, and it's the lamest thing I've ever seen.



Chuck, 30, Santa Barbara
My brother's hourglass tattoo with a large breasted mermaid holding up a skull and crossbones.

MIDNITE SNAXXX

The ladies of Midnite Snaxxx are no strangers to rock and roll, boasting members from The Loudmouths, The Trashwomen, The Bobbyteens, The Primativas and Lateenos, to name a few. They hail from Oakland, California, and if you don't catch them here you might be able to see them in some select cities this summer. I recommend it. I had the privilege to yap with them over salami and cheeses and fancy beer, and found out all of the answers to important questions about food, cats, drinks, drinking and dudes. I got tired of typing "(laughter)" or "hahaha," so just imagine a laugh track playing throughout. Interview by Sarah C Crews•live photos Tigerlily•photo on this page Mark Murrman

Renee: Are we gonna talk about cats?

MRR: Um, yeah! Why wouldn't we talk about cats?

Renee: I'm just making sure.

MRR: Did you learn stuff about your cat so you could talk about it?

Renee: I know a lot of stuff about the cat.

MRR: Your own cat?

Renee: I'm a foster mom.

MRR: I need a haircut. What's the wait time like?

Tina: You don't have to wait that long.

MRR: You gonna knock me out and shave my head?

Tina: Totally.

MRR: I don't care. Hair's stupid.

Tina: I'll make it look cute.

MRR: You can't. No slanty bangs. I can't have bangs. I have a cowlick. It's not possible.

Dulcinea: Let me turn the music down.

MRR: You don't have to. This thing works ok. Just don't shake cocktails near it.

Tina: Is it on?

MRR: I've been recording for two minutes and twenty-three seconds. I was trying to make you feel relaxed so you would speak freely.

Dulcinea: *Sixty Minutes!*

MRR: Oh...it's not like *Sixty Minutes* because those people are professionals. And I am not. I don't know why I'm doing this. When and how did Midnite Snaxxx form and what is your mission?

Dulcinea: We formed in April 2010. We were all in a band called the Primativas, and the band kind of ran its course. I'd written a bunch of new songs, so we decided to start something new, and it's been working. Our mission is to, um...

Tina: Go to Europe.

Dulcinea: Yeah, go to Europe.

Tina: On somebody else's dollar.

MRR: Or Euro.

Tina: Yeah. For sure.

Dulcinea: Do you guys have a mission?

MRR: Do you live in the Mission?

Renee: Why, because I'm Mexican? No! No, I'm just here for the free drinks and to find a husband.

MRR: At Dulcinea's house?

Dulcinea: I don't know if that is going to happen.

Tina: Maybe outside.

MRR: As this interview is for *Maximumrockandroll*, it's important that we discuss that all of us here have X chromosomes only. Some of you have played in bands with people that have Y chromosomes. Do you like playing in bands with all girls or all guys or does it matter? Is there a different dynamic?

Tina: I don't think it matters. Sometimes...this band is a girl band that gets stuff done. Well, for me.

Dulcinea: It's because me and Tina are dudes.

MRR: So you might be XXY?

Dulcinea: Yeah, so that's fine. I like playing with guys, too, but this is really easy because we're really good friends.

Tina: Yeah.

MRR: Has anyone ever been a dick to you because you're girls?

Tina: In the past...ever?

MRR: In the Midnite Snaxxx.

Dulcinea: Not to our faces.

Renee: No.

Dulcinea: I'm not sure about behind our backs.

MRR: Do you think it's because people are afraid of you?

Renee: Probably.

Dulcinea: Maybe.

Tina: I don't know. You think?

MRR: I don't know.

Tina: I hope.

MRR: If they were, what would you do?

Tina: If they were afraid of me?

MRR: No, if they were a dick to you.

Tina: Um, if they were a dick to me they would have to...pay the price! For being a dick! There's a price to pay for being a dick to one of the

Midnite Snaxxx, and it's not pretty.
MRR: Not a pretty price?
Tina: No! Someone...I won't even say.
Dulcinea: What did *someone* do?
Tina: No...but somebody is walking on thin ice in this town.
Dulcinea: Oh, shit. Here we go!
MRR: Is it someone in this room right now?
Tina: No. That's all.
Dulcinea: It's not Toes. (Toes is short for Benito. He is an adorable cat.)
MRR: All of you like a lot of different kinds of music, I would think, from seeing your bands play, as well as going through your record collections when you aren't looking. And you've all been in bands since you were teenagers, more or less, right?
Dulcinea: No.
Tina: In my first band I was twenty.
MRR: Oh, c'mon! That's so close.
Tina: Yeah, one year.
Dulcinea: Yeah, I was in my twenties.
MRR: But you've been in bands for a long time?
Dulcinea: Forever...been in bands forever.
Tina: Yep.
MRR: Have your outlooks or goals or reasons for being in a band changed since then?
Tina: Totally.
MRR: Why were you in a band when you were younger?
Tina: I didn't expect it at the time. I kind of got nominated into my first band, in The Trashwomen. It just kind of happened. I don't know.
Dulcinea: I don't know. When you're younger you kind of want to be cool.
Tina: Yes.
MRR: And you guys don't want to be cool at all anymore?
Dulcinea: There's really no point in it. Now we're kind of this misfit band.
Tina: I want to be cool.
MRR: What? You're a Misfits cover band?
Dulcinea: No!
Tina: Ms. Fits.
Dulcinea: Who knows? We could do a cover of The Misfits. That might be cool. But we are kind of a weird band because I don't know many other ladies doing what we do. And we don't fit the packages of a lot of other bands.
Tina: We're not cute...anymore. I think we're cute! But we're not like...I don't know. We're not very nice.
Dulcinea: We have nothing to prove. I guess that's the thing.
Tina: I mean, I don't care. I'm doing it because I like it, and it's fun, and I like the songs that Dulce's writing, and I like the ladies, and it's fun, and the music is good...
Dulcinea: Get down, Toes!
Tina: ...and the cat needs to get down here. I don't know. It's good!
MRR: Would you say the unifying theme of the band is guitar-based rock and roll?
Dulcinea: Yep. Totally.
Tina: Yeah.
MRR: What are your biggest influences, music or otherwise?
Tina: Ramones.
Dulcinea: It's definitely the Ramones.
Tina: The Real Kids, Cheap Trick. I just like real catchy rock and roll, you know.
Dulcinea: Yeah, I think we're kind of big superfans of rock and roll, so I think that our band just kind of plays into the vein of bands that we like. Our next records will probably be a little bit more rocker I think, so we'll see.
MRR: Other influences besides music?
Dulcinea: Food.
MRR: What's your favorite midnight snack?
Tina: Your lookin' at it (pointing to salami, bread, crackers, fancy cheese).
MRR: But it's not midnight.
Tina: Salami and cheese and fine wines. And good beer.
Dulcinea: Definitely burritos are at the top of the list for midnight.
Tina: Pizza.
MRR: Renee nods.
Dulcinea: Renee! I know! Renee is the snack queen! Renee has gotten drunk with me and made me go through the fucking Jack In The Box to get those terrible 99 cent tacos.
Renee: Get turned down at the Taco Bell!
Tina: Those tacos are good.
MRR: The Jack In The Box ones? I've heard they're very good.
Tina: They're soy. They're not real. They're like mystery meat.
Dulcinea: They do hit the spot.
Tina: They're good.
Renee: Stoner tacos.
MRR: What's your favorite drink?
Tina: Beer.
MRR: Beer. Just beer? A certain kind of beer?
Tina: I like Belgian beers.
MRR: Me too!
Tina: Fine beers. Everything is fine when you've turned 40. Things get finer.
Dulcinea: We like bougie drinks. Bougie drinks and food.
Tina: Totally.
MRR: Have you ever had a bad drunk injury?
Tina: Oh, God!
Dulcinea: God!
Tina: Are you kidding me?
Dulcinea: Do we all have to go?
MRR: Yeah, worst one! Each. That means Renee has to speak!
Dulcinea: You know, it wasn't that I was drunk, but it was related. I remember one time I was DJ'ing, I think in Reno, and I decided to just start running in the middle of the street. I started running and my legs weren't going as fast as I thought my brain was, and I just piled. Bloody elbows, bloody knees. Stuff like that has happened, but I've never broken anything or had to go get stitches or anything like that because of drunkenness.
Tina: Lots of falling down I'm sure. For sure.
Dulcinea: Falling down and puking.
Renee: I only fall down when I'm sober.
MRR: We're coming to that.
Tina: Falling down...
Dulcinea: No, that's not true! Renee was at the Taqueria Cancún...
Renee: Oh, that's when I took you down!
Dulcinea: ...and she took down the whole bench! And the funny thing is, I saved her from falling, and then I was holding her, taking her back to the car, and I fucking piled and I wasn't even drunk. That's how it goes!
MRR: Would you say that Mitch Cardwell plays a role in your band more similar to Kim Fowley and the Runaways, Brian Epstein and the Beatles, Phil Spector and the Ronettes, or Malcolm McLaren and Bow Wow Wow?
Dulcinea: Wow!
MRR: No, just Bow Wow Wow.
Dulcinea: I would say...I don't know! I'll say Kim Fowley. He does tell me some ridiculous shit. But he's very supportive.
Renee: Yeah, he gives me pep talks over IM.
Dulcinea: He's very supportive and it's nice. He tells me when he doesn't like a song or he doesn't like a part. I don't like it, but, whatever.
MRR: You play locally about once or twice a month and you've played in LA. Recently I saw you play with Eddie and the Hot Rods, and that was pretty awesome. You're playing a show soon with Kid Congo Powers. Do you have any favorite shows that you have played so far?
Tina: Well, we haven't played with The Dictators yet.
MRR: Why not?
Tina: Because it hasn't happened.
MRR: Why not?
Tina: I don't know.
MRR: Make it happen!
Tina: I know.
Dulcinea: They need to be brought over.
Tina: We played with Guitar Wolf. It was fun; that was a great show. We played with the Subsonics in Atlanta. That was good.
Dulcinea: Eddie and the Hot Rods was a fun show but the show we just opened at Bottom of the Hill with Jeff the Brotherhood was good. I think because it was a packed house and...
Renee: ...a different group of nerds.
Dulcinea: ...it was a totally different crowd for us and we played pretty well, and people were into it, so it was nice to hear that. I don't know what is going on outside.
Renee: It sounds like a dog?
Dulcinea: No, I think it's a chick. We are in West Oakland.
MRR: This question is for Renee, specifically.
Dulcinea: Yeah, speak up, Renee!

MRR: You seem to be horrified that you're in a band and have to stand in the front, yet you're in a band and have to stand in the front and sometimes even sing into a microphone. Do you forget that you hate it each time before you do it, or are you overcoming your fear?

Renee: You know, I don't have a fear! Like that's the thing, I'm not afraid to play in front of people, and I have fun while playing, but sometimes, I just get weird. And only recently did I discover, well, I always have fun playing and practicing and stuff, and I like playing with the girls, but up until a couple months ago, I really like...it kind of clicked for me, and I kind of got comfortable with it, but it's still like...I don't know. I'm not really outgoing even though I seem outgoing. I'm kind of like, shy, I guess.

MRR: So do you fall down in front of hot dudes just to get over your fear of falling down in front of hot dudes?

Renee: NO! But it just happens. It's like life...sucks. That's why I have no hot dude boyfriend...hi!

Tina: She's our young little sex kitten. Guys always love Renee. Johnny's like, "Renee looks like she's making love to that bass."

Dulcinea: Oh my...really?

Tina: Yeah. The guys in this band are like, "That Renee! God!" You gotta start using that to your ad-van-tage!

Dulcinea: Yeah!

Renee: Yeah, but then I get drunk and I don't care.

MRR: Then you fall down.

Renee: Then I fall down.

MRR: You have one single out on Raw Deluxe, and one on Total Punk, and there's more coming right? There's an LP coming out?

Dulcinea: There's an LP coming that we recorded. It'll be on Red Lounge Records from Germany, hopefully at the end of summer. And we're working on new stuff, so hopefully there will be some more singles after that.

Tina: I want to go to Germany.

MRR: For German sausages?

Tina: And Italy.

MRR: Italian sausages.

Tina: Yeah.

Dulcinea: Yeah.

MRR: Which one of you has the best cat?

Tina: Well...

Renee: I do!

Dulcinea: Benito!

Tina: I have two, Jack and Jinxy, but Jack is...

Dulcinea: Jack pees on your bed!

Tina: But, I still love him.

MRR: But Benito poops on your bed!

Dulcinea: No...well, he hasn't done that in a long time.

Renee: Everyone has a cat that pees here.

Tina: Jack is full man.

MRR: Jack is a man?

Tina: He's a real man.

MRR: A man cat?

Tina: Mmmhmm. He's a little whiny bitch.

MRR: You all like your own cats best?

Dulcinea: Mmmhmm.

Tina: Of course!

MRR: What's the name of your cat? You won't even talk about your cat?!

Renee: I have a foster cat. His name is Leroy.

MRR: Just because he's a foster cat doesn't mean you can't say his name.

Renee: His name is Leroy.

Dulcinea: He's her stepchild.

Renee: He's handsome.

Tina: He's cute.

MRR: You have the upcoming show with Kid Congo Powers. And then what else are you guys doing? You're playing Goner Fest?

Tina: We're going to the Northwest over 4th of July weekend, to Portland and Seattle.

MRR: And then...

Tina: And then we come home.

Dulcinea: And then we're gonna play a few shows before Goner. Hopefully in Texas and Louisiana, and maybe Mississippi...we're getting it together. Alabammy.

Tina: And hopefully go to LA in August again. Hopefully. We'll see. Yeah.

MRR: I had an opportunity to speak with some Midnite Snaxxx fans who have written in some specific questions to you.

Dulcinea: Good God!

MRR: The first question is for Dulcinea. Fan number one writes in to Dulcinea, "Why are you so bossy?"

Dulcinea: Well, I guess it's because I don't like to be told what to do. And it's fun. I don't know. I'm the first of three girls in my family, so I just assume the role.

Tina: She's the boss. I'm her bitch. I always say, "I'm just your bitch." We're just the bitches, she's the boss.

MRR: Like Tony Danza.

Tina: *Who's the Bitch?* Who's the boss and who's the bitch?

MRR: Fan number two writes in to Tina. Fan number two says, "Tina, why are you such a horndog?"

Tina: Weeeellllllll...I have raging hormones all the time, as I turn...in my elder years. It gets worse and worse, and it has to, uh, be satisfied (in a low, low voice). So, um, I don't know. Why am I such a horndog? I don't know.

Dulcinea: She likes men.

Tina: I like the men.

Dulcinea: The mens-es.

Tina: Yeah. Italian...

MRR: German?

Tina: I like it all. People of all sizes, all shapes, all flavors...I like it all! Equal opportunity. But I do have a boyfriend now (sighs), but we'll see how that goes.

MRR: What is Midnite Snaxxx obsession with Rincon?

All: Awwww....

Tina: He's so cute! How could you not think he's the cutest little face?!

Dulcinea: Renee!

Renee: He's cute! He's like a little biscuit.

Tina: He's cute. I remember when I first saw him I was like, "That guy is fuckin' hot!" and they're like, "He's like twenty years old, Tina." And I'm like, "Oh....well..."

MRR: He's over eighteen...

Dulcinea: He's legal.

Tina: He's every cougar's fantasy. I'm just kidding. He's cute! I don't know. And now it's gotten to be really funny harassing him, kind of. You know what I mean?

MRR: No. Explain.

Tina: Sometimes there've been some drunken crank calls in the middle of the night.

MRR: Oh, yeah?

Dulcinea: Really? Oh my God.

MRR: From Midnite Snaxxx to Rincon?

Tina: Yeah.

Dulcinea: No. No. I want it on record that it was not all of us.

Tina: Well, not all of everybody. I have a tendency for late night drunken, you know, "Oh, who cares anything goes!" Just add alcohol and anything goes!

MRR: I don't have any more questions.

Tina: He's attractive.

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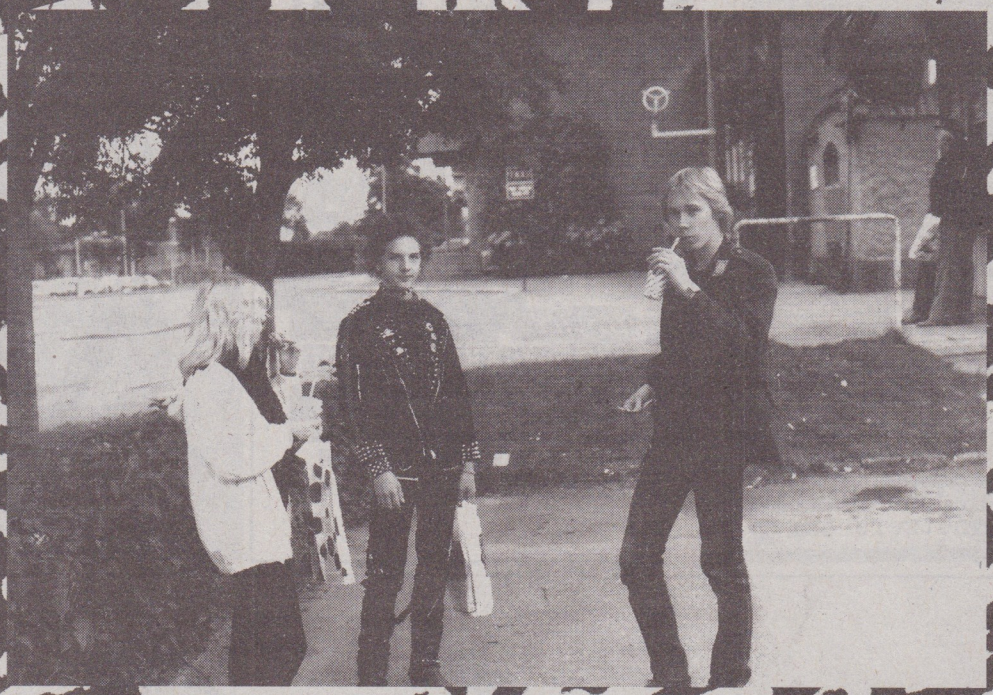


THE HISTORY OF HUVUDTV TT/HEADCLEANERS: ONE OF THE WORLDS FIRST HARDCORE BANDS

Freely translated interview by Chriss (from Driller Killer and Lautsturmer) with Mats Nilsson, the founder of Huvudtv tt / Headcleaners, by Tony Gunnarsson. Photos courtesy of Mats.
Huvudtv tt was active in Sundsvall and Linkping, Sweden, between 1981–1984.

MRR: Musically there is a big difference between Massmedia and Huvudtvätt. How come? Was it something to do with the move to the city of Linköping, and the discovery of new brutal bands?
Massmedia was a real band, but Huvudtvätt was initially supposed to be just my own solo project. I would call Massmedia a "raw punk" band, but over the years we mixed between quite a lot of styles. Ever since I heard the Ramones in 1976 I have been more fond of the extreme and raw side of punk, perhaps more so than some other punks. For example there were "musical differences" that lead me to quit my first band the Same, as early as January 1978, after we had played together for less than four months. Standard punk had already become too wimpy for my tastes.

Note: Per Kraft, my classmate at school in 1976 was a divinely gifted musician and the person who got me into his band in spring 1977. It was just two guys who played guitar in Per's garage. He taught me how to play the bass. Nothing ever happened with that band, but it was the embryo of the Absolute Swine, who would form in late September 1977. Two quick name changes in the first month, and finally the band settled on The Same, which is usually described as Sundsvall's first punk band.

My other band, Massmedia, broke up partly because of the same reasons. Brodde, our first singer, quit in the summer of 1979. He was too wimpy in his musical tastes, and probably already on his way into post-punk. I did not like that, and the band was "not big enough for both of us"—as Brodde once said in an interview. Massmedia ended in the autumn of 1980, when Torulf and I moved to Linköping for university. I studied the "Y-line", i.e. Physics and Electrical Engineering, majoring in Computer Engineering, 1980-84.

Massmedia had a reunion during Christmas 1980 when we (me, Torulf and Patrick) recorded two new songs for the compilation record *Andra Bränder*. Already in the early spring of 1981 I was eager to do something new in punk rock. I knew I wanted to do even more extreme punk (than the type that Massmedia played). I had heard a lot of

Discharge, but also American bands like Minor Threat, Teen Idles, State of Alert and Black Flag etc. Torulf had bought some records with him from a study trip to the USA in the spring of 1981. When it was time to start "my" band, I did not know any other "studio musicians" (joke!) than Torulf and Patrick from Massmedia. I knew what they could do so it was just natural to ask them first. We hooked up with our singer Huw Brandt through our mate Janne Andersson from Uppsala.

In the summer of 1980 I went around Europe by train with Janne (who was an old Massmedia-fan). We got to know each other pretty well and visited punks and record stores on the way, including Germany and Holland. In England, we met Janne's mate Andy who had started Xcentic Noise Records And Tapes in Hull, which mostly released compilation tapes.

MRR: How come you had the name Headcleaners for the foreign market and the name Huvudtvätt for the domestic Swedish market? And why this obsession with cleaning?

I had a cleaning cassette cartridge in my dorm room in Ryd (Linköping), called "Head Cleaner," so when we were brainstorming band names it just happened to come up. We were supposed to sing in Swedish, and Headcleaners translated to Swedish became Huvudtvätt, which sounded cool. I'm a humorous guy who likes to joke about most things to most people. I think the theme (which was first "washing," but then became a broader concept of "cleaning") just happened when the music for the first record required lyrics. It came of course from the band name, and from the very first song we wrote. After that it was just too hard not to run with it...

Janne in Uppsala asked us already back in 1981 if he could release our stuff to foreign markets—in English. "Sure, of course," we gladly told him. His label was to be called Malignant Massacre. And of course we had already invented the English band Headcleaners, indeed before Huvudtvätt. My brother and me are very resourceful and market-oriented people. We decided early on that we would record eight instrumental songs in Sunsdvall. Then we laid vocals on each song in two different sessions, six Swedish and seven in English. We also had Janne produce the English version, while "Mono Toni," which was our producer's alias ("Moses Zero's son," from my old stage name and Nill=Noll, and Torulf Nilsson), mixed the Swedish version in another studio ("Bastun" in Stockholm). The very first mix, in Swedish, from the Sundsvall studio is on the Xcentric Noise cassette *Beating The Meat*. It is not the same mix later released on the EP.

MRR: How did you come in contact with Really Fast, and what do you think they did for the Swedish punk scene?

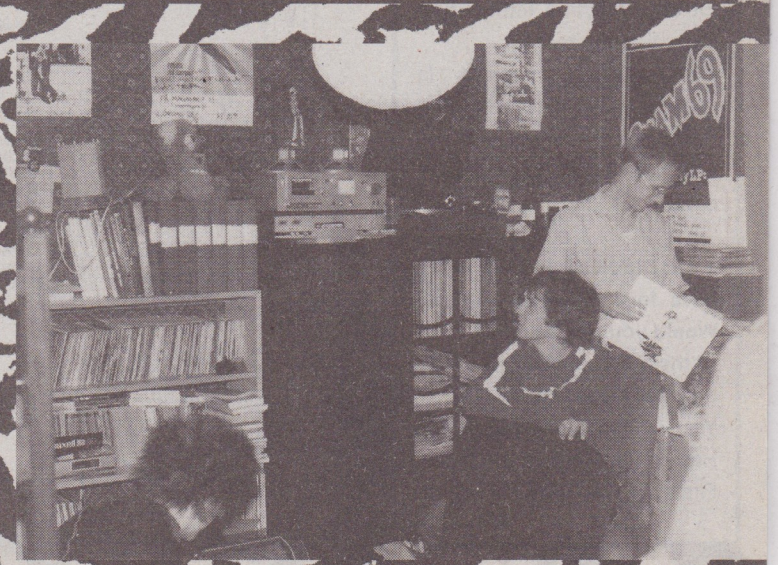
During the time in Linköping we came in contact with Patrik Jonsson, who ran Really Fast. We got along with Patrik and bought, sold, traded records with each other. Really Fast asked us if we wanted to be on the compilation (1982?), which we thought sounded like fun. Some people apparently had some "problems" with the Really Fast's hard-line unit price ("Pay No More Than"), but we were also into the low budget / self-cost price. We would much rather sell more copies of a record than become rich. The Really Fast guys were also just the type of enthusiastic do-it-yourselfers that were driving Swedish punk.

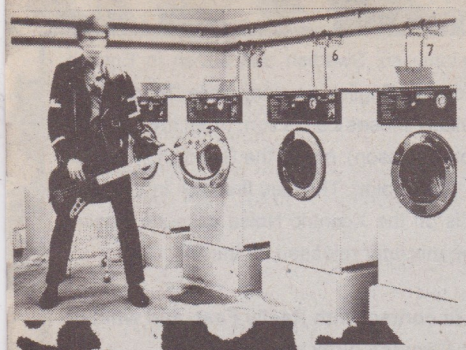
Admittedly, the split LP with Kurt I Kuvös (KIK) that Really Fast released in late winter 1984 was mostly made for the money, which however was only a couple thousand crowns split between us. Of course we had the urge to release more records by ourselves, but our drummer Patrik Tanner had already immigrated to the United States at that time. Patrik Jonsson arranged so that Staffan from Kurt I Kuvös helped us. Staffan was a different kind of drummer, which you can tell because there is a different sound on the LP. Overall, we think that our side on this LP is a bit like a rushed job.

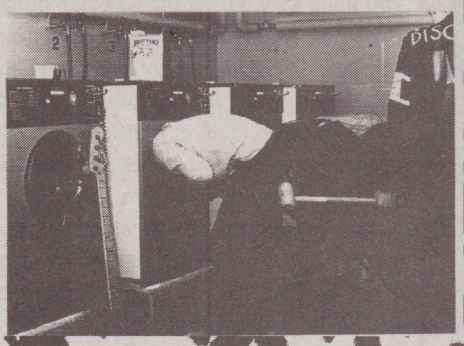
I definitely think that Really Fast did a lot for Swedish raw punk, but at the same time they did not have a unique role, nor do I think that there was anyone in Sweden who was dominant in the scene. Instead there were one or more persons/organizations in every Swedish medium-sized town that were driving local punk scenes and helping to make larger regional punk scenes.

MRR: Tell us a little about Janne's label Malignant Massacre! Do you know if the label released more than the Huvudtvätt *Disinfection* EP, the Skitslickers EP and Anti-Cimex's *Victims of a Bomb Raid* EP? Is it true that Janne wrote most of the lyrics to both Huvudtvätt and Headcleaners?

Janne wrote all the lyrics for Headcleaners (in English), but I mainly (with the help of Torulf and later singers) wrote the Swedish lyrics.







1981. Then secondly Janne Andersson in 1982. Thirdly Hans Nilsson from Skövde in 1982-83. And finally Lars Persson in 1984. Hans and Lars were Torulf's classmates at university, on the "I-line" course, LiTH. Janne actually sang for Huvudtvätt / Headcleaners at our only live performance in September 1982 at Woodstock, the club in the basement of Skönsbergs Folkets Hus, in Sundsvall. It was not a successful show. Janne, who had not been in the band previously, forgot some of the lyrics and Patrick had drunk a whole bag full of beer. We had trouble with the sound and the guitars were out of tune ... But it was hilarious nonetheless.

This concert is documented on video, which unfortunately has really poor sound. Therefore we mixed the film picture with the sound recorded on tape by the sound engineer Göran Tungström. This new version of the video has sadly gone missing, as well as the audiotape. A copy of the original video is still around, now transferred to a digital format.

Hans sang on the three songs we did for the Really Fast compilation (and the Xcentic record, I think). Lars (and I) sang on the split with KIK.

MRR: When did you first hear D-beat, both as a drum beat and as a concept?

I have never heard of D-beat. I had to Google it and found the Wikipedia page on D-beat, which gave me a good laugh. I think this kind of genre creation just confuses (for example see all the varieties of metal these days), but I understand that the people involved want to be able to describe more precisely the style of music they play. That said I'd guess it's "hacks" who invented terms like this.

Note on my musical background: Played the flute for many years, including in the Kommunala Musikskolans Youth Orchestra in Sundsvall, but I quit towards the end of high school. Then I started playing electrical bass guitar in the spring of my first year at college, at the age of sixteen and a half—self-taught with the help of Per Kraft.

Janne was a serious guy, so it was more classical/anarchist punk lyrics. Malignant Massacre released just the three records. Janne paid for the first two. He did the same with Skitslickers as Headcleaners. In other words, he released the record for the English market (under the name Shit Lickers). The third record on Malignant Massacre, Anti-Cimex's *Victims of a Bomb Raid*, was however done by me, and financed by me with Mats Bodenmalm (from Nässjö, but now living in Gothenburg) as the principal funders. Mats was our contact with Anti Cimex. I released the record on Malignant Massacre because we did not have our own hardcore label.

Janne was a punk rocker that I don't think played in any band. He bought records (as a collector) and that was how he got in contact with bands, record labels and other collectors. These days I have no contact with Janne, who left punk early, but I know he still lives in Uppsala.

MRR: How many copies were there of the split EP with Picnic Boys? I have found a lot of conflicting information regarding the record...

Massz-16 was pressed in 610 copies, of which 310 had Huvudtvätt on the cover and 300 had Picnic Boys on the cover.

MRR: Did Headcleaners really have four different singers? Would you please name each of them and explain who was on what record etc.

Yes, we had four singers. Huw, Hasse, Lasse, and Janne. Firstly, it was Huw Brandt in

EPIDEMIC INFECTION (2)

THE INFECTED SWEDEN
AINT NO PARADISE
THE WELFARE + FREEDOM
ARE ONLY A DISGUISE

THE INFECTED SWEDEN
IS A HOPELESS CASE
SUICIDE AND BOREDOM
IS ITS REAL FACE

CHORUS X 2
YELLOW AND BLUE
THE INFECTION GROWS
YELLOW AND BLUE
THERES NO CURE

INVENTED CRAP (4)

OH JESUS CHRIST
YOURE SAVED BY LIES
THE RELIGIOUS DOPE
HAS FRAMED YOUR EYES

OH PRAISE THE LORD
COS THIS IS FRAUD
THE INSANE PRAYERS
MADE YOUR MIND UNCLEAR

CHORUS :
THE GOD ALMIGHTY
DEAD IN ETERNITY
AND THESE HOLY FACTS
ARE JUST INVENTED
CRAP.

DESTRUCTION IN MIND (6)

THE MANKIND WONT LEARN
FROM THE EVIL IN HIS WORLD
CONTINUING TO BE BLIND
WITH DESTRUCTION IN MIND

CHORUS X 2
IN ANGER AND FEAR
WE WATCH AND STARE
AT A WORLD IN WAR
ON THE EARTH WE SHARE

WITH CENTURIES OF HATE
A DOOMSDAY WILL COME
TO END ALL LIFE
IN A NUCLEAR SUN

PILES OF FLESH (5)

IN THE BLOODSTAINED SAND
WHERE BULLITS RAIN
LYES A PROMISED LAND
OF DEATH AND PAIN

UNDER A BURNING SKY
THE INNOCENTS DIE
BEING PUT TO DEATH
BY JEWISH GUESTS

CHORUS :
WAR ON WAR
THERE IS NO END
DEAD ON DYING
IN PILES OF FLESH

'NO SENSE' (3)

AMERICAN DREAM
AINT WHAT IT SEEMS
ITS A SICK INFECTION

AMERICAN HOPE
A TOXIC DOPE
TAKING SENSE AWAY

CHORUS :
KILL WITHOUT REASON
MAKING BULLIT HOLES
IN ALL LIVING SOULS

RUSSIAN DREAM ETC. ETC.

RUSSION HOPE ETC. ETC.

(1) WITH MEDICATION

HOSPITAL BEDS
OCCUPIED
DAY AND NIGHT
WITH SENILE MINDS

WORNOUT BODIES
KEPT ALIVE
WITH MEDICATION
IN A QUE TO DIE

CHORUS :
FOR AGED AND OLD
DYING IS CRUEL
NOTHING LEFT
THAN A PAINFULL DEATH.

MRR: Who would you classify as the first Swedish rå-punk band (raw punk), and why? How do you define rå-punk or do you at all? Was it a term that you used early?

Yes, of course Headcleaners were rå-punks (raw punks), but we used the expression rå-punk long before 1981. Rå-punk is fast punk rock with a lot of distortion, in my opinion. Can't remember when the term hardcore punk came to Sweden, but we did not use it ourselves anyway. The term rå punk was already used during the first wave of punk, and I would say that Kriminella Gitarrer must be one of the best Swedish bands of all time.

In the second wave Anti-Cimex was early, and of course Huvudtvätt. There were probably many more around the country at the same time, and a lot of bands came just after us which means it should have been in 1982, but these other bands could easily have formed as early as 1981. We were quick to release our first record, because we were very experienced as punk musicians and we did not need to rehearse that much. Huvudtvätt was indeed solely formed to make records. We did not have any concerts except the one in September 1982 or anything else to prepare for. The songs were written by me over the course of a few months, then the lyrics were later written in two days. First, Torulf and I rehearsed, then we played with Tanner in Sundsvall, Sweden during the summer break. A while before our allocated studio time we recorded our music on cassette tape and sent it down to Janne and Huw in Uppsala. The two of them with Huw's girlfriend came up to Sundsvall in early August 1981, and then we recorded everything in two days at the KFUM-studio [YMCA], 16-channel mixing.

MRR: Why do you think that Sweden produced so many high-quality raw punk bands in the early '80s? The neighboring countries to Sweden, with the exception of Finland, did not come up with many comparable classic bands?

Sweden had a big punk rock boom in 1979, following the first wave in 1977-78, with lots of new bands. The following year, a lot of these bands broke-up due to different musical tastes. Some new bands then went to the extreme side, others to so-called post-punk. Influences came mainly from American bands, and not the tough English punk bands. English punk quickly became "too fat and lazy," as did the Oi! style. There were, however, some exceptions, of which I have to mention Discharge. Finland also had many good bands. I often made trades and bought records from Voitto "Vote" Vasko, because I had a mailorder distro during my years in Linköping. Sweden is also more Americanized than the neighboring Nordic countries. Mostly in a bad way I think, but maybe this had a role in creating a second wave of punk in Sweden.

MRR: Please give some comments about the following bands and what you think they have done for the Swedish punk scene: Moderat Likvidation, Anti-Cimex, Mob 47, Skitslickers and Disarm.

Anti-Cimex was important to us. Not as role models, more because they were one of my favorite bands. We saw them in Linköping, Sweden in '82 or '83. Also I think they were important for Swedish punk, which for some years spread around the world, and for other Swedish bands. Anti-Cimex was more raw than anything we did.

I think Mob 47 started a bit later, but I understand that they were important role models for many. They did not enter my world until several years later. The other bands that you mentioned I also liked even though I can't say either of them were my favorites. I'd rather name Asta Kask, because they were really funny when they came out.

Note: my older sister Ing-Marie Olofsdotter was in charge of the Rockdepartementet radio show on Swedish Radio SRP3, with Mikael Nilsson, for some years in the early '80s. They brought a variety of rock and punk bands, although I don't think they ever played Huvudtvätt. Asta Kask stayed with my sister during a visit to Skara, where she lived in the '80s.

Already in 1981 we felt like punk rock veterans, and weren't so active because of our studies. Huvudtvätt was therefore mostly a studio band that only formed and with members only meeting to record. Of course we did it because we thought it was fun, but also because we thought we knew how to do punk rock and wanted to create something of our own. In principle we always did everything ourselves, in other words truly "DIY". Our own records were often used to trade for other records. Bands often used to trade a 7" record box (25 copies) with others. Us provincial bands could hardly expect to get a record deal even if we wanted it or we were simply too poor musicians. And I would like to point out that punk was a movement that allowed everyone the right to do whatever they wanted.

MRR: Have there been any thoughts about a Headcleaners reunion? What is your opinion about punk bands that play reunion shows nowadays?

Headcleaners have no plans to reunite. Unfortunately it is very unlikely that it could ever happen as I live in Stockholm, Torulf in Oslo, and Patrik Tanner in the United States. But I still occasionally get offers to reissue our old records, re-start the band with new members, make new songs for other bands, or even be involved in various punk bands currently active. It is an honor, but it is unlikely that anything like this will ever happen. What is more likely is a Headcleaners discography record, which has been under discussion for many years now. Unfortunately, I am often disappointed by reunited bands. Old and slow... Mob 47 still sounded good, or even better, when I looked them up on Myspace and their website.

THE AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN

THE AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN, THE GENTS AS THEIR FANS AFFECTIONATELY KNOW THEM, HAVE BEEN DISPATCHING EAR DRUMS TO OBLIVION FOR A GOOD COUPLE OF YEARS NOW, SLOWLY BUILDING A NAME FOR THEMSELVES AS ONE OF THE MOST SEARING LIVE BANDS IN THE UK AND EUROPE, AND ARE CURRENTLY ON TOUR IN THE USA, WINNING YOU LOT OVER WITH THEIR BLAST BEAT MAYHEM. THE LADS HAVE A COUPLE OF WELL RECEIVED VINYL RELEASES OUT, A BUNCH OF CDR DEMOS AND TWO CASSETTES ON THE UK'S KEEP SCREAMING RECORDS WHICH COMPILE IT ALL TOGETHER. IF YOU LIKE IT SHORT FAST AND DRUNK YOU NEED TO CHECK THESE GUYS OUT.

Interview and pix by Roddy Ploppy Pants

MRR: First up, lets talk about yer recent(ish) trip to Scotland, how did you enjoy it? The condom machine was probably the hi-point for me, tell the kids about the chaos!

Smith: Well it was last August now, but yeah Scotland was good fun. We played with Clocked Out and Sunsmasher at the 13th Note, a house gig at Tony's flat in the West End (the Negi Dungeon), also with Clocked Out and Citizens, then we had a particularly messy night at Captain Tom's practice rooms in Aberdoon with Ablach, then finished with Wheelchair x4, Sufferinfuck and T-34 at Henry's in Edinburgh. Highlights for me were stumbling down to the beach at Dunatour Castle carrying big bottles of Pale Cream and watching the seals. The house gig at Tony's flat was fun as house gigs always are. And the whole day in Aberdoon was top drinking spesh and eating fish supper and Baz Ablach took good care of us, we ended up smashed and Mick "mine-swept" all the leftovers in a takeaway whilst dressed in a condom dispenser suit. And we had a good night in the Flat of Crust listening to tapes in Scalezy 'n' Matt's kitchen drinking Bucky. I also enjoyed me and Groico's port, wine and scotsmac drinking challenge on the drive home.

MRR: OK, so all your cool new grindcore worldwide grincore mates might not know that the band evolved out of some kind of Cricket themed group, tell us a bit about the good old days when pretty girls would bring you sanwiches half way through your set.

Smith: Barthur and I started off together in a stupid band called L.B.W. It was a silly idea that got taken too far. The six of us would get smashed, don cricketing togs and play sloppy awful old school grindcore with lyrics exclusively about the hidden brutality of cricket. By the end our gigs were known to involve breaks for tea and cake served to the band and audience mid set. The main thing to remember is that LBW were the founders of cricket-core *not* Geoffrey Oi!cott, haha!

MRR: The band has been around for quite a few years but seems to me to have taken off quite a bit over the last year, do you recon the slow and steady approach is the way to go when it comes to playing in a band? Is it important to pay your dues? Maybe your song "Wrongcock" touches on this?

Smith: It's nearly five years since we started but it doesn't really feel that long. Things have started to improve for us lately in terms of more releases and tours etc, but we're still basically doing the same thing as when we started. Of course the idea is that hopefully you improve over time, I think that just comes naturally the more you write songs and play together, but I don't know whether we've improved that much really. We didn't start the band to try and make it "big" though, and I think bands that do will always struggle because usually these things take time. We just want to have fun playing the music we want to play, it's just luck that things seem to have got going for us more lately. So I don't know about "paying your dues," but I think slow and steady is the way, yeah.

MRR: OK, the six million dollar question; why the Afternoon Gentlemen? Lookin' at the lyric sheet to the 7" there does seem to be more to the lyrics than your usual street punk "being drunk is great" bollocks, were the lyrics like that in the beginning and if so how how did it evolve to what your doing now? Please explain the song "Beer for Life" —is alcohol really "life's great comfort?"

Smith: An "Afternoon Gentlemen" is a chap who is at the peak of his social activity in the afternoon, usually in some sort of bus shelter, alleyway, municipal park or other public place, indulging in high strength / low quality refreshments and issuing frank discourse to those around. The significance of "afternoon" is that these types of folk don't have jobs to be go to and so are at large in the daytime, and also that they are often too intoxicated to last beyond early evening. So basically Afternoon Gentlemen is a euphemism for tramps / alkies / vagrants / [insert pejorative term here]. The reason we picked the name is because we wanted to write our songs from the perspective of the desperate,

disenfranchised street drinkers, because we find that a bit more interesting than the typical macho super angry hardcore posing or over the top gore grind shit, and we can relate to it better. The song "Beer for Life," that's about a game that Tapley showed me a long time ago. If you agree to play it then you have to play it all your life. And "is alcohol really life's great comfort?" Well yes.

MRR: And keeping with questions about the lyrics, who is the "stupid dickhead" and why did ya feel the need to immortalize them in a sing-along grind classic?
Mick: Dickheads. They are dickheads.

MRR: What's next for the Gents, where will the chaos end?
Smith: The plan is to carry on. Chaos till death.

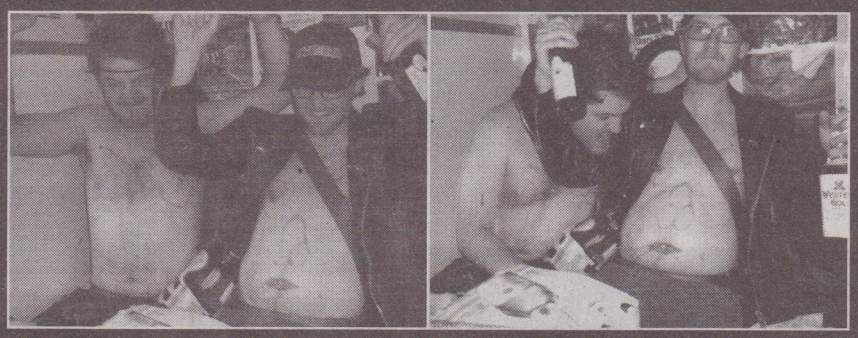
MRR: You all seem to be involved to one degree or another with the local scene in Leeds so would ya like to talk about that a little, why do you guys feel its important to contribute to the scene, how is the scene in the Leeds area right now (always seems good when I come down, but maybe I'm just at the right gigs?)
Smith: Yeah we're all involved in the scene to varying degrees, although we don't put many gigs on which is a bit false. I think it's important though to contribute in any way you can to your local scene, even if it's just going to DIY gigs and supporting that way, paying in, buying merch, or helping out lending / moving equipment, finding places for bands to sleep etc. We try to do that stuff as much as we can but there's always room for improvement and the more people co-operating in the scene the better it gets. The Leeds scene is pretty good though, there's no shortage of gigs and there are some great bands. In the last couple of years there seems to have been spike in the number of fast hardcore bands around here and I suppose we've contributed to that in a way, so we've been fortunate to get involved in a relatively busy scene. I think the UK scene is pretty decent in general at the moment, but maybe I'm just in a posi mood.

MRR: OK as far as I remember none of you are vegan, but I'm sure at least one of you has a signature vegan dish you can wheel out when the occasion demands, so lets have that recipe!
Mick: A lovely meat/dairy free carbonara.
Smith: err.....beetroot falafel? Barthur would probably say "false." (Distinct lack of recipes here....). I dunno, go look up fucking Yotam Ottolenghi you hippy!

MRR: last question. I was talkin' to someone about Boss Super when I was down in Leeds at new year and when I found out it was "brewed" in Leeds I tried to encourage the drunk crusties to go on an adventure to find the factory etc, most scoffed at me in drunken indifference but one lad in a moment of clarity pointed out that that the reason Boss Super was so cheap is because it was years out of date and he believed the factory was long since closed down. Want to add your own two cents to the urban myth?
Smith: I think that theory may have come from Dean haha. I seem to remember something about it coming from somewhere on Hunslet Industrial Estate, so the place is probably long closed down. It's drastically out of date though that's for sure, I remember opening several with rust on the inside of the caps. It's definitely got a unique flavor, that's what you get for a fiver at our corner shop, 24 bottles of Boss. I see Ciaran, Rich, Rob and Dean going in for a crate every single day, they make us look soft.
Mick: If you're lucky you can find the odd bit of mould. Honest advice, if needs must then add orange juice for a Boss Fizz.

cheers lads

Ploppy



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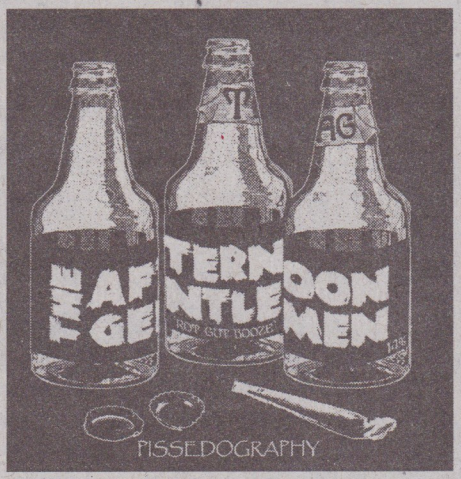

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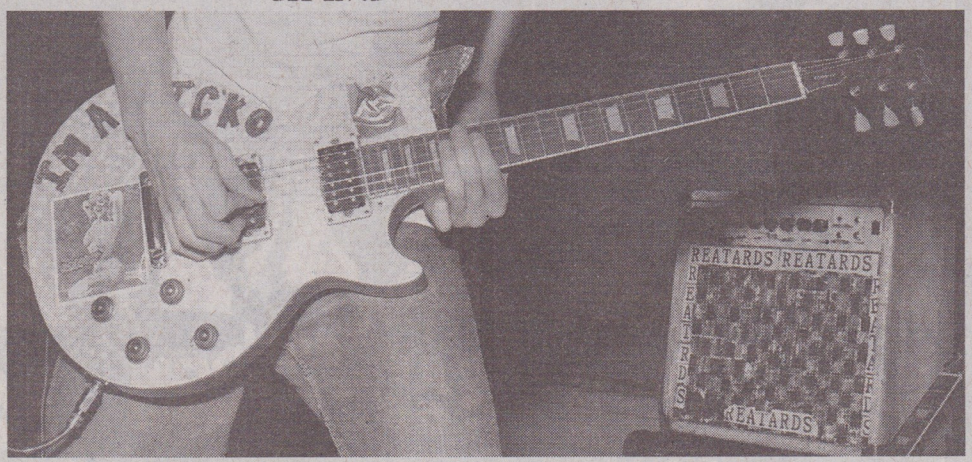
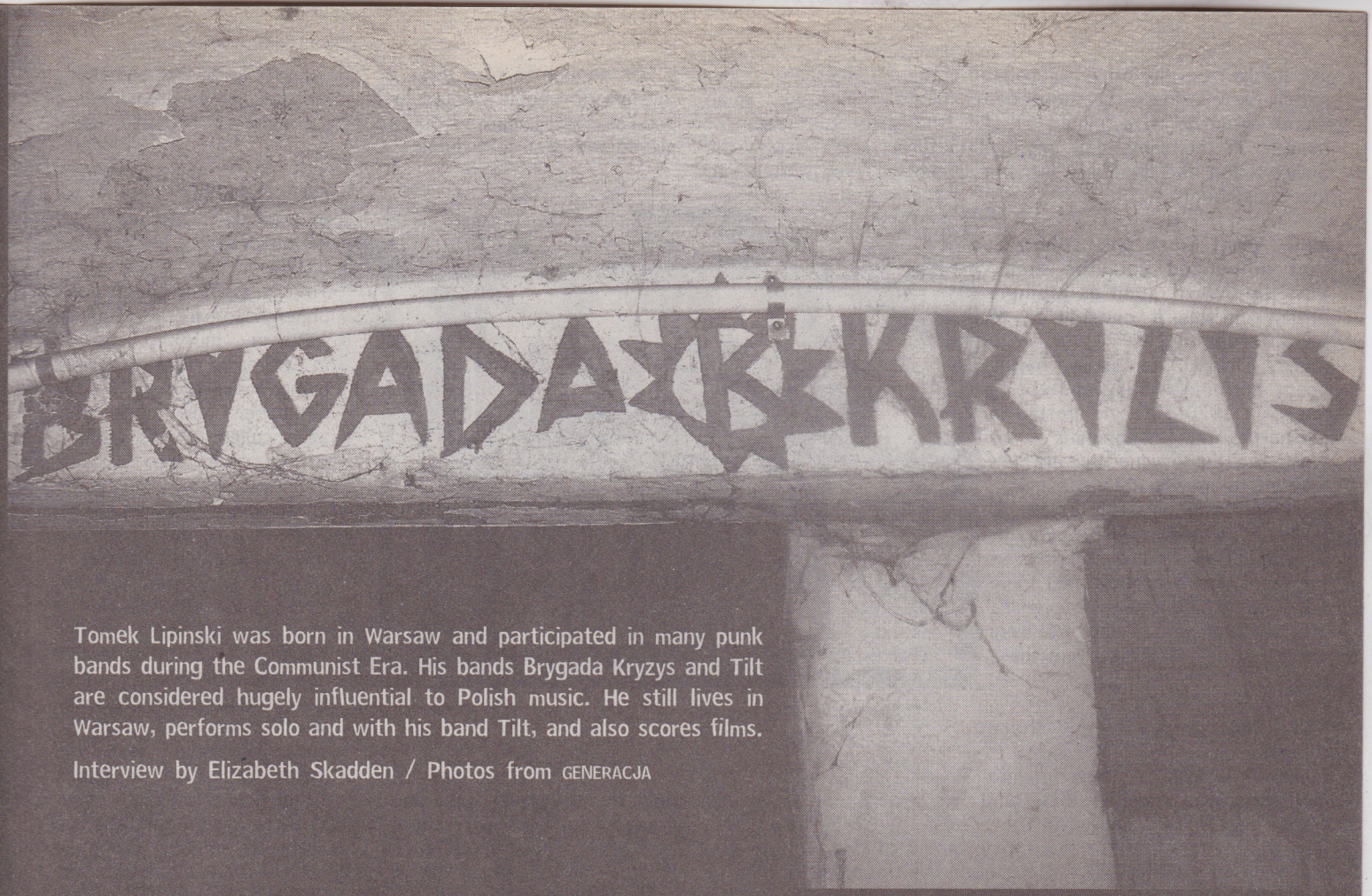
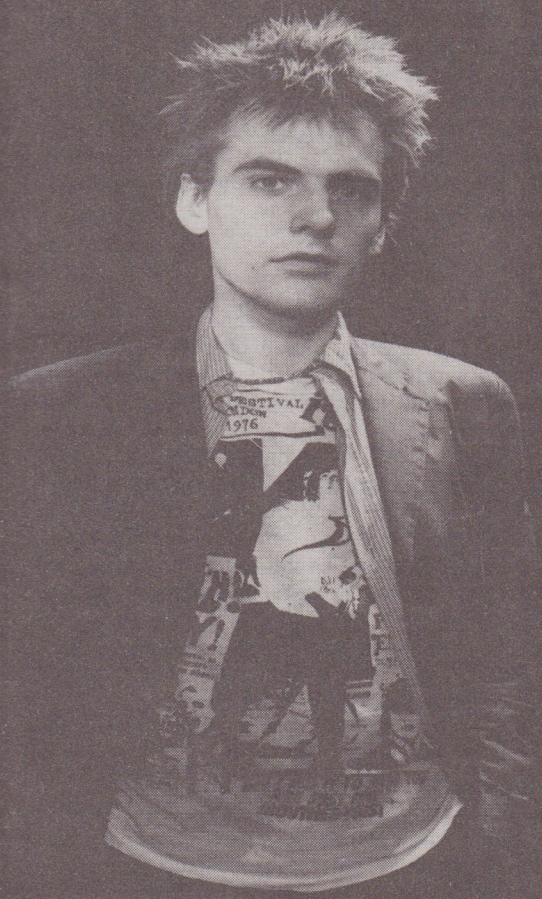




Tomek Lipinski was born in Warsaw and participated in many punk bands during the Communist Era. His bands Brygada Kryzys and Tilt are considered hugely influential to Polish music. He still lives in Warsaw, performs solo and with his band Tilt, and also scores films.

Interview by Elizabeth Skadden / Photos from GENERACJA



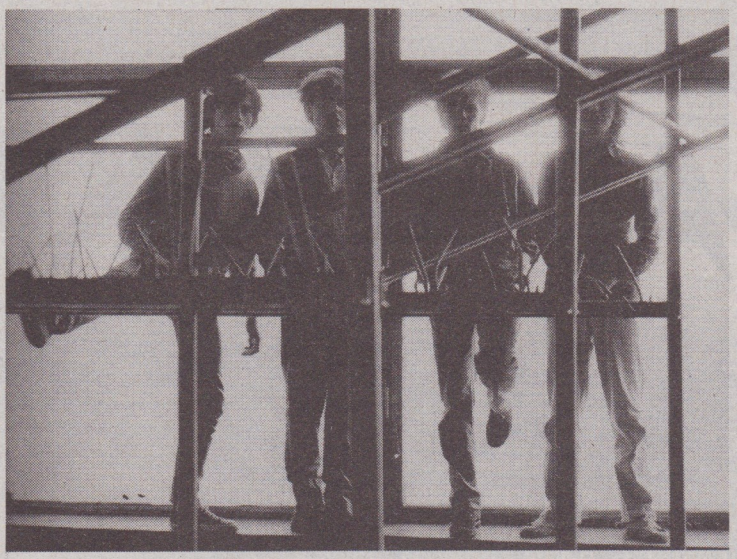
MRR: How did your parents respond when you started the punk band Brygada Kryzys (Crisis Brigade)?
Tomek Lipinski: They did not like it. They were both graphic designers and it was quite obvious that I would be a graphic designer too. When I was young I didn't question that. I took it for granted, and I tried to study fine arts, which I gave up after a couple of weeks of starting. It was boring.

MRR: Nowadays in America kids eighteen or nineteen years old are very apolitical. How was it with kids at that time?
Tomek Lipinski: Well, it was very much a black and white situation. We were the first generation born in the mid '50s. We didn't have any illusions to how the system really was. Also we were the first generation who wasn't afraid of speaking openly. I'll give you an example. My mother, who was born in 1926, was for many years afraid even to say Western words like "dollar" on the phone, for fear that someone would overhear and persecute her for not following the party line.

MRR: Was your mother's generation more persecuted?
Tomek Lipinski: Definitely. It was much easier for us. This first half of the decade of the 1970s was quite relaxed. After Gierek took over he wanted to show the human face of Socialism, and introduced Coca-Cola and Marlboro cigarettes.

MRR: Why would they do this?
Tomek Lipinski: He was quite aware that this aesthetic form of communism didn't work, especially in Poland because people knew what was happening in the West. (Because of their) families, and also some of them could travel, but mostly families. It's a big country with a huge population and most of the people had some cousins or someone outside. Also the Iron Curtain in Poland was not so iron. There were some tiny holes you could look out of and see what was going on out there. In my childhood there were two categories of everything: from here in the East, and from there, the West. Everything from the East was clumsy, ugly, not working, falling apart. It definitely didn't feel

like things from the other side of the curtain. It was natural that people were hungry for those better quality things. And when Gierek came he gave a little bit of it to gain a little space for himself. At the same time he tightened his relations with the Soviet Union and friendship with the USSR was even written into the Constitution.



MRR: What were the countries that influenced you the most? Was the "West" seen as a single entity, or was it considered to be different places?
Tomek Lipinski: Personally, having been born in 1955 and being fifteen in 1970, I was interested in all the new things happening in the West, like the psychedelic era. We listened to mostly American music, anything from Grateful Dead to Hawkwind, whatever. Also poems by Ginsberg. They were our heroes, us the teenagers. We could feel there was something new happening all over the world, and we were interested in keeping up with these things.

MRR: How did you get these things?
Tomek Lipinski: There were journalists who traveled there and wrote about it. As I said people had Polish relatives in the States. There was always this urge to stay relevant. The more they wanted to keep us unaware, the more we wanted to prove ourselves. Also as a kid of nine or ten years old, there was a radio station here in Warsaw called Pathfinders, like the English word for scouts. They transmitted their program on shortwave from the center of the town. They played all the new stuff from the UK and the States, so we were really up to date on these things. It was 1964 or 1965, the beginning of the Rock and Roll Era in Europe. Those who wanted to keep up could. I remember hearing new singles by the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, the Kinks, or Herman's Hermits.

MRR: What was the first song that really stuck with you?
Tomek Lipinski: First Beatles songs like "Please Please Me" and "Love Me Do". Maybe even Rolling Stones like "Get off my Cloud," "Let's Spend the Night Together." This style, this period. That was the time that I really became a rock and roll fan.

MRR: How did you get your first guitar? How did you start to create music?
Tomek Lipinski: I always wanted to be a musician. I never thought it would be possible. First I wanted to learn music properly, which wasn't possible because we lived in a very small apartment. It was 24 square meters (270 square feet) and it was one small room and a kitchen and a bathroom. My mother arranged the kitchen so I could live in the kitchen, and it was 5 square meters. It was like a small cabin. I don't know how it is today, but back then to get a proper musical education you had to play the piano, you had to have at least a small piano at home, which was impossible. I never thought it would be possible until I heard the first punk bands, which was late '77-'78. My older sister was living in London and she sent me four records: *Never Mind the Bollocks*, the first album by The Clash, first LP from Generation X with Billy Idol, and the first Buzzcocks. And there was one more album that my friends and I knew; it was the double live album from the Roxy Club in London. You know this with all the first generation of British punk bands. That was what really made me believe that you didn't have to be a virtuoso guitarist. It was enough to play three or four chords and have something to say and people wanted to listen to that. Before that I was a percussionist. I learned how to play bongos and congas, and I played with free jazz bands.

MRR: Poland has an extensive history of experimental free jazz bands.
Tomek Lipinski: Yeah very underground free jazz bands were my musical initiation in Warsaw. They changed names so often; I don't remember now what they were called. It was quite a strong scene here.

I bought my first guitar in summer 1981 when we started Brygada Kryzys; it was a Romanian guitar, a copy of a Gibson, but not a very good one. My mother who was a chief graphic designer for a top magazine here earned 3500zl monthly and 1 dollar was 80 zlotys, so that was less than 50 dollars. It would take you years to afford a guitar. Also, to be a professional musician in that time you had to either graduate from a music school or you had to pass a special exam and have a license. Otherwise you were an amateur. Being an amateur all you could get was 100 zlotys for a gig, which was about a dollar and a half.

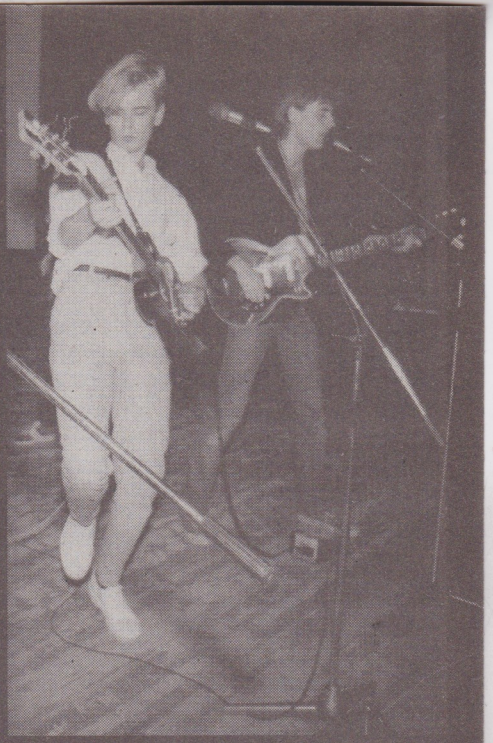
MRR: Almost like a visa situation? It wasn't based on your talent it was based on your certification?
Tomek Lipinski: There was a special committee in the Ministry of Culture to get this license. You had to prove that you could play and read music, which I couldn't. Also on this committee were the top people from show business and they had no interest in letting young people into the organization. I decided I wouldn't go that way, so I never went there.

MRR: How did Brygada Kryzys start?
Tomek Lipinski: We started in 1981. We played our first gig in September of '81. Then we went to Yugoslavia and played two gigs in Belgrade. We were part of a presentation of Polish alternative culture that students organized in Belgrade. Some jazz bands played and an artist organized an exhibition of photographs. We recorded three or four songs in a private studio in Belgrade. We had never been in a private studio before. We also signed a contract with Yugoton, the Yugoslavian state recording label. The plan was that we would come back the next year (1982) to record a whole album and go on tour, and it never happened. Two months after we returned home General Jaruzelski introduced martial law here. There was no proper communication, no mail or phones, and so the whole thing vanished. I was in Yugoslavia two or three years ago, and I managed to meet some of these guys, but it was hard to find the guy who owned the studio, who had those tapes. Maybe someday I will try to find them.

MRR: Tell me about the one album that does exist?
Tomek Lipinski: The popular name is the "black album," because the cover is black, but it had no title. It is just called Brygada Kryzys and it had a really funny story to get made. Before we went to Yugoslavia, we played a huge tour in Poland with a

British band called TV21 and also one or two other polish bands. The tour was a huge success. The last gig was at the Palace of Culture in Warsaw. Then we went to Yugoslavia, and one or two weeks after we came back we had martial law suddenly, and everything was finished because our equipment was locked in the student's club where we rehearsed. Actually, we managed to get it out, but completely illegally. The general order was that all clubs and restaurants and public places were locked. They locked it and put warning stickers on the door, and we decided to break in and get it out. So the martial law was on the 13th of December. One month later there was a huge demonstration in Warsaw, and the authorities decided that on the 15th of February they would organize a big rock concert with all the famous rock bands to get young people out of the streets and give them something to do.

MRR: Doesn't that seem weird?
Tomek Lipinski: That's how it was, that's how it worked. We were invited to play but we didn't know about it. We saw posters on the wall and they didn't say Brygada Kryzys because "crisis" was a forbidden word. So they wrote Brygada K and we said, "No. Either you put the proper name or we don't play!" And they said, "Ok, you don't play," and we didn't play. And that was the end, because there was no official ban on the band but there were no possibilities. Promoters did not want to take the risk. We had nothing to do, but luckily and quite unexpectedly we got an offer to test a new studio owned by a certain record label. A huge press that was part of the state. Their main source of funding was the Communist Party. It had many divisions and one of the divisions had a record label called Tonpress. They built a new studio with brand new equipment and they needed someone to test it. One of the bosses of this label was a friend of our manager and they offered us to do it. Once we started to do it, it was obvious we would not only test it we would also record an album. It was completely incredible. We were free to sit there as long as we wished.



MRR: Who was the recording engineer? Someone from the state?
Tomek Lipinski: The music industry was the most privatized industry in Poland, otherwise it could have never functioned. There was a lot of private equipment, so people who could afford it would import the PA systems, etc. These were mostly private producers, freelance people without the special dispensation. A group of guys who also worked in the West as PA crew with their own company, so they had a lot of experience and a lot of ideas. They were hippies, actually. It was a very interesting meeting. They didn't trust us, and we didn't trust them. But pretty soon we found common ground, they influenced a lot, they really forced us to go farther and be crazier with what we tried to play. So making this album was a huge jump forward musically. They not only encouraged us to be braver, but also had this technical opportunity to record it, and the knowledge how to do it. They were artists, musicians as well. It was very interesting because we spent seven or eight weeks in the studio. We could stay as long as we wanted. We were testing the studio, new equipment, and also the guy from the record company was covering for us.

MRR: You had eight weeks to make this album, which is a really long time.
Tomek Lipinski: Yeah, musically it was great because we came with our ideas, but our ideas were also diverse. My main collaborator Robert Brylewski, from Kryzys (Crisis), was six years younger than me. I had experience with this hippie generation, and he liked Jimi Hendrix, but we started to listen to old music from the '60s, early '70s. I remember going back to music I used to listen to. We played those guys the new music. They didn't know punk music. They had no idea about it. Suddenly something new started to emerge, which was a crossover between Crass, Bad Brains, Jimi Hendrix, and Grateful Dead, which was quite unique and quite different. It was like punk with this psychedelic angle.

MRR: I think it's really interesting that everything you have been talking about, such as how you came to music, is parallel to a lot of stories you hear in American music culture, even though you were in this completely other place.
Tomek Lipinski: [In Poland} We had this very special coincidence, being oppressed but also having this margin of freedom where we could act quite freely which was quite unique.

MRR: When people talk about success of Polish bands, what

does that mean?
Tomek Lipinski: There were two camps: One camp was the original punk bands that came from the bottom up, that had no previous musical experience, bands that started as punk bands with punk audience and punk gigs. The other camp was a group of bands with musicians that had previous musical experience. Maanam and Perfekt were these types of bands, and there were many others. Derzerter, Armia, or Kult were real punk bands, roots bands. They all started after 1979-1980 when the scene was new. While bands like Maanam or Perfekt were professional musicians, and they only hooked up to take this new style on. They heard us and modified their existing bands to play new wave. It made the whole thing easier for them in the mid-'80s. They had their connections, they had more experience, and also they were not so determined to say "Fuck off" to the system. It doesn't mean that they collaborated and were traitors, but it was easier for them.

MRR: Kind of like a band like Blondie?
Tomek Lipinski: Yeah, a great band, but if you compare Blondie to Dead Kennedys you see this difference. We listened to Blondie as young punks and Dead Kennedys, but obviously Blondie's music was easier and could be digested by a much wider audience. That is also why Maanam became successful.

MRR: What were the bands you were listening to the most during this punk period, from America, but also from some other countries?
Tomek Lipinski: There were some Yugoslavian bands such as Elektricni Orgazam (Electric Orgasm). There was a band from the UK who was quite important because they came here in 1978 to Warsaw. Henryk Gajewski ran a gallery in Warsaw, Remont Gallery, which was the only gallery showing modern art, modern performances, something that was called mail art... and he organized in 1978 something called International Artists Meeting (I AM). He invited a lot of underground artists from all over the world including a punk band from London called The Raincoats.

MRR: (I freak out) Are you serious? Oh my god, that's so weird!
Tomek Lipinski: Do you know this band?

MRR: Yeah!
Tomek Lipinski: They were Kurt Cobain's favorite band, from Nirvana. It was their third gig ever. I spent a lot of time with them in Warsaw. It was fantastic. We talked a lot, and listened to a lot of music. They brought a lot of tapes with them, all new songs from London and the States. That's when I heard Devo for the first time, and Richard Hell and the Voidoids.

MRR: Did they leave these tapes with you?
Tomek Lipinski: Yeah, and they brought hair dye, radiant pink, and they dyed my hair. It was really fun, and they had fun too. I have a contact with Gina Birch who was the bass player so I know they still remember. They played in Warsaw and it was the first punk band to play here.

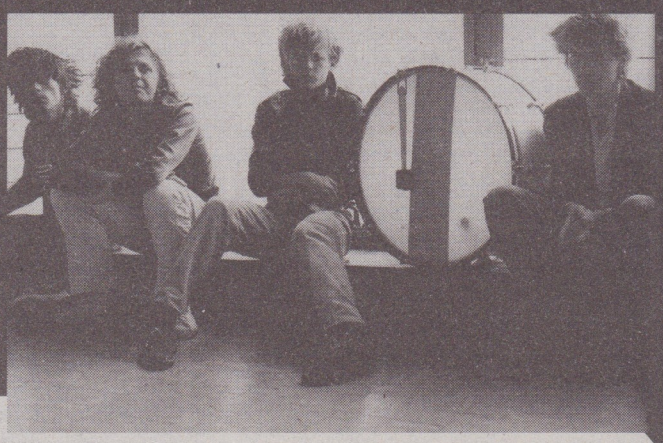
MRR: I am really fascinated by the role of tapes in this time. This physical format that allowed people to get an album from the West and share it with everyone else. I am really interested in the Jarocin Tapes, the recordings that people would make at the Jarocin Music Festival.
Tomek Lipinski: It was a long tradition that whoever happened to have an interesting album, he let other people copy it, and make copies from copies and on and on. Otherwise there was no way to distribute this music. There was almost nothing legally sold here. There were some records sold in special so-called Cultural Institutes, Czech or Hungarian. They had a license. My first Bob Dylan album was bought in this Czechoslovakian Institute. It was a Czech reissue of the original album. My first Miles Davis album I got the same way. In the student's club every Sunday there was a market place for albums. You could buy an album but also buy dubbed cassette tapes of the albums.

MRR: How much were these?
Tomek Lipinski: Albums were the same price as in the West, whereas the cassettes were much cheaper because the cassettes themselves were not expensive. Tonpress [the official state record label] started to release new wave and punk bands in 1984. Until then there was no punk music officially. Even after that very few bands could have this opportunity to have a record or a single out [on vinyl]. So the only way to have music from your favorite band at home was to go to the gig and record it from the audience. That was a very common practice.

MRR: Was there ever a tape release? Were bands in the early 1980s doing this? Were there 4-track recorders?
Tomek Lipinski: Sometimes. It was very hard because of the price of this equipment. It was too expensive to buy, so only some people could afford it. Mostly it was live shows and fans recording so it was completely out of control. Bands didn't control that. Even today people in Poland are very slow in understanding that copying their favorite artists is not the nicest thing they could do for them.

MRR: So tapes were used to distribute polish bands, but mostly just recordings of the live shows were distributed?
Tomek Lipinski: Even bands that had official records out, those records were very hard to get, because there were not very many of them. This tradition of copying and self-distribution, or unofficial distribution, was a fact. On the one hand it helped this music spread, but on the other hand it created this tradition of illegal copying which is still really strong today in Poland. There is a very strong discussion here, people say, "Oh, it should be free," but they can't understand that we, the artists, have to pay our rent.

MRR: After 1984 when Tonpress started releasing albums, did being a musician become more viable as a job? Or after 1989? Now that there was this commercial product, did musicians see any money from it?
Tomek Lipinski: Until 1989 it was different because you could live without money or with very little money, and there were not so many things to buy. Real things were too expensive, out of reach. We didn't think about anything like a professional career. After 1989 it all suddenly changed. For a year and half or two years, the music market completely collapsed, didn't exist. We didn't have legal regulations until 1994 that civilized the market so to say. The process was very, very slow.



Brygada Kryzys/1982

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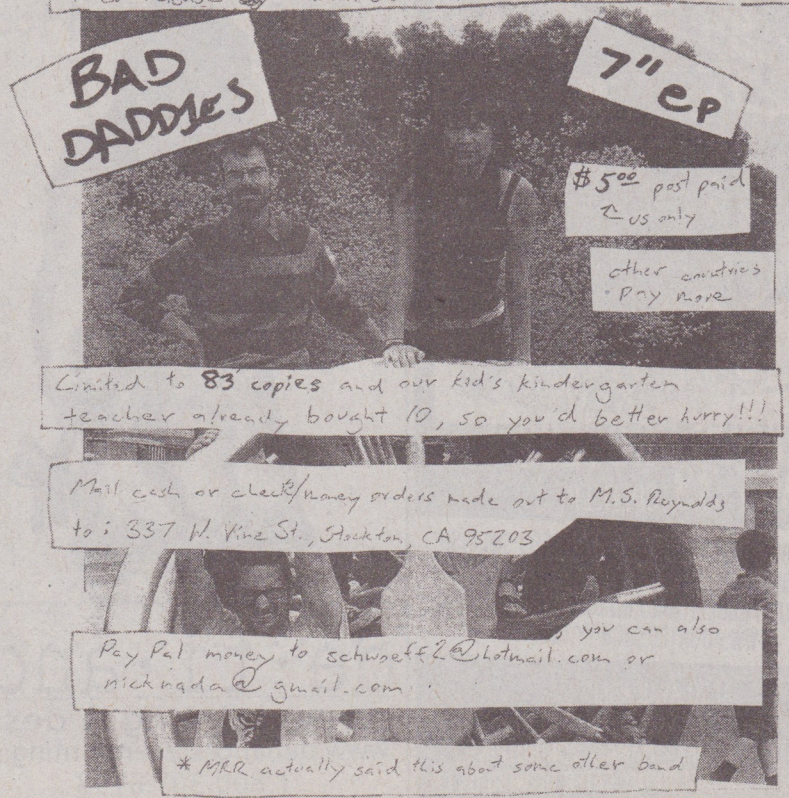

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COKSKAR

Any indicator of exactly what to expect from Cokskar is definitely obscured glancing from one flyer to another, one review to the next, and even coming out to their shows will catch you off guard if you're so sure of yourself. Within the confines of Minneapolis and their stretch across the U.S. whatever it is they're looking for be it grindcore, thrash, powerviolence, fast hardcore, 2/3 straightedge, *feminist, brutal, punk, pink, or any of the other extremes that make up this whole Cokskar delivers and people recognize.*

Cokskar is made up of xKel-Cx, Pete, and Iain. A few hopefuls wanted to try their hand at bass but that would be like trying to bring English into a Spanish conversation where the linguistics are already quick and percussive enough not to be tripped up by any laggers. The low end is covered anyhow with how damn heavy it is—if available, Iain will run the guitar through multiple cabs. Pete crushes the drums just how our age of ADHD demands. The fast is really fast with quick stop and starts to keep focus sharp and the slow hits hard on mark. It was a DRI cover band the first time I saw Kel-C perform. There was a stage and as they started up she was off into the crowd smashing people into participation. Positive mosh attitude that'll pull even the stoniest of fuckers out of their cross armed position into the whirlwind.

What I'm getting at is for how pissed and opinionated this band is… for how low the lows of a scene can sometimes seem… they've been keeping it real all this time. Keeping hardcore kicking and screaming but not forgetting laughter is the greatest weapon. Holding punk responsible for kicking its own feet out from under it with its bitterness, rigidity, and constant in-fighting while maintaining the positive energy that nothing is over.

Interview by Ryan, Photo provided by Cokskar.

MRR: Want to talk about the hardcore/grind/crust/noise community of the Twin Cities? Do people get along or does it seem like people use different genres to formulate opinions on each other? Why in the hell didn't Wormrot from Singapore make it here? Are we out of the extreme music network or some shit? Seriously we need to get to the bottom of this?!?!?!

xKel-Cx: Well, I'm originally from a pretty small town in Wisconsin, so urban living still holds a certain amount of novelty for me, even though I've been here for about four years.

The MPLS alternative music scene is a pretty diverse one and everyone has their favorite niche band/genre/venue. To be perfectly honest, there are a lot of bands that fall under the umbrella of the term "punk" with which I don't usually cross paths. At this point, I'm not particularly interested in crust, and, by the same token, I'm not going to get all huffy when pop punk dudes don't show up for grind shows. Not that I'm a huge fan of rivalry between factions. There are definitely many negative aspects to only hanging out in your little pigeonhole (or rathole, as it were). However, the harsh reality is, I have limited time, limited funds, and I ultimately don't see the point of sitting through a band I can't stand just to pay lip service to the concept of unity.

As for being out of the EMN (did you coin that term, or is it already a concept?), people outside of the Twin Cities seem to

have this conception that we're all bloated, coke-addled pseudo rock stars pounding out the same generic bah-na-na-bah-na-na D-beat song that we've been playing on a loop for sixty years. I assure you, nothing could be further from the truth. The MPLS scene is very diverse, embracing the generic songs of bloated, coke-addled pseudo rock stars from across the spectrum.

Pete: Things are pretty rad around here still. Seems like there are waves of good stuff then some lulls in between. There has always been a large crust punk presence in MPLS, but I haven't seen nearly as many shows polluting the scene lately although I'll admit I'm not really looking for them. It's hard to say if people hate on each other based on show attendance because that can vary based on a lot of shit, but I do notice a regular crowd at hardcore/grind shows and then another show will have all sorts of people I don't recognize. Granted I don't go to as many shows of variety as Iain does, so maybe I'm missing something. Most people are pretty cool about showing up and supporting touring bands though. As far as being out of the extreme music network, I get that feeling too. I think a lot of outsiders still get the feeling that MPLS is still just crust central and don't bother, when in fact there are some really awesome hardcore bands that have been around awhile and more just getting started. Problem is exposure since not a lot of our bands get out on big tours very easily.

Him Skorpiain: I feel the locals involved in the hardcore scene are supportive, tighter, unified and more solid than ever. There have been scars and rifts in the past, which may have contributed to what I'd consider warring factions with similar ideals, which in and of itself is tragic. Wounds healed and the bonding tissue grows thicker. People will find their place in a given sub genre and will flourish. There is a kind of magic I like when witnessing mixed bills. Communities expand and vast networks are developed. People across all genres involved come to know this and it becomes something bigger than the minute differences between sub cultures.

MRR: Do any of you volunteer at extreme noise or at least buy stuff from there? Do you think most punks already know about it or would it be helpful to give a little rundown?

xKel-Cx: I found the Apathetic Ronald McDonald/ Final Draft split in the dollar bin at ExNoise a few weeks ago. Some punk must have died, because I don't understand what other circumstance would lead someone to part with that record.

Pete: I don't volunteer but hell yeah I go there. Hands down the ONLY punk record store to go to. EVER. Us Twin Cities punks are fortunate to have that resource so easily available, and with people volunteering there that really care about punk, you can actually talk to people and share interests and whatnot. First time I went there I was 13 and bought an awesome Code 13 tape and some patches! I still go there a lot and the amount of awesome used records for sale is insane. They also sell Jolt!

MRR: Some venues stick around a long time and others get shut down right away…do any of you have insight as to why this might be from your experiences? Is security culture a big part of it? Are those that can't handle their drugs and alcohol needing a kick in the ass? Is there too much in-fighting?

Skorpiqouis: More often than not houses cease hosting shows due to neighbors' noise complaints and cops. A long-standing show house called the Shit Biscuit for example had to quit having shows due to serious threats from neighbors, landlord and police. I don't think having a show house is a threat to national security. Cops know this and are aware of certain show spots. However it is in fact the party culture of being clad in loin cloth vomiting your carrot juice and gin 2cb heroin crack piss cocktail all over the neighbors Pomeranian at three am screaming kill Obama that has the propensity to end what was once a beautiful flower of kick ass blossoming in the fields of our culture. I think its important that if kids are going to start a show house that they share the same ideals in supporting something larger than themselves. It probably helps to have been in show houses in the past to learn what went wrong where and apply that knowledge to futures unlived. I'd like to add that social networking sites like that big one for example, on the surface appear ideal for networking promoting and advertising but secretly exist as a means for cops shutting down show spaces. One house in particular had to change its name after receiving a letter from the city of Minneapolis trying to shut it down. Making money at a show legally requires a cornucopia of licenses like bar, entertainment, business. The capitalist hate engine wants taxes on all profits. It's illegal. Stick to flyers, word of mouth, and good ol' telephone mang!

Pete: Party attitude really kills it. Not that you can't party at shows and have fun in your own way. It's just the people that come to the show ONLY to party (and not pay touring bands).

Screaming drunks in the backyard don't make good neighbors and most people don't take that for long. I really dig it when punks are on top of their shit and run a really good punk house, which we have a couple of currently, and some are now gone but not for bad reasons. I'm not sure what entails keeping a warehouse space open, but I know a couple people have been successful with it and I respect that. I'd like to see more of that. A variety of good DIY venues keep people and bands interested in the scene.

xKel-Cx: People underestimate the amount of time, money and effort that goes into maintaining an underground venue. It really is a labor of love. I lived in a punk house for about two years and had some really positive experiences. I met wonderful people from across the country, saw a hundred amazing bands come through my basement, and collaborated with dedicated and hardworking housemates. However, I also have had shit stolen, been screamed at by coked-out fuckobazoos, been expected to serve as an intermediary during fights, had people treat my personal living space like some kind of combination brothel and flophouse, and spent every Sunday morning for the better part of two years raking garbage out of my living room. Am I glad I participated in a house venue? Fuck yes. Would I do it again? Not for all the tea in China.

MRR: I remember sitting on my porch with you at some noise show and this dude was talking mad shit about sXe when, in fact, you were one of the only in attendance that paid five dollars and came to hear this shit and you were just like, " you know, there's two sXe people on this porch," and he just sloughed you off like you didn't matter. In the split with Sloven there's a sound clip about tearing people's shirts off. Where do y'all draw the line? You've thrashed me pretty hard in the pit before but it was always an enjoyable experience. Tell me...

xKel-Cx: Yeah, I remember that shit. I won't say what band that guy was in, mainly because I can't be bothered to remember, but I will say that he's a bigoted pussbag.

I'm not one of those people that goes around starting fights about it, but I'd be lying if I said that it doesn't bother me when people talk shit on the 'edge. I do find solace in a drug-free lifestyle, and as completely dorky as it is, yeah, I am pretty proud of myself. sXe is a source of positive energy that has helped me a lot. A couple years ago, I quit my pack-a-day habit cold turkey (although I'll cop to my fair share of fuckups at the beginning of the process). I'm pretty sure the only way that I didn't chew my own arm off was by listening to "Break Down the Walls" on repeat while spending three hours a day at the gym.

There's this enduring image of the straightedger as this hardcore dancing, basketball-shorts wearing, floor-punching bro. And, yeah, some of us do fit the stereotype of the hyper-masculine asshole with the flattop haircut. And you know what? That's okay! It's okay because the movement is big enough to encompass both them and me. I'm a twenty-three year-old radical feminist grad student. I've been sober since my teens, but didn't claim edge until about 20. I am not what most people have in mind when they think of straightedge. But there's room for me. Just like there's room for everyone from the fourteen-year-old kid trying to make sense of an insane society to the thirty something in recovery. I may not draw giant Xs on my hands in my twilight years. I may end up burning my basketball shorts. Hell, I may not even always be sober (extremely doubtful, but anything can happen, I guess). But I'm so glad that I was able to tap into something so vital and positive.

Pete: I usually only tear off my own shirt, but dudes with stupid hardcore dance moves need to be karate chopped! Nobody enjoys that shit, knock it off.

Her Skorpiain: ...I am on Adderall... I love and respect the non-militant sXe culture. Treating the body like a temple reverberates outwards

and at that point one really does not need to preach. Live and lead by example. Positivity is an ironclad fist too heavy for bro-core dancing.

MRR: xKel-Cx, You said something on a message board a while back that I'm going to recap here: *As a straightedger and as a radical feminist, I'm not a fan of hookup culture. Not that there is anything intrinsically wrong with fucking around, but shit-tons of dudes—many of whom go to great pains to create an image of being sensitive and caring, btw—seem to view a woman's mind as nothing but an obstacle to be overcome in his never-ending quest for puss-ay. So, yeah, I don't fuck around, if for no other reason than it seems to encourage a lot of entitled jerks. That being said, most of the sXe revulsion towards sexuality à la MacKaye et al actually stems from gynophobia. And frankly, from "you don't love her, you just wish you did" to""I don't want to smell your muff," that shit gives me the fucking hives.* Have anything to add?

xKel-Cx: Unfortunately, as much as I love it, sXe does have issues when it comes to gender. Also, I am the Skarrer that gets hit on the least. Which is a shame, since, as a woman, I'm only in a band for dudely approval.

Skorpeepoopie: Shared intimacy is one of the few meaningful gestures. Sex is beautiful, gets rid of headaches and good for the mind and body as long if all participants regardless of species gender or creed are consenting. Obviously its up to the individual, straightedge or not, whether or not you want to put on "Purple Rain" by Prince or the GRIDE discography "Tanec Blaznu" and flood your senses with immeasurable pleasures for hours on end. I feel like forcing your ideas on other people is no different than the Imperial USA invading foreign lands for self-serving desires.

MRR: What are Cokskar influences? Just by talking to y'all about what you guys like it feels I've broadened my horizons greatly. I've become an avid fan of lots of fast core like Hummingbird of Death and the grind Pete posted online. Indulge readers a bit.

xKel-Cx: Lyrically, Marinetti. Cocteau. Dworkin. Ray Cappo. Andy Partridge. Musically, the only riff that I have contributed to Cokskar was stolen from Schöenberg.

CokSkarpiain: My tastes are pretty eclectic; I'm pretty into a lot of metal with intense wankery but not virtuoso feeling-less crap. I like it when raw meets false technicality. Quivering fire, angst. I like a lot of really sad melancholic music with long slow passages that span minutes upon minutes with blast beats behind it. I also like the sounds of buck fucking wild animals amped up on too much coffee shredding the shit out of their instrument of choice, with absolutely no remorse. Expansive dynamic sounds emanating from acoustic instruments performed in the dramatic melodic style also stir this pink squishy we all call the brain.

Pete: Rawness and true rage. Any sounds that are made with real feeling, like seeing somebody blasting some drums so intensely that they are drooling, or somebody truly crushing some strings and making stupid faces, that shit rules. I could name shit forever, but some of the best are: Infest, Spoonful of Vicodin, Short Hate Temper, Insect Warfare, Iron Lung, Excruciating Terror, Gride, Sloven, Question, P.L.F., Art Blakey, Eric Dolphy, Herbie Hancock.

MRR: On flyers people change your genre descriptor from show to show and your sound also seemed to vary from the Sloven split and Scaphe split. Did the bands have an effect on you? Or do you often just change in sound?

Pete: I think Sloven and Scaphe maybe have had an indirect effect on us. I've always been into their music so it probably shows when I work on songs. We don't really plan to play in a certain way though. Our sound just changes as we progress. I guess I am always shooting for more speed and chaos though.

MRR: Your older material definitely had a slight black metal feel but the newer stuff is along the lines of grind and hardcore. Where did this change come about?

Pete: I guess the early stuff comes from what Iain and I were writing before we were really Cokskar. We'd jam a lot and write songs more in a black metal style mixed with thrash. I don't really know, we were just making songs. I think I've been the one that has really pushed our direction change. I feel happy with the new direction it's going, and Iain has started a black metal band called False to fuel his interest, which is great.

Skorpiain: Yes, us as a three piece has maximized in the fastcore harsh style. Pete is far more versed in our style than I am. Pete's Minds Eye has led us to where we are today. Were that not the case we'd still be making four and a half minute epics about stuff, things and related tales. Which I doubt would be well received.

MRR: Explain BYOJ a bit...I interpret it as just a real good positive minded ripper about how you're going to rage the lovely nectars as opposed to the lot of folk that just seem to have to "get their drank on" with their poison of choice. What are your favorite juices? You ever jumped in a dumpster full of juice?

xKel-Cx: BxYxOxJx is a comment on gluttonous drinking culture. For a while, it seemed like every show I went to had a keg, which just seems so

unwholesome. It's symptomatic of the way that frat boy mentalities have oozed into other, supposedly better cultures, including ours. But yeah, we love juice. Pete even got in trouble with his dentist because of it. As far as my favorite, does almond milk count as a juice? I had this weird stomach thing last year where I couldn't keep anything down for three days, so I just drank almond milk and puked almond milk. Best Weekend Ever.
Pete: Juice is life. Orange (most-pulp, of course) is my all-time favorite, but I don't hate on any juice. I've totally been in a dumpster of juice. Naked juice is good for about a month after its expiration date, at least in the winter when the dumpster isn't 90 degrees.

MRR: What about racism, homophobia, and any other hate that keeps a lot of us in fear? Why do punks call themselves punks if they're going to in the words of Spazz, "lifestyle mirrors rest of society/ embraced their mindless cruelty."
Skorpophagist: Let the haters fuckin' hate. They're missing out on the time of their lives focusing on stupid shit.

MRR: Tell me about sexual assault in our scene. If we talk about caring so much why hasn't it been nipped in the ass yet, seriously? What is the best solution? Banishment? It feels as if that is too easy and often when males step in violently this itself is sexist and makes the women feel helpless. Y'all's thoughts?
xKel-Cx: You ask some pretty tough questions, and I'm honestly not sure that I have any satisfactory answers. I often hear "education" espoused as a solution to sexual assault, but I'm pretty skeptical about being able to "educate" someone into believing that women are human. Most dudes have the concept of "no means no" pounded into them since kindergarten, and they still Just Don't Get It. So, to paraphrase Lyre Keith, I'm not interested in educating men, I'm interested in stopping them. Unfortunately, like many people interested in social justice, I'm long on theory, short on practical solutions. Arm every woman on earth with a taser? Force rapists to get "I am a rapist, avoid me at all costs" tattooed on their foreheads?

This may be only tangentially related, but there's another unfortunate trend that I've noticed vis a vis attitudes toward sexual assault. It seems like there has been an upsurge in bands using misogynist images and lyrics to sell their records. Maybe they feel threatened by the fact that there are all of four women in grindcore now. Maybe it's this Freudian thing where the only way that they can feel better about their micropenises is to portray women being violated. I don't fucking know. To them, rape is an abstract concept, but to the other half of the planet's population, it is a horrifying physical reality, an unspoken but ever-present threat hovering overhead every time we leave the house (or don't leave the house). And every time someone writes some funny lyric about forcing someone to blow them, or puts a woman getting gang-raped on the cover of their 7" or whatever, they're just perpetuating the status quo. From the Bible to Bukowski to Billy fuckety Milano, it's just a continuous line of retrograde bullshit that was boring decades ago. You're not shocking. You're not even faintly amusing. Give it up, dudes.
Pete: I may have missed some news recently, but I do know that a long-time bastard has been ousted by a large group of punks (of all genders) and as far as I know, it has lasted. I'm very happy for that. The dude has been given his chance for years and still fucked up. Anyhow, I'm not sure I can contribute more than what Kelsey has as far as sexism in our scene. More people need to open their eyes to this shit and make a difference by stomping out sexist norms. It can be as simple as choosing the right words to say. It bums me out that the music I truly enjoy can be so damaging because some bands choose to use a big-booby lady on the cover of their stupid album. What a dumb fucking cover. Is this NASCAR now, and nobody told me? And some of the lyrics I've read...anti-choice?! Aren't you a punk?! Shit is insanely depressing. Especially when the music is good. Just read the lyrics in the re-released Righteous Pigs LP. Sad.

MRR: With some super politically correct people it feels they're building up such language barriers that they themselves have become so exclusive that it's scaring people away from the community. Has Cokskar been offended or expected to partake in overly PC rituals just because y'all are radical?
Pisspiain: It's on the individual. Decency is appropriate to exercise if you want (I try) and there's a time and a place when you call your heterosexual band mates fucking faggots. I feel like language isn't so concrete and its a person's individual culture that clashes with another that creates a dispute over something. Communicate, discourse and resolve personal culture conflicts if you want. I know some cats that find distaste in a guy because he's extremely un-PC, but I figure he's aware of that and is merely playing a role. A crucial role. A reminder of what is inappropriate. Duality exists in all things and it's important to be aware of opposing extremes and coexist, if you want.
Pete: I'm only offended by bad music. I see what you mean by PC dudes, and I feel like a lot of people take things too far. There are definitely things that you just shouldn't say though.
xKel-Cx: PC is kind of a loaded term for a lot of people. It has earned a

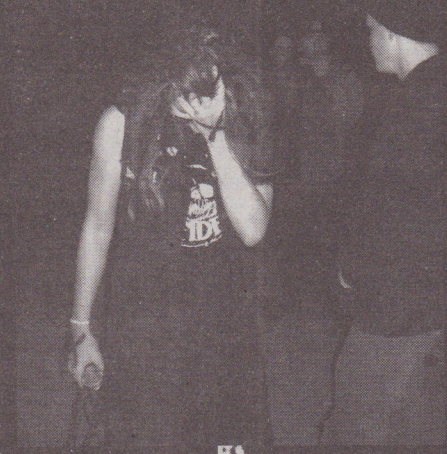
negative connotation, perhaps undeservedly so. It's interesting how our culture is obsessed with fighting that which threatens it the least. For example, most of the people I come into contact with are craven mongoloids that are obsessed with getting wasted and peeing on things, but every song on mainstream radio seems to contain some variation of "don't be so serious." In a similar vein, I know a thousand (well, it feels like a thousand) people that will go rabid if they perceive you threatening their right to refer to people as faggots, but are nowhere to be found when said faggots are agitating for equal rights. That being said, I do feel that some ultra-correct people have ulterior motives. You'll always run into those that will say or do anything to feel superior, even in matters of non-issues like Who Loves [whatever minority group is currently in vogue among white academic leftists] More. As Iain mentioned above, all of us have inappropriate moments.

MRR: Someone quoted xKel-Cx once in saying, "I wish it was like way back when we were primates and just grunted and clunked each other on the head when pissed and there wasn't all this drama." Are these your words xKel-Cx and can you go more into depth with them as simple as they are?

xKel-Cx: I am a Neanderthal posing as an intellectual masquerading as a caveman. I have an impulse toward physical aggression that is unacceptable in mainstream society. That's why I make grind.

Pete: I'm as hairy and big as a primate, but I don't really fight people. I probably could if I wanted to, the problem is finding somebody that would want to fight me. I've been working on that.

Skorpass Toilet Toes McScruff: My frame is weak and frail. I do not subscribe to face to face muscle confrontation, but fuck with me or a loved one and expect to meet your fate on a routine walk to your whatever as I hop out of a tree with a serrated blade coated in Drano, deep into your madula oblongata and die as though if it was life that was never lived.



MRR: Iain, I remember you telling me some horror stories from the road about people just being way too self destructive for theirs and our communities own good. Why do we kill ourselves and each other when it's hard enough to fight against the pigs?

Sorepains: Different and smaller cities harbor a stagnant bored culture where its okay to wake up and buy drugs with a touring bands money. Attitudes can be ugly and unsupportive of touring acts. Scene and genre dynamics can play a role too. Its unfortunate really but people are the free thinkers and performers of the animal kingdom. People will do what they want.

Pete: I think a lot of people don't realize the damage they are doing to the scene they love just by simply being "too punk". Yeah, I'll say it: Where's the Unity?!

MRR: Speaking of tour, it seems Cokskar has been a band a while but has only toured a bit. Is that because you have lots of commitments at home or is it because you're trying to use the network of your friends out there as opposed to the internet to book shows? So called punk rock is so vast nowadays this internet shit has made a DIY tour easier but harder at the same time so I would commend those who just try to book it without. Venues just can't respond to all these emails!!!

Pete: We are all pretty busy. I work a lot, Kelsey is in grad school and has two jobs, Iain is the biggest social butterfly I know and has three other bands he's a part of. We do what we can to practice but sometimes it's not all that productive. Our tours were rad, but short. Costs a lot of money and we very rarely play bar shows for money in town, so we have to plan carefully. We've only contacted people we've met through shows and tours, which is fun and makes it more intimate. Homies from Backslider, Spoonful of Vicodin, and Pizza Hi Five have been awesome help in setting up shows and helping us out. It's rad meeting people from out of town and I hope we can return the favors for people by setting up sick shows in MPLS.

Skorpiepoodle: I like tour.

xKel-Cx: I am a raging misanthrope, so tour is kind of hard on me. I think I'm getting better at it, though. I got my period the second day into the East Coast tour we took in January and it was horrible. If I could offer one piece of advice to younger girls, it would be that it is perfectly appropriate to plan your band's schedule around your reproductive cycle. Seriously.

MRR: Y'all have mentioned new material coming soon. When can it be expected?

Pete: Well we have some plans for a split 7", hopefully with Tu Sufres, a rad free grind band from Winnipeg. We should be recording that soon. I'm always daydreaming about doing splits and making tapes and comps, but the truth is we don't write songs very quickly so it takes some patience to have my plans come to fruition. So hopefully sometime in late summer/fall we can have another split vinyl spinning. After that maybe a 4-way split with the local force of ragers?

MRR: Pete was talking about how there's some traditional sXe beats thrown into your new material. Sounds like yet another veer in direction but he also said it while laughing. Seems as serious as y'all will be humorous and not take one's self too seriously at the same time. Would Cokskar concur laughter is the greatest weapon?

Pete: I'm serious about that beat, dude! It rages!

xKel-Cx: I would contend that Iain's penis is the greatest weapon.

MRR: Are the oppressive forces getting the upper hand and if so how do we turn it around? Shit's getting scary and I've heard from each of you to just stay positive no matter how fucked things get. Does even Cokskar have its breaking point?

Pete: We all try to keep a PMA. That, and keep on raging. Cokskar doesn't break. Or Brake. Cokskar has been one of the things that has really kept me going these past years. I love Kelsey and Iain and I truly appreciate anybody that has supported us and all that shit.

xKel-Cx: Not to get all gushy or anything, but this band has been the source of some of the most joyous moments of my life. Happiness is not something that comes naturally to me, but hardcore has helped to realign the space between my ears more effectively than any therapy session.

Skorpiain: Cokskar is a fucking weapon. There's an empirical shit storm brewing and we've got the plunger to flush it all away. We hold the arc of the covenant to use at our disposal. Fuckers.

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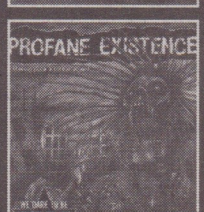

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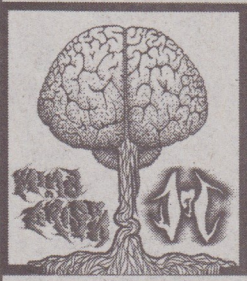

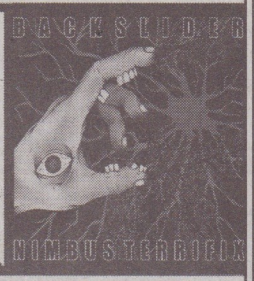

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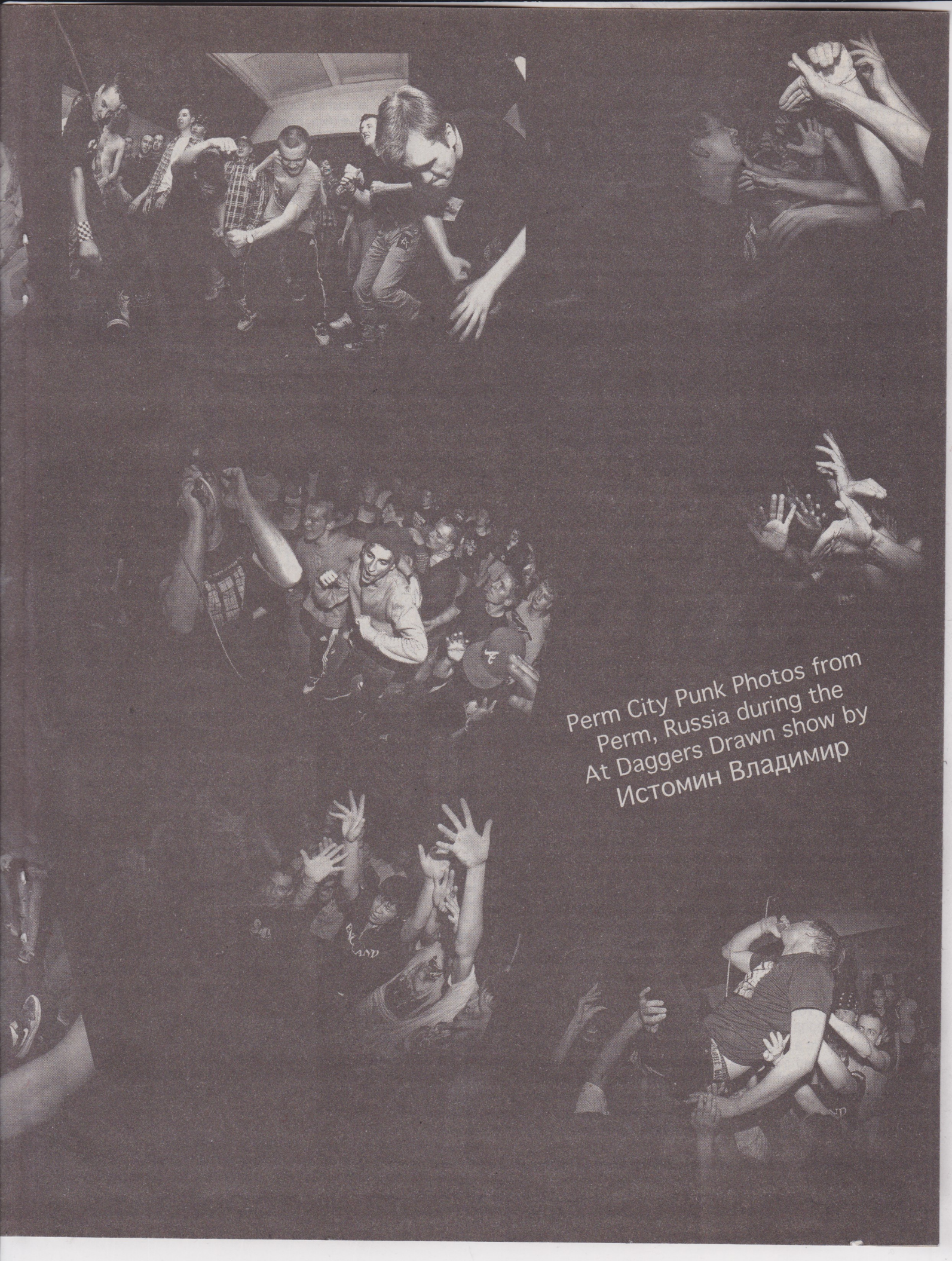


Perm City Punk Photos from
Perm, Russia during the
At Daggers Drawn show by
Истомин Владимир

"FUCK IT. THIS IS PUNK. THIS IS HONEST" -CHRIS. YOUTH AVOIDERS

YOUTH AVOIDERS

I first discovered France's Youth Avoiders when their cassette demo showed up in my mailbox for review late last year. I was digging this band almost as soon as the tape started turning. Youth Avoiders play a modern incarnation of circa 1980-81 sounding punk with super-catchy riffs and shouted vocals. Their latest effort, a split 7" with friends Zombies Are Pissed! is even better than their early efforts. More melodic than the demo, the split features even more hooks, sweet riffs, and a crisper mix. Both recordings demand checking out. Youth Avoiders vocalist Chris Gaultier was kind enough to answer questions for MRR *via email. Interview by Paul J. Comeau Photos by Steph and Manuel Devier*

MRR: Who is in Youth Avoiders and what do each of you play?

The Youth Avoiders are Bastien, Marlon, Christoph and myself. Bastien plays bass guitar, he comes from Rouen, Normandy and played in a band called Youssouf Today. Marlon is the true Parisian of the band, he plays drums. Christoph plays guitar, he is German and played in a band called Drop The Bomb. He now lives in Paris, but for awhile we could only practice about once per month because he was studying in Germany. My name is Christopher, I do the vocals. I would also like to give a special mention to Maxime (Black Spirals, Haute Couture) who isn't really in the band, but plays guitar with us for some shows. We recorded all of our songs at his home studio and it works out very well that way. It's like he is part of the band to us.

MRR: How did Youth Avoiders get started?

In September 2009, I returned from Liverpool in the UK where I had been studying for a year. I was looking for a band and I knew Marlon already as we had been in a previous band together with Maxime. Then, I met Christoph and Bastien at two different punk shows in Paris during the same month. They were also looking for a band, so we planned a rehearsal. The first time we played together, it worked immediately. Christoph had some guitar riffs and we started from that.

MRR: Why the name Youth Avoiders? What does the name mean to you? So much of punk seems to be about embracing youth, why would you want to avoid it?

Shortly after the band formed we had a gig lined up—like one month later —and we had to come up with a name. We tried to gather words which sounded good to us for a band name, with a strong relation with punk music. As you said, the youth is the essence of the punk movement. "To avoid" is a verb that partly defines punk music – for example: to avoid making profit – staying DIY by putting the band on an equal step with people organizing and people attending gigs. The meaning of the band name is on an opposite perspective, as we are the youth, and some people are youth avoiders. They don't give a shit about underground culture, they don't know it and won't try to understand it, they don't want punk gigs to happen, etc. We can't stand those people.

MRR: What are your influences musically and lyrically?

Musically, we are definitely influenced by German punk bands like Dean Dirg, Press Gang or Idle Hands, by old school US hardcore bands, by bands from the Portland area like the Observers and also by some Swedish bands like Masshysteri for example. In general, we are influenced by old school stuff.

I write the lyrics and I'm only influenced by personal experiences. I don't get inspiration from other bands' lyrics at all. I won't rip off other bands. While there are tons of things which piss me off in this world, even if the stories are different, the topics tackled by punk bands sound quite similar.

MRR: What is your writing process like?

Our writing process is pretty normal, I guess. Christoph comes to rehearsal with some riffs he composed at

home and each member of the band has something to say. The compilation of different riffs and ideas ends up in a song. I don't write the lyrics immediately, but I've got an idea about what I'll say. I'm not a good songwriter though. Sometimes I finish the lyrics just before recording the song at the studio. We are able to do that because we record our songs at Maxime's home studio, just near where I live. Writing under pressure is effective, but as English natives have probably noticed, there are some language mistakes in the lyrics. As long as I'm not claiming for animal rights, sexual equity or any other serious and engaged subject, I would say, "fuck it, this is punk, this is honest."

In the band, we often talk about pride: being proud of the band, being proud of our songs. We will never play something live which we're not proud of; it's about giving 100% energy while playing a song live, because you know your friends will.

MRR: What sort of themes do you address in your lyrics?

I write a lot about what I perceive from the world around me, the relations between people, how people act...so mainly subjects that piss me off. We've got some melodies, but we try to keep rage and a lot of energy in our songs, it's a bit cliché, but when I sing, I'm angry, and that's what I need to be.

MRR: The lyrics on the demo are all in English. As a French band, why sing in English?

Well, it's essentially for the style, but also because French isn't easy to sing, it's monotone compared to English, which is more

"flowing" even when you're just speaking, and there are more phonic sounds. Also, it's quite funny because usually French people are quite attached to lyrics while English-speaking countries are more attached to rhythm. If you think about famous French singers like Serge Gainsbourg or Charles Aznavour for example, they are clearly more respected for their lyrics and the way they sing it than for the instrumental parts of their songs. In fact, in France we call them "text singers" as their main concern is the lyrics. For French listeners it would have to be perfectly written if it is in French but we prefer to focus on music itself.

We've got many reasons not to sing in French although I respect singers/bands who sing in French with good lyrics a lot, it can be impressive.

MRR: By the time this interview is in print, you will have a Split 7" out with Zombies Are Pissed!. What can you tell us about that 7"?

We are eager to have that split 7" out. Zombies Are Pissed! are friends from Caen, in Normandy. We played some shows together and had a lot of fun. At that time, we were both planning to record new songs, so it came naturally to us. They play punk rock influenced by bands like Kid Dynamite. They're melodic but still very energetic. It's good to have two different kinds of punk rock on the same record; I hope people will like it. It's coming out on Destructure, Wee-Wee and Emergence records.

MRR: What's the French punk scene like, compared to the rest of Europe or other scenes?

It's hard to say because it depends on the city. I would say the French scene is alright in terms of affluence and atmosphere at the shows, but the scene is not as big as it is in Germany for example. Sometimes we are gutted to see European tours flyers of our favorite bands without any French dates. We can consider ourselves lucky though, because there are a lot of gigs all the time in Paris. It can be packed full of people or half empty depending on the bands / day / weather / other shows etc. Touring in France can be expensive because you've got to pay fees for the highways but I think the touring conditions are good, we always have vegetarian or vegan food and places to sleep.

We've got good bands as well here, even if they are not "famous" abroad. I will just name a few but check out Thrashington D.C. and Police Truck from Brest, Strong As Ten from Metz, Cycle To from Paris, Idiot Talk from Lille, and for the others, we have posted a list of links on our website that everybody should check.

MRR: In your experience, how closely connected is the scene in France with the scenes in other European countries? Beyond Europe?

We have strong connections with the other European scenes as we are used to going to festivals in the foreign countries close to France, (Belgium, Holland, Germany, England, Spain, etc.), so we often meet a lot of cool people there. We also do like exchanges of bands, we put up a gig for bands on tour from a European country, and then, when we have a French band who need a date in that country, we ask the guys from the bands who played our gig to organize something in their country. It also works with the USA or other countries outside Europe, but there are not many French bands which tour there as it costs a lot of money and we have less connections. I hope these connections will continue to develop in the future. Thrashington D.C. toured the USA and told us it was a great experience.

MRR: What's the future of Youth Avoiders in the next year and beyond?

We are planning on recording new songs, maybe for a new EP or another split 7". We are not patient enough to release a full length LP yet. Maybe next year if everyone in the band stays around Paris.

We hope to play as many shows as possible because that's what we enjoy the most, and we hope to be able to tour the USA someday as well.

For more on Youth Avoiders: Website – http://youthavoiders.free.fr/ or email: bbqchicken@hotmail.fr

Paul J. Comeau can be reached at: pauljcomeau@gmail.com

XCENTRIC NOISE TAPES

I first heard of Xcentric Noise Records via their Beating the Meat *compilation LP featuring Huvudtvätt, SIB, The Neos and Upright Citizens… and Olho Seco and Cólera… and Terveet Kädet and Rattus (and more!). Eventually I discovered their series of 1981-1983 cassette releases, which not only included the aforementioned bands, but also the likes of Kaaos, Cadgers (Riistetyt), Hitler SS, 5° Braccio (pre-Negazione), Indigesti, Funeral Oration, Destructors, Razor Blades, Cult Maniax, Poison Idea, Power Age, Rejestracja, Camera Silens, Dezerter, Nabat… the list goes on. In fact, Xcentric Noise can claim the honor of releasing the first truly international hardcore punk compilation—1981's* Hardcore or What *tape—a solid two-plus years before MRR's* Welcome to 1984 *and Weird System's* Life Is a Joke. *Still, the label remained a mystery to me. How the hell did they make connections with and release material by bands from Brazil, Poland and South Africa (to name a few) before most punks knew those scenes even existed? Needless to say I was thrilled when in 2010 a friend and longtime pen pal told me he had gotten in touch with the man behind it all and was going to do an interview. So here for the first time is an essential piece in the colorful puzzle that is the spread of hardcore punk across the globe—in his own words, the story of Andy "Shesk" Thompson, Xcentric Noise founder and world punk enthusiast.*

Introduction by Chris Hubbard, article coordinated by Mark Barker, images courtesy of Andy Thompson.

---X-C-E-N-T-R-I-C---N-O-I-S-E---

I'm listening to the *Beating the Meat* LP from 1984 to get me self in the mood, but it really pisses me off every time I hear it… It was a great compilation, a culmination of the stuff I'd done to date, all the excitement of receiving the tapes, the tape-to-tape duplicating, the stupid sound effects, the letters, the DIY!! When I went into a studio with the quarter-inch tape to put it together (Angel Studios near Hull, England, with Steve Larkman the engineer—I'm sure he thought I was nuts), I paid about £240. I designed the cover and wanted to do the usual inner sleeve—since packaging was always well important and far more interesting and exciting than a two-track single in a plain sleeve—but I had no money and accepted an offer to release it…and was ripped off, struggled to get any copies, the cover was just turned orange and had no inner sleeve, it never looked or felt right—and yet sounded amazing! There was no communication and it took ages for me to get back my costs for the studio, which only happened because I knew the guy at the distributor Jungle Records and he felt guilty, 'cos he knew I was on a loser. I dunno how many were actually made or sold.

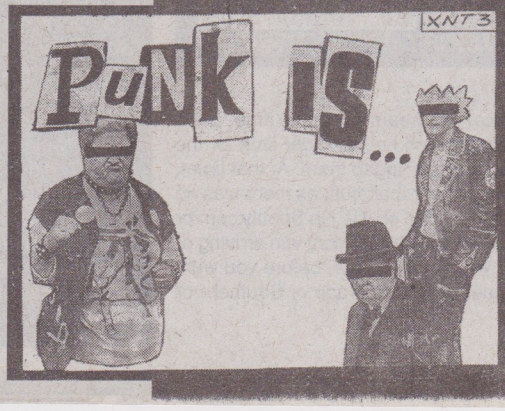
And for the record, I made nothing from *Beating the Meat* and was forever pissed off that all those years had been hijacked!! Just one of my many regrets, but at least it got the bands heard again around the world! Please have it for free (download here: http://www.mediafire.com/?ait9izt23gc) 'cos I'm not re-releasing it, not that I ever got the master tape back anyhow. I'll be happy you just at least hear all the bands on it, 'cos that's all Xcentric Noise was about—trying to pass on some of the excitement I was feeling, spreading this amazing music with message and passion and screaming anger and everyone doing it yerself! It was just so energising…

DISCOVERING PUNK

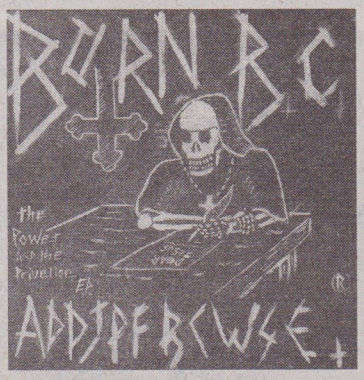
I first got into punk about May '77, the moment I first heard it. I was only fourteen years old, previously had liked T. Rex and Sparks and some Bowie. I remember going into school the day after seeing a newspaper with the Sex Pistols in it, and talking music with my mate Mu. He said, "You'd love punk—listen to John Peel." Bang, it was instant—a real slap in the face. My tranny radio and the pillow were my friends for a few years after that, and definitely the best part of the day! I guess maybe I'd finally found somewhere I felt I could belong, somewhere outside the norm.

I grew up in Little Weighton, England—a village with no streetlights, pretty cut off from the world. I guess I didn't fit in with the norm, a kinda loner but with friends, the weird one, and the only one really into punk down our way. But 'cos I played football pretty good, I didn't get fucked around, just the piss-takes like normal. They never got punk rock! I just ended up doing stuff all the time in me room while always liking and supporting the underdog (Hull City / Norman Wisdom [RIP] / Newport County); I was anti-injustice, anti-apartheid and anti-poverty, and I hated pop music, disco and shit soft rock crap.

So that was it—John Peel under the pillow for year 'til I got a tape radio player and could start recording from the radio… Wow, technology! I started going into Sydney Scarborough Records in Hull, and there was a shop in the railway station there, too, and the then-local Cottingham village record store—it was hilarious ordering *Telephone Masturbator* by the Pork Dukes there from the old bloke with a hearing aid, glasses like monocles and a face crunched up like he had a permanent headache… "Telephone who??" And then ordering through *NME* and *Sounds*—I ordered loads through the ads at the back, Adrians, etc. From then on I was just in me bedroom every night listing to records on my treasured mono flat-deck Ferguson record player. Love the smell of them old record players still. I was a total geek, too, as I'd record on cassette the Peel show and the Radio Luxembourg punk show *Street Beat* (apart from John Peel, it was the only place you could hear punk on the radio), copying down the track listing.



The first punk gig I ever saw was at Little Weighton Village Hall; I've no idea what the band was called and I think the members were local farmers! They set up a bird-scaring bang machine to go off before they started playing, then all the lights went off. It was meant to happen and then band meant to kick in, but unfortunately it fucked up—it banged and the lights went out, but no one could see anything and they had to turn the lights on again. But it was a brilliant idea and the fuck-ups all added to it...



SYD'S AND THE SECOND WAVE

Careers at school were crap and all I was into was punk music, so in 1979 I applied and got a job at Sydney Scarborough in Hull (RIP) on 25 quid a week. In its day, it was Hull's best record shop and I'd been going in there since

1977, so I got a job at my favourite place! My dream job at the time. Soon I was in charge of all the punk / indie buying and I could order stuff for the shop and spend all day drinking coffee and listening to them. At that point, it was the only way you could ever possibly hear that stuff, as there was no real punk airplay on the radio and definitely none on TV. No Spotify.com or BitTorrents back then, just excited anticipation at the delivery van arriving or going to the station itself to make sure you got the parcel before you went home. I was always calling Small Wonder or Rough Trade or Southern or Red Rhino or obscure importers and seeing what they had.

I massively remember the second wave of punk coming in; I can still feel that excitement. There was this punk lull in late '79, early '80, but Crass kinda carried the link forward, totally inspiring DIY—you could do it yourself... It was so much more real; it was having another go at the rubbish that was going on. I remember ordering the 'Licks (i.e. Epileptics) and playing it to punk-hungry Hull customers that would always be in, "That's punk! I'll have it!"

Following those few months of punk drought, the great second wave of UK punk kicked off: from the Mental there was suddenly the Subhumans; from the Epileptics came Flux of Pink Indians and Spiderleg Records; Discharge, Bluurg, Conflict, the Exploited, Anti-Pasti, Chron Gen! It all exploded. I'd order in 50 or 75 each of the first Discharge and Exploited singles, a hundred of each Crass release, 30 or 40 Flux / Subhumans, etc. Oh, but I had to serve people too, and did have to listen to some really bad shit, like '80s Tina Turner and Meat Loaf, over the speaker system. Saturdays downstairs were mental—people selling bootlegs, DJs listening to the latest shit disco vinyl, drunks after 3:00 P.M. when the pubs kicked out (no all-day drinking then, and Sunday afternoon was just noon 'til 2:00 P.M.) and people trying to nick stuff.

Syd's ruled, especially for punk! Some of the Syd's Kids (RIP Lorraine) are still out there and we meet up now and again! I was in the perfect place to know about anything that was coming out, and I did monopolise space towards the punk side of things as much as I could. Being in touch with Ian MacKaye and Jeff Turner, I'd order a box of each Dischord release—at one point I had the first six Dischord releases in prime position behind the counter...

That whole new wave of DIY punk was as inspiring as the first wave. I was writing a lot to Colsk (a.k.a. Colin Flux), and so inspired by "Colsk," I adopted my already-existing nickname "Shesk" as my punk name! (If you must know, Shesk was derived from Thompson via Tommo the infamous Polish goalkeeper: Tomaszewski / Tommoshesky.) I loved that whole second wave of UK punk... Discharge were my favourite band for their first three EPs and the *Why* 12-inch, with the Subhumans close behind. Loved Flux too (but felt guilty 'cos I wasn't a veggie), and I'll make quick mentions for Six Minute War and Rudimentary Peni.

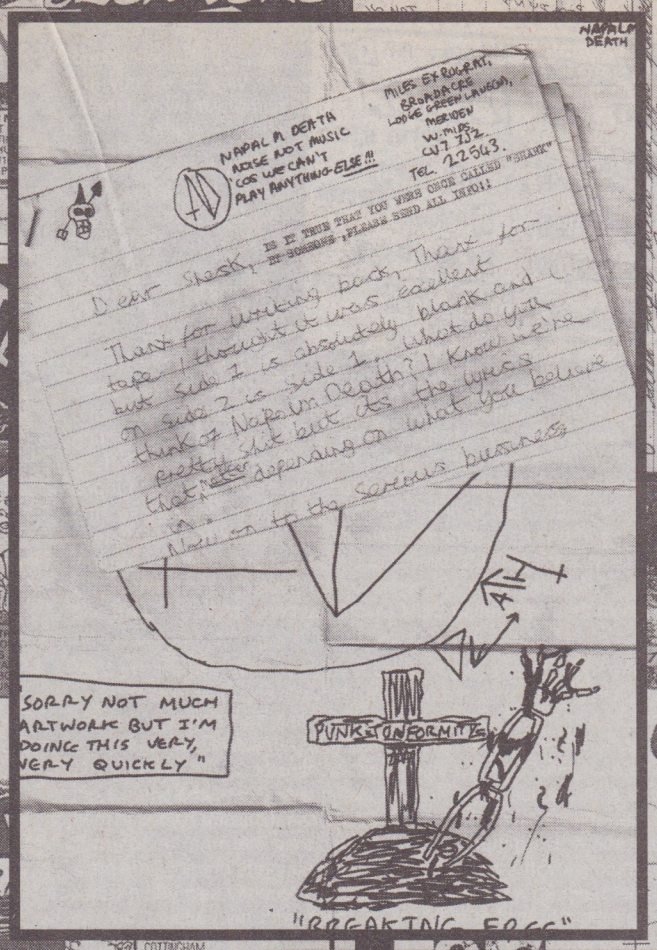
BRIEFLY PLASTICK

As I was so shit at playing guitar, even my first band Plastick kicked me out! (Actually my first was the Atoms, an imaginary band from 1977—I wrote lyrics to a song I called "Bomb in My Fridge," but that was about it... I think I'm finally gonna record it soon.) I really liked Plastick's songs though (and they were on two Xcentric compilations). It was two mates from school; I joined them in '79, but played only two of their three gigs. The first was at our youth club where the majority of the crowd was Quo / Zeppelin / Sabbath fans and weren't too impressed, but the Bali Hai gig in 1980 was great night. It's a distant memory, I was drunk, we were all wearing long grey plastic macs, my guitar was shite and I remember the next day people in the record shop saying I was swearing a lot. Also playing were Sons of the Pope, a brilliant early Hull band, and the Corrosive Infants, kinda Hull's version of Crass; they were both great that night...

STARTING THE LABEL

Being so into punk and always having liked creating stuff, I wanted to be more involved somehow... On a 1980 visit to London's Better Tapes and Better Badges and some other obscure upstairs offices, I saw so many zines, badges and homemade or short-run tapes like Fuck Off Tapes / Weird Tapes, etc. None of them were punk, though, more the weird, experimental stuff, but I kinda liked that, too—crazy homemade shit. I went back to Hull with so many zines, badges and tapes, it was amazing! Straight away I put an ad in *NME* and *Sounds* asking for bands to send material in for a "punk and weird" compilation tape; "weird" 'cos I liked Throbbing Gristle ever since I was about 15, and "punk" 'cos I was really into it. I did hope for a lot more tapes from the punk side of things, and in fact think I put "weird" in the ad partly 'cos I didn't expect to get much punk stuff and wanted to make sure I had enough to fill an entire cassette. The first tape I received was by a group called Serfdom that

CLEANERS



X-CENTRIC NOISE TAPES

Hello ,
Sorry for my bad English,,,
so,,,Iam a gay of the TERVEET KÄDET or easily THE HEALTHY HANDS.
If you remember,,XNT 2 "Hard core or what" cassette, ,,thanx.
the band is:VIIKI-guitar,PIÄSKY-bass,voice LÄJÄ-voice(myself) and PEEDRO-drums...our ages I6-24 ,we are made two singles(in our label IKBAL)it's now sold out,,,but if you interesting ...TERVEET KÄDET/LIVE AT HUSA,Finlan it's a cassette(C-60) two gigs 9/IO-8I & 29/I-82 ...and now we recorded an EP for PUKO RECORDS (maybe 30-3I/3-82..) ...so ... write OK

TK c/o V-M KIJÄLÄ
PUISTOLAMMINTIE 29
95420 TORNIO 2
FINLAND

P.S.maybe were not "Finlands hardest punk band" but ,, others:LAMA,CHAOS,NUKKETEATTERI,GADGERS..
they are very hard . harder than ...

COTTINGHAM
NORTH HUMBERSIDE

sHEsKeEEE bIG dADDy,
gROoVIn' sTEvE BAbY, THe nEOs hERe. tHAnKS a sHRiLLioN (?hUH??) fOr THe GReAT STuFF. tHe tAPeS aRE WILd (lOVe THaT BRa-zILLiON hARdCOr e). tHE FLYeRS WERE REaLLy iNTeREstInG aND iT WAS iNCrEDIBLIAbLO oF YOu Tb sEnD THe Cross fLExIp,uNFoRTuNAnTELY THey WeRE bENt...bUT sTIll PLaYABlE. bEFoRE i GO ON i'm vERy SOrRY FoR TAKInG sO LOnG tO WRiTE BAcK.i gOT yOUr LeTTer a COuPLe Of WEeKS agO BUt I'vE bEEn VeRY bUSy WItH mAll,wORk, aNd wORkING On tHE REcORd (sHOuLD bE oUT iN THe FAll).I'm gLAd YOu LIkED oUr FIrST E.P., wE'vE bEEn gETTiNg MOrE ANd mORe fANtASTiC rESpONsES fRo M aLL OVeR. tHE NEw E.P. wILl bE ABOut 14 sOn GS, wE'll SEnD YOu ONe wHEn IT COmeS BUt. rUd iMEnTaRY DUdE sENt Us THiER NEw E.P. aNd IT i s GReAT, rEAlly ROcKIN' bIg DAdDY. hOW's tHE bORn B.C.,E.P. gOInG?? tHE RReASOn i aSKeD a- bOUt VIdEOs WAs BEcAUSe We hAD oNe WItH fOOt- aGE OF SOmE PRacTIcES ,eTc. bUT RIgHT NOw PUs hEAd Has IT aNd IS GOInG TO GeT IT aROuNd THe sTATeS FOr US. PUsHEaD iS aREALLY "gOOd BLoKE ". wE mAY bE pLAyING WIth tHE D.K.'s THiS Fa LL aS WE HaVe HEaRD tHAt JELlO REaLLy LIkES u S aND THaT THeY MAY bE COMING thIs WAy SoON aND WOUlD COmE OVeR.. OH yEAh, YOu CAn USe oUr sTUff On yOUr TApES IF YOu lIkE (WE'd lOv E YOu ToO).iT SEEmS LIkE YOu MUsT mAKe a LOt oF MOnEY oN THoSE TAPeS(tHAT's ToO bAD),wE aRE NOn-PROfIT, bUt THeN AGAiN WE'rE STiLL LI vINg At HOmE,eTc.wOUlD yOU MInD tELLiNg Us hOW MUcH THe TApES COsT YOu???...iF YOu dECiDe tO USe OUr STuFF cOUlD yOU iNClUDe aS MUcH iN- fO aS IS pOSSiBlE? aNd pLEaSE At lEAsT pUt dO Wn An aDReSS SO WE cAn GEt In TOUcH WIth MOrE pEOplE.sO TO bE SO bRIeF bUt "mY wORk iS sOoO bEHiNd,(I'm jUst wAy bEHinD).tHAnKS aGAiN, wRItE SOoN, DIG iT.....
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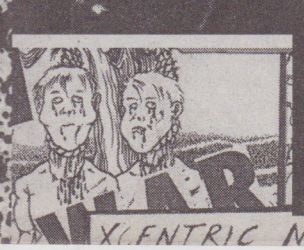


XCENTRIC NOISE R.A.T.S.

HARD CORE OR WHAT

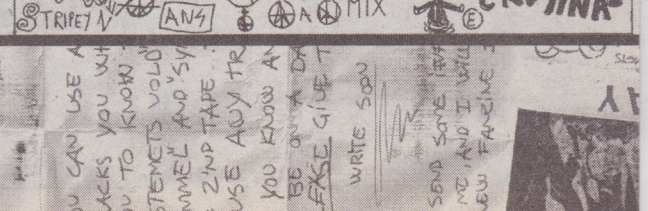
PUNK COME MUSICA NON COME POLITICA

"X CENTRIC NOISE TAPES" XNT2

The spirit of '82 is Alive!! Tanx Sheik!

E' finalmente uscita la seconda cassetta della X-CNT e come pre annunciato nel 2° numero di KROSTA,nella collezione figurano anche le bands BLUE VOMIT & IVAN SIBERIA delle quali avevo s= pedito le wassetts,quindi aspetto altri nastri sia per la PLAY AT YOUR HOME RECORDS che per la X-CNT.Intanto continuano ad arriv= armi lettere dall'Inghilterra e dall'Italia di gente che vuole sapere di più,di gente che vuole materiale sulle Bands di Torino!!Comunque ecco quanto contenuto in HARD CORE OR WHAT XNT 2,per non smenarla troppo su ogni gruppo sappiate che tutte le bands presenti suonano punk tira- tissimo,senza un'attimo di sospiro,se volete riferimenti,li trovate in tutt e le nuove e vecchie Punk bands,ma tutte con doti originali: FACCIATA B(16 Pezzi) FACCIATA A(I6 Pezzi!)DATA KLUSS:Sono gli stessi di cui abbiamo parlato nel numero I a proposito del punk Norvegese,li potete ascoltare anche sul loro nuovo EP.BRK:Fantastico il pezzo DEAR JESUS,contattateli c/o DAVID LOWE,65I James Reckitt Ave,Hull,HU8 0LR Inghilterra.OLHO SECO(Occhio Secco)arrivano dal BRASILE!!!!E fanno un casino bestiale...Caramba altro che la Samba!° TYVEET KADETT Finlandesi,non ho l'indirizzo,BLUE VOMIT:sono naturalmente di Torino e li potete contattare tramite la Fanzine NI(ANSIA).Hanno 3 pezzi nella Compilation,COLERA Anche questi brasiliani°,HUVUDTVAAT:significa"Pulisci te= ste" hanno fatto un EP per la MALIGN MASSARRE in Svezia(la loro Patria!!) lo potete acquistare presso SHESK(Vedi indirizzo fine articolo)PROBES:Punk scoz= zesi c/o COL.RUSSEL,32 Tullibody Rd,Alloa,Scozia.CONDUNES DE CADAVER:anch'es= si Brasiliani°.CHAOS IN UPPSALA:Che erano già presenti nella precedente col= lezione,sono di UPPSALA(SWEZIA) c/o ROBERT,Bellmans Gat 4,75428 Uppsala Swezi ELECTROSHOCK:Sono quelli Italiani che hanno inciso un LP,presenti col pezzo Publici Mores(Cazz.!!)ACXO:Anche sti qui dal Brasile°.IVAN SIBERIA:dall'URSS, non è vero sono di torino e fanno una versione a Live di I WANNA BE YOUR DOG. STONED RATZENS:Punks Gallesi vendono una tape perI sterlina c/o DEAN,I2 LEIGH Road,Newport,Salop(UK).Il tutto per 2 sterline compresse spese postali,se vi interessa la cassetta è distribuita da SHESK,I7 WEST END ROAD,COTTINGHAM, NORTH HUMBERSIDE HU6 5PL(UK).Per contattare tutte le bands Brasiliane scri= vere a °FABIO-Rua Carambei,N°37 vila Santa Maria,SAO PAULO,BRASILE!!

NEW CRIMINALS:fatta da JAH OWJAH,lo stesso che stampa una fan= zine "NEW CRIMES",è eccezionale,quanto di meglio si può trovare tra il Punk politicizzato(A chi piace!),contiene infatti:STRIPEY ZEBRAS=con 3 pezzi LiveTHE SUB-HUM-ANS:(non c'entrano nulla con gli omonimi americani)sono senz' altro i Migliori,hanno 3 pezzi velocissimi,sono nichilisti---+NO WORDS,NO KUSS APF BRIGADE:Presenti in Bullshit Detector,hanno qui 3 pezzi.ENGLA DEATH i più scarsi,2 pezzi.86 MIX idem con patate,3 pezzi.FLUX OF PINK INDIANS:e qui ci siamo,hanno 3 pezzi live inediti su disco,fantastici!SINIK:Grezzi al massimo hanno 3 pezzi dal vivo.La cassetta+fanzine costa I.50 sterline c/o JAH,360 VICTORIA AVE,SOUTHEND ON SEA,ESSEX,SS2 6NA(UK)



came in a cool handmade sleeve and had a crazy cover of the Motown song "Baby Love." No matter how bad the early releases may sound in retrospect, it was really raw and exciting! It kinda didn't matter about the quality, just that something existed that otherwise wouldn't have!

So this became the first Xcentric Noise tape, *Beat the Meat*, put together in late 1980 at my neighbor Dave Beacock's house. He had two tape players and we were able to rig something together with an equaliser in between them to adjust volume, bass and treble levels. Even used Dolby on some—ha! Had a right laugh finding and using the stupid bits in between the songs, and we'd copy the tracks from the tapes to a master cassette. I loved putting the tapes together, all cut and paste visually and musically, including all creaky doors, squeaks and wedding marches 'n' shit.

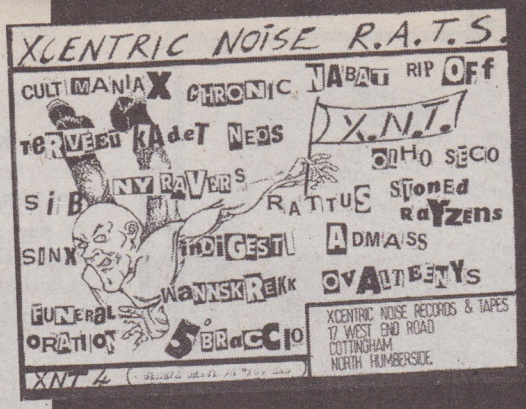
For the cover, I used a still image of one of the zombies in *Dawn of the Dead*—the one set in a shopping centre. The tape itself just had plain white label stickers stamped using a John Bull stamp print kit, and it came with a with xeroxed fold-over cover and insert. 27 tracks and including the great Icon (later called Icon AD), Chronic and Chaos in Uppsala. Initial copy run of ten or twenty, I think.

WORLD PUNK

From first hearing it, I was always into American punk. Initially I discovered the ones Peel played—Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Germs, Social Distortion, Avengers, Dils, Wierdos—but it was at my job at the record shop where I could order all these great releases through Red Rhino, Rough Trade and Small Wonder, allowing me to hear stuff I would never have heard. Still, it was pretty much all just UK and US punk back then.

Around 1979, I started to discover the world punk scene—initially from Sweden, starting with an illegal sale of the *Times Up* bootleg LP. (*Times Up* is a brilliant album of early Buzzcocks studio recording with Howard Devoto; I could get 'em cheap in the record shop and used to sell them through small ads in *Sounds* and *NME*. I still can't believe they accepted the ads or that no one ever said anything!) I sold one to Robert Andersson of the band Chaos in Uppsala (future Headcleaner and head of the Malign Massacre label), and we started exchanging UK and Scandinavian punk, swapping some great early records. I was lucky—Robert sent me some amazing parcels! It was a fair swap at the time, but I got some now well rare classics, and they were *classics*!! I really got into the Swedish scene, and via Robert I also got in touch with Mats Nilsson (Massmedia / Massproduktion label / Headcleaners).

Later on, I ended up doing the UK distribution of the Headcleaners' first EP (red cover and black cover) via Red Rhino and the Cartel. I did the same for the Shitlickers EP—they kept half of the 200 copies to sell in Sweden and I took the other half. Sold some to Small Wonder Records; he laughed at the name, thought I was taking the piss but took 20 copies… The Swedish version (Skitslickers, with the horrific torture sleeve) was only



sold in Sweden and the vinyl is exactly the same with white labels. Classic record!

My first compilation *Beat the Meat* was all UK bands except Chaos in Uppsala. It wasn't until that tape starting getting around that the world of punk really opened up. I sent a few free ones out and got some reviews in various zines and tape catalogues 'n' stuff, and suddenly I'm getting the most exciting mail. I would look forward to getting back from holiday to get the post. Thanks to Fabio (Olho Seco) and Redson (Cólera and Olho Seco), I started getting loads of amazing Brazilian tapes and lots of cool photos. Some of the letters were only in Portuguese, and the tapes came in these clear tape mailers where the customs label took up most of the packaging. It was really cool to get a mention on the seminal 1982 Brazilian compilation *Grito Suburbano*. There were two scenes I really wanted to be in then—the early DC / Dischord scene and the São Paulo scene…

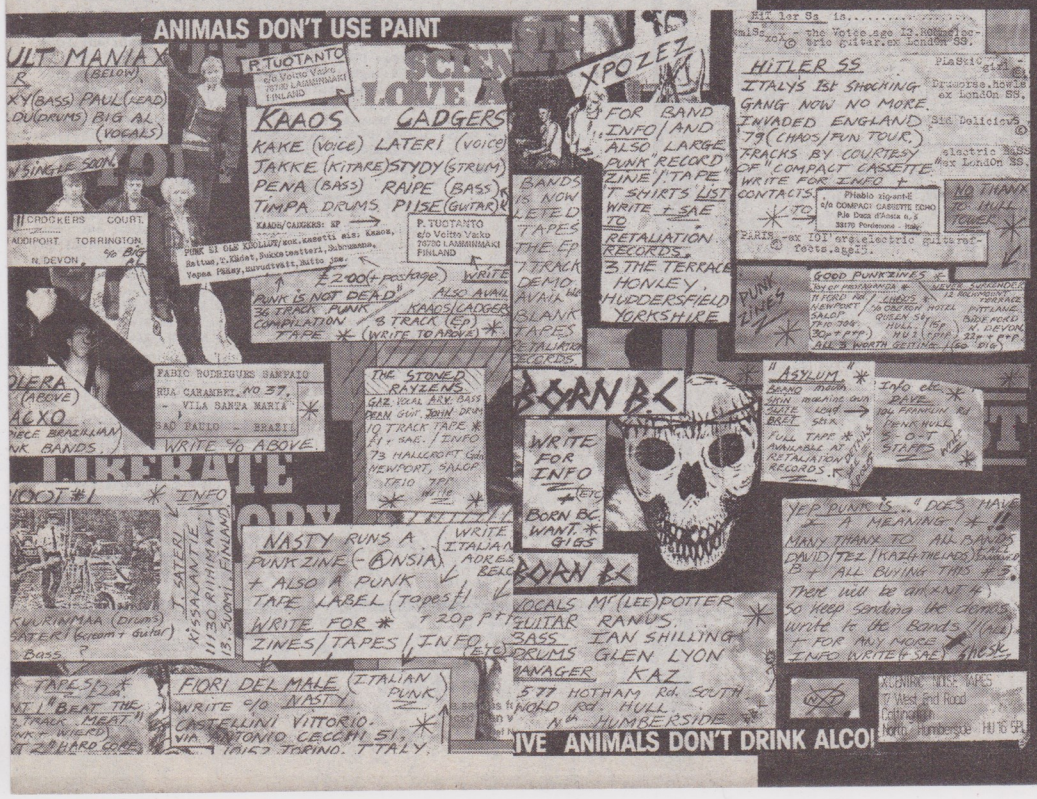
Around the same time I received my first tapes from Finland via Vote Vasko (P. Tuotanto label). I remember being blown away excited at all these new bands playing great hardcore stuff, especially the amazing Terveet Kädet, Cadgers, Rattus… The latter played the Leeds All Dayer punk fest in 1983 with Black Flag, Cult Maniax, Newtown Neurotics, etc. I went to the pub with the Cult Maniax (who were amazing that night) and when I got back after a few beers, I'd just missed Rattus! *Fuck*. I missed Rattus in their heyday—by about two minutes. I'll never get over that one. Jettisoundz filmed the whole show (for a few years they filmed loads of early '80s punk gigs and must have an amazing archive!), and I recently saw some Black Flag footage online from that gig—I'm on stage with my camera, but *not* taking fucking photos…

Tez (Andy Turner) of Xpozez was in there right at the start, too, and I was swapping lots of great stuff with Dig, started Earache Records, and with Keith Blakeman of *Suicide? No! Murder* zine, who was in Suicide (the London band on the *Beating the Meat* LP). Keith also bought a *Times Up* bootleg off me and got me into lots of American bands including Bad Religion; he married Dena of *Femzine*, who came over from Canada on the first DOA tour.

From Italy, things came via Mr. Nasty—his letters were amazing, like pieces of crazy art in written words. We swapped lotsa correspondence and music at the time, and he sent me some great tapes with Eu's Arse, Indigesti, Nabat, the great 5° Braccio, many others including his band Vomit. He did a zine called *Krosta*, too. Also Miss XoX (Phabio Zig-ant-E) from infamous Italian band Hitler SS and his Compact Cassette Echo label in Pordenone, Italy. Disforia Tapes, Red Raggini in Italy, too, and Tracy Crazy of the band SIB. The early Scandinavian, Brazilian and Italian stuff still does it for me!!

Jello Biafra also started to write, which was real exciting (Dead Kennedys being a fave band of all time 'n' all that). We'd swap many record parcels over the years and we're still in touch; he's still an avid record collector and his old wants lists are really obscure and interesting. Was exchanging lots of mail with Colsk (Flux of Pink Indians) and Crass. Black Flag sent me their new single (*Six Pack*) and a few long letters; *Maximum Rocknroll*'s Tim Yohannan (RIP, he did so much for punk rock!); *Flipside*…

Other people I was writing a lot to at the time: Rubin Rose, South African drummer who played in Powerage and was the guy in South Africa that was getting their music and message out via Durban (and in such difficult times during Apartheid); Peter Zirschky (from the great Last Warning and Funeral Oration)



was the guy I'd write to most in Holland; Jeff and Ian at Dischord; Anton of Upright Citizens in Germany. There was suddenly this small network that was bouncing it all around, and some great punk zines: *Final Curtain*, *Anti Climax*, *Inaudible Noise*, *Toxic Graffiti*…

HARDCORE OR WHAT AND BEYOND

Hardcore or What was my second tape release; it was completed October of 1981 and featured bands from the UK, Finland, Brazil, Sweden, Norway and Italy. I dropped the weird side and had enough to just release punk. Here I was able to expose the Brazilian scene through the incredible Olho Seco and Cólera, and with Terveet Kädet on there, too, this was the first hardcore punk I released—still sounds amazing! White labels stamped with XNT2 and a one-sided xeroxed insert. Funny reading it back as I put "Punk as music not politics, the spirit of '76 is still alive." 34 tracks including Born BC and Huvudtvätt (Headcleaners). For both this and *Beating the Meat*, I would print 'em up as required, since I didn't have much cash—as I sold more, I could print more.

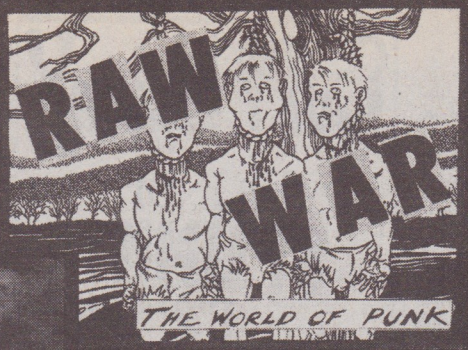
Pushead got in touch with me after *Hardcore or What* and we ended up corresponding. He sent me lots of his art—it was all black and white back then, except when I defaced them by colouring them in and handwriting the titles (e.g. Headcleaners). I hope he wasn't too pissed off; it was punk to do that at the time! Unfortunately we never met in person, but I've always been grateful for his support and input at the time, allowing me to use some of his work. I've noticed that there has been further use of the *Grevious Musical Harm* and the Headcleaners covers over the years (both of which were created especially for those two releases), but I guess it was good for him, too, since he was then seen all over the world. I did distribute the first Septic Death 12-inch, *Need So Much Attention*, in the UK via Syd's and the indie cartel; can't remember how many. Each one had a free poster, but it was a real pain as customs held them up for ages and charged lots in duty…twats!

My third tape, *Punk Is…*, was released in June, 1982, and had a cryptic title that meant "Punk Is!" and also "Punk Is…?"—in other words: "What was punk at that point in time?" There was the peace punk stuff and the Exploited side of things, with Discharge blasting right down the middle. Tried a few sleeve designs but then just used sky and clouds in the end, and was able to get yellow tape cases for this one—the cassette equivalent of coloured vinyl. It was 25 tracks, bands from the UK, Italy, Brazil and Finland, including Kaaos, Cadgers and the Cult Maniax for the first time. The only hate mail I got was some letter scrawled with all sorts of manic shit and some half eaten sticky sweets stuck in it; I think it was 'cos I'd put Hitler SS on there, taken from the split EP with the band Tampax…

The next one, *Raw War*, came out in February 1983, and also had a yellow case, but for the first time had a pro-printed label on the A-side. Red Rhino distributed a few of these, too. This and the next one, *Grevious Musical Harm*, I reckon were the best; *Raw War* went down especially well. Came with a printed sleeve and inserts in soft 7-inch covers. Pushead let me use the hanging guys for the cover—a classic Pushead drawing—with the diver on the back. 33 tracks from bands from the UK, Canada, America, Brazil, Holland and Norway, including the Neos, Rattus, Nabat, Indigesti, New York Ravers, Funeral Oration, etc.

Grevious Musical Harm had much-appreciated original artwork done by Pushead—a great drawing of a guitar going through a skull... Printed purple cover, blue printed label on side A, and grey cassette casing. Put together in Angel Studios near Hull, released in September 1983, with 39 tracks from bands from the UK, Canada, South Africa, Germany, America, Italy, Denmark, Australia, France, Poland and Sweden, including Poison Idea, Upright Citizens, Razor Blades, Powerage, Censur, Scapegoats, etc.

Once I made the move into records, the focus shifted away from the tapes, which I almost regret as things were never really so exciting or fun after that. I never followed through with plans for a sixth cassette

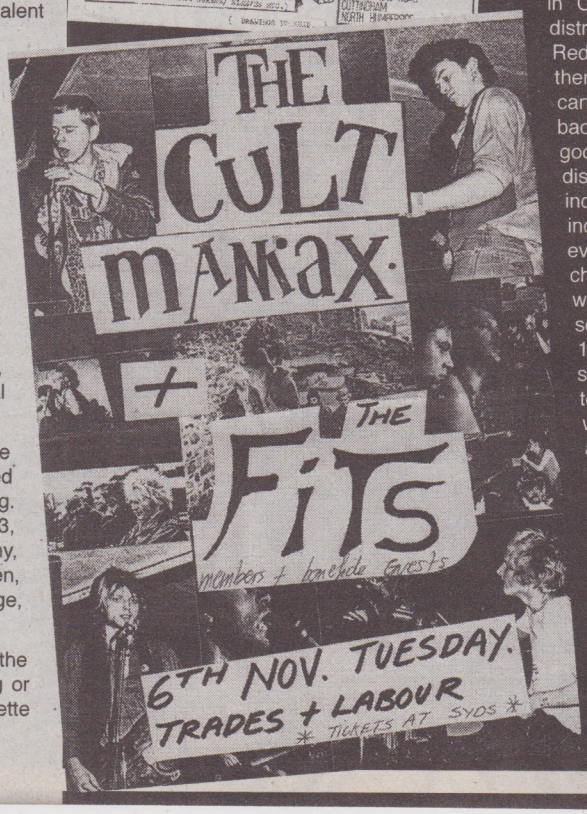


compilation, though a lot of tapes did arrive after *Grevious Musical Harm*. I kept them all and I might put together a CD collection of the best unreleased tracks, and sell it really cheap to cover the costs and get the bands heard again. Better out there than in a box in my cupboard… Copyright-wise, I'm just piling in as there would be no other way of releasing it and contacting people, etc. It will be a non-profit thing anyhow, but if any of the bands that sent me tapes see this, please let me know—ta.

Overall, I probably sold 100 copies of *Beat the Meat*, probably 200-250 of *Hardcore or What* and *Punk Is…*, 300 of *Raw War* and 500 *Grevious Musical Harm* with distribution via the amazing Red Rhino in York. I did sent a copy of each to John Peel; he sent me three or four letters over the years and he genuinely seemed to like what I sent him, but the only time he rang me was when I was at work in the record shop. He said, "Hello, John Peel here..."—shit, wow, Peely—he told me not to send him any more Cult Maniax *Full of Spunk* EPs 'cos he didn't like it (I'd sent him about eight copies), joking they may make him rich one day.

XCENTRIC VINYL

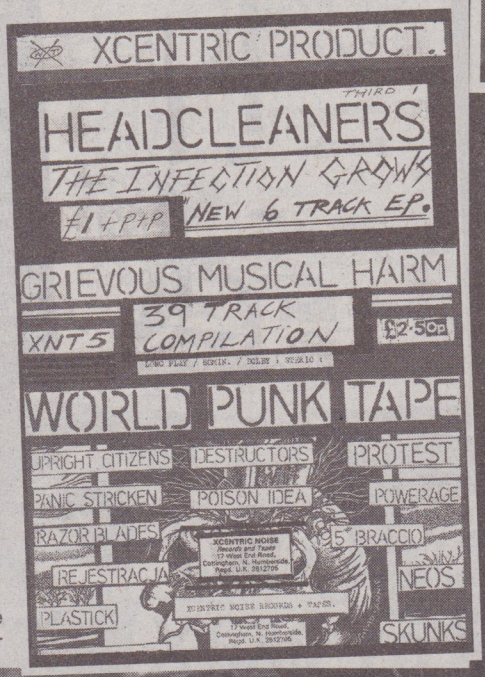
I was dying to release a record, 'cos vinyl is great—each one a piece of sculptured plastic, a solid real thing; tapes are fragile and like CDs don't have the character or permanence… I knew Born BC from the record shop and thought it would be good to support a local band. Pressed up 1,000 with a green sleeve in October 1982, and distributed them via Red Rhino, who would then pass it to the indie cartel that existed back then—a really good independent distro network, when independent *was* independent and even had their own charts. The records went straight away so I ordered another 1,000 with a red sleeve, but they took about four weeks to come and the demand had gone by then, so I got stuck with loads. One of the reviews said the guitar sounded like a vacuum cleaner. I was real pleased with it—a great four-track punk EP and



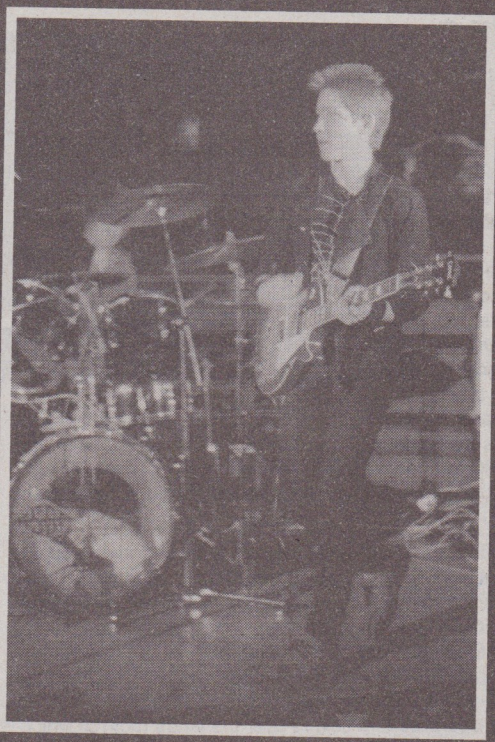
cover. Vocalist Lee Potter had a wicked Mohican for a while, and he also worked at Syd's in the late '80s. I wish they'd stayed together longer—their last few gigs were leading to better things.

Luddites were another Hull band who were great live, and though they didn't really like being on what they saw as a "punk" label, were my second vinyl release in June, 1983. They recorded two songs at Cargo Studios and wanted to do a proper two-song single, but since I always wanted to release EPs (I saw it as better value or whatever) I convinced them to add a third track from a different session. I think they always felt the third one detracted from the quality and intensity of the record, and on reflection maybe they were right. I liked the black cover first pressing (1,000 made) but wish I'd done more with the sleeve. John Peel picked up on the song "Doppelganger" and played it lots, so I did a second press of 1,000 in a red cover; some came out orange. I eventually did another 1,000 with a horrible pink / purple sleeve, too, and overall sold more than 2,500 from the 3,000 total.

Channel 4 did a feature on Hull music in 1983, which included the Luddites and "Doppelganger," and Peel then gave them a session at Radio One. I went down in the van with them, but while they were doing the session I picked up the Headcleaners EP from Mayking Records in West London. The Luddites were interested in me releasing their follow-up record but wanted it to be on a offshoot of Xcentric, kinda separate from the label, and in the end they released the *Altered States* single themselves. It's another great one if you can track it down. They also had a couple of tracks on a Benelux 12-inch compilation, too. After the band split, drummer Dave Stead went on to play with Vicious Circle, The Housemartins and Beautiful South.



The Headcleaners EP was my third and I think fave release—the peak of all the good things to date. 1,500 copies were pressed in September 1983. I'd already distributed the red sleeve and black sleeve versions of the first EP in the UK, and they recorded the second in English for this release. I liked everything about it, and it had a great cover design by Pushead (although I scrawled all over his talent). Great to still see them well regarded to this day; they were a great band from the time. I'm still in touch with Mats from the band, and he's planning on to releasing a retrospective Headcleaners CD sometime in the future.



As a side note, early on between *Punk Is...* and *Raw War,* I talked with Fabio of Olho Seco about releasing an EP. I proposed doing a UK release with vocals in English, thinking it would be better for the band, and also I didn't really just want to re-release the same EP that was out already in Brazil. I don't think they were really keen on doing an English-language release, and it didn't happen. But in hindsight, they were right, there was something about the way the Portuguese language works in punk that helped make all the Brazilian bands so powerful, along with their incredible energy and a different kind of drumming, too! But it would still have been brilliant... Around the same time I was discussing doing an English-language Terveet Kädet EP, too. I can't think why I didn't pursue it more. Two more big regrets—not releasing EPs from Finland and Brazil... I should have stuck with what I was most into—the world hardcore punk scene—and why the hell didn't I try to pursue the brilliant Eu's Arse!?

The band Protest had already been on the *Grevious Musical Harm* tape and I really liked them—they had a real powerful sound. Their *Vinyl Overload* EP was my fourth release: 1,000 in black sleeve released January 1984, and then 1,000 in green sleeve. Again, I didn't manage to shift the complete second pressing—sales were always in the first two or three weeks or you'd struggle to sell them, especially if you didn't get any airplay. (The exception to this was the Headcleaners EP, which just went.) Elastica totally ripped off the riff to Protest's "Hypnotic State" on their single "Stutter"—it's the same riff!! There was talk of doing a second Protest EP and they mentioned a slower, more "soulful" material with acoustic guitars in parts... I was a bit skeptical at the time but I don't think they ever recorded the new stuff. Often wonder what it would have sounded like! They were a great band in their time and I reckon it would have been worth hearing.

Cold Dance was another Hull band, they were very Banshees-sounding and good, tight and dedicated musicians. I was still trying to do my bit with the local scene and put out their *No Glamour in Industry* EP—1,500 copies released in April 1984. John Peel picked up on them and played the record quite a lot. Although it was reminiscent of Siouxie, at the same time it was very different, and a very unique release. They were good people and helped me sleeve up the copies, too. Also, it was my first photo on a record cover!

CULT MANIAX

It was great signing the Cult Maniax—they really were one of my favourite bands and fantastic live. Thankfully I got a copy of their first EP as they had to destroy the majority of the press as well as the pressing plates due to the fact that the subject of one of the songs—the owner of the Black Horse pub in Torrington—took them to court. *Blitz* is a brilliant single and they had already been on the *Punk Is...* and *Raw War* tapes. They had some amazing early songs (that they never recorded) with a real snarling Sex Pistols vibe going on, great harmonies and different song structures—brooding, building and exploding. Big Al was an ace frontman backed by

great drums and quality guitars.

My first release for them, the *Full of Spunk* EP, had a great cover printed on both sides and folded out to a Cult Maniax montage poster. I think 2,500 made, released July 1984. It had the very powerful "No More Beach Boys" which was even better live; the track "Cool Cats Dancin" was more along their rock 'n' roll side, the "Lucy Looe" side of their music, which carried on into their next release, the *Johnny the Duck* EP. I was more into the darker, punky stuff—they shoulda been the new Sex Pistols and deserved to be way bigger than they were, but it was hard getting any airplay anywhere! A shame that John Peel didn't like them. They probably really needed and deserved a bigger label than just me.

Their last release was the live 12-inch *Where Do We All Go* from 1985. The old lady on the cover was Big Al's gran, I believe. I can't remember whose idea it was to do a live release as I didn't really like them myself (except the best live album ever—Ramones' *It's Alive*). But I hired a live recording crew in and they did a good job; it was videotaped, too, I think by Jettisoundz. I did do a great audio mix in a Hull studio of the whole gig, but that version was never released—they picked the tracks for the 12-inch and mastered them really well. "Harry" is the standout and one of their best tracks ever. I saw years later that Retch Records released a CD version of the full gig that I paid to be recorded, but with a far less powerful mix and crap cover.

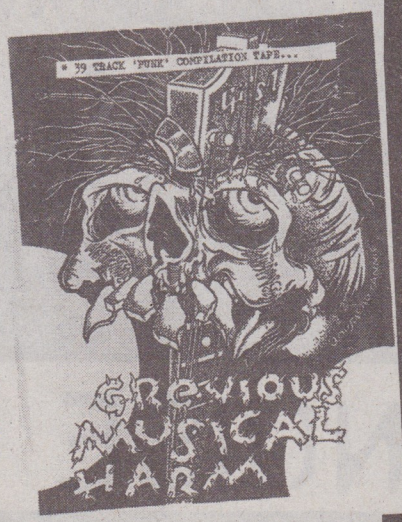
Those were good times and they had a great entourage; I enjoyed hanging out with John the Beast—he did the *Beast* zine and he was hilarious, had a great stupid sense of humour like me. I knew Higgs, who became the Cults' manager, from his excellent *Never Surrender* zine. My band Quel Dommage played with them in Ilfracombe once but I was real ill and coughing up green bile. We were crap that night but the Cult blew the walls down, leering Al virtually banging his head on the low ceiling. They all seemed to have a laid-back, relaxed North Devon-ness about them. I hope someday they'll go in a studio and record the early tracks I've only heard their many rehearsal tapes.

QUEL DOMMAGE

In 1983, I started Quel Dommage with some mates from Hull. At the time, among other things I liked Sisters of Mercy, Mekons, Killing Joke, the first Christian Death LP, but I otherwise wasn't heavily into goth or post-punk stuff and I've always wished by guitar sound had been much harder in the band—but I only had a bloody flanger. We split in 1986, but we left behind a few really good unreleased demos (some of which I've just put videos up for on YouTube).

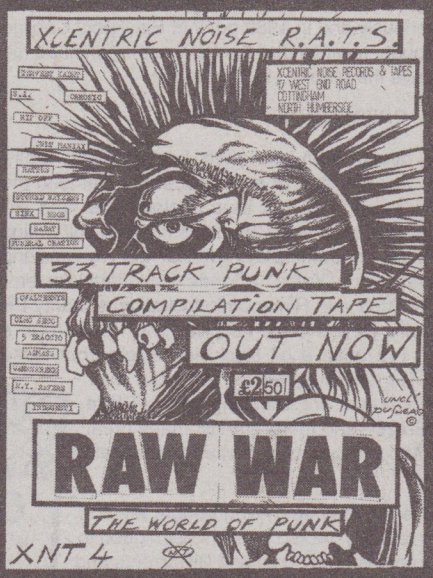
Played a few gigs at Spiders and Adelphi club, and other Hull and area venues like Tower nightclub. We even played with the Housemartins twice, once in Northampton when on the way back I threw up my chow mein in the back of the van and it was sliding up and down the inside, looking exactly as it did when it went in… Also did a few gigs with the Gargoyles, the funniest Hull band, who also had Ted Key and at one point Hugh Whittaker from the pre-Norman Cook Housemartins. Eddy Gargoyle was the best Hull frontman of all time for sure!

Bright Lights, the Quel Dommage single and seventh Xcentric Noise vinyl release, was engineered in Bridlington at Ken Giles Studio by Colin Richardson. Colin did all the Chameleons stuff and had worked with Martin Hannett and lots of bands at the famous Cargo Studios—Joy Division and other Factory acts, plus many punk groups such as Anti Pasti. John Peel played the single once… I actually once got into the office of Rough Trade boss Geoff Travis—"How did you get in?" He put on *Bright Lights* and turned it off after about a minute, saying it was too slow a build up and not for him. Ha ha—apparently he always regretted that one. (For the Americans reading, that's called sarcasm.)



LIVE IN 'ULL

I also put on gigs in Hull in the early to mid '80s; was able to use the Trades and Labour Club where a guy called Swift Nick was also doing stuff. A few memories of the time: An amazing Toxic Reasons



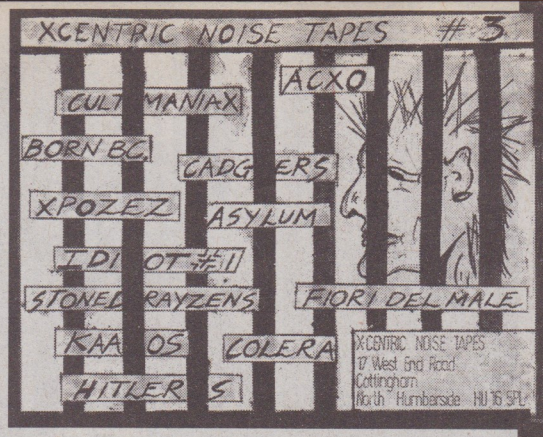
gig! They played in front of only 15-20 people, well embarrassing. The band stayed over at my folks' and I remember them asking my mum if she was going to the show. Other bands I did shows for… Conflict—always had their own sound system. One Way System—they wanted to be paid before they went on. UK Subs—I was gonna interview Charlie Harper for Radio Humberside, who gave me an old style '70s recording box on a strap with a mic; the damn thing didn't work. The UK Subs always pulled 'em in. I put Subhumans on at the Welly Community Club—them, Cult Maniax and Underdogs. It was just me on the door, lotta drunk punks just walking or sneaking in. I had no security and the PA guy went nuts as there wasn't a stage, either. Cult Maniax couldn't make it, which was lucky, really, as I only got 70 quid on the door and I was skint 'cos you don't earn a lot working in a record shop. Subhumans very kindly just took the £70, shoulda been a lot more.

To be honest, putting gigs on was a pain in the ass, you put so much work in and make posters, try and get a listing in local press and radio, and I'd still get low turnouts (except Subs and Conflict). I was glad to knock it on the head in the end. There was never this whole collaborative Hull scene, really, just a few people doing things. But there were some great leather jackets, hair, pockets of glue and lots of drinking. I didn't do the glue…

THE FINAL RELEASES

Cold Dance's second single (1,000 copies released early 1985) didn't do anything and though I liked Punctured Tough Guy's EP (1,000 copies, March 1985), I wasn't sure what I was doing anymore. Both of these had sleeves made by the band, both good moody fodder, but they weren't strong enough releases and didn't excite me anywhere near the older punk and hardcore stuff. I had kinda lost direction and I think by now people were a bit confused about what the label was.

Following the *Beating the Meat* LP debacle in 1984, Red Rhino financed the last few releases, but looking at my accounts I was just losing money. I was no businessman. The whole Cartel / indie network thing was breaking apart and Red Rhino eventually folded, too. I don't actually know how many records they pressed but I think and hope they got their money back. They paid for Cult Maniax's *Johnny the Duck* and live 12-inch, as well as my last release: The *Party Pooping Punk Provocations* compilation LP had some great stuff on it including the stupid sound effects, plus a great cover design by Chaz from Atrox, a band featured on the album (he also did an excellent zine called *Mentally Unstable*). This album got the packaging I'd



wanted *Beating the Meat* to have. Bands like Self Abuse (who I nearly released a record by at one point, but just didnt have any money), Samples, Quel Dommage and the great Stupids.

These last few releases through Red Rhino all had proper glossy printed covers. But I kinda packed it all in then, really—it was only me and I was still on a rubbish wage at the record shop. It wasn't really any fun anymore and had all become a bit performing right society forms 'n' stuff, and not just trying to get world punk bands heard anymore. I started taking photography more seriously and in 1989 got into Blackpool College for photography. Funnily enough, having done the label actually helped me get into college as I didn't have the required qualifications.

PRESENT DAY

I'm still in touch with a few people from back then, but not many, really. Going to Blackpool College was the start of another journey that lead me to London in 1992. I'm now paying the rent as a photographer and still creating stuff in my bedroom, mainly for www.3trousers.com but still writing and recording music. My latest project is playing bass with my amazing Spanish classical guitar mate Blue Yates, a kinda Spaghetti-Western-meets-Pixies-style thing. Also stuff with Rinky Dink, including a charity EP which raised £1200+ for Hull's Dove House hospice, and I played on a Bella Figa CD release. But I've been a bit slack on the gig front these last few years. Love Eddy Current Suppression Ring but they ain't been to the UK yet. Forgetters are sounding good—Blake from Jawbreaker / Jets to Brazil—and there are still many great records to be heard on the *Maximum Rockandroll* podcasts that I download every week.

I still listen to loads of the old stuff, and even bought my first record player in many years recently, a USB one. It's been good to play vinyl again. But Spotify.com is pretty cool and BitTorrents and Mark Riley on BBC Radio 6—very eclectic and alternative like John Peel in what he plays, and with his great wit and humour that he musta picked up from Mark E. Smith when he played in the Fall... I still like all the Tim Armstrong stuff and still like Bad Religion and NoFX too, but I ain't on the pulse of what's going on anymore. All the music seems to have blurred and merged over the years. I'm a lot more mixed in what I listen to now, but still hate pop, soft rock and disco shite, love folk and acoustic and world music, dub, good bass, and loud guitars, but I've never gone off any of the old stuff and am still waiting for the next great punk band.

NO CHARGE NO PROFIT

In 2002 and 2003, I did a free label called No Charge No Profit: "Getting music heard without the hassle." The releases were limited-edition CDRs with labels and sleeves. I was putting stuff out that I wanted people to hear, which is basically what Xcentric Noise was all about in the first place, although this time (especially with the *Peely* release) it would have been impossible to get the releases signed off, so I just gave them away to people I thought would appreciate them. In the end, I ran out of money (well, it was a bit like giving money away) but I enjoyed doing it—we all need a place to go, and my place has always been filling my head with some kinda creative activity while trying to get a good message across. The No Charge No Profit releases were:

NCNP 1 – Plastic *Bet She Was a Goer*
NCNP 2 – Jesus and the Gospelfuckers *s/t*
NCNP 3 – V/A *Peely*
NCNP 4 – V/A *The Brazilians*
NCNP 5 – V/A *Live in 'Ull*
NCNP 6 – Chimps Eat Banana / Blyth Power *Split*

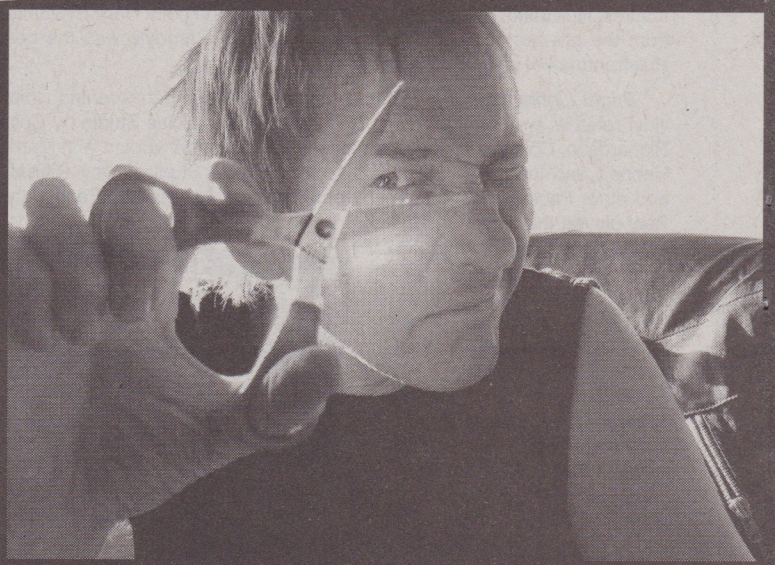
Big ups to Robert Andersson, Mats Nilsson, Tez (Andy Turner) Xpozez, Fabio Rodrigues Sampaio, Redson (Edson Lopes Pozzi), Inocentes, Ratos De Porão, Nasty, Vote, the great Terveet Kädet, Jello, Tim Yo, *Max Rocknroll*, Ian MacKaye, Peter Zirschky, Keith Blakeman, Rubin (Wildman) Rose, Steve Neos, Tony Nitwit, Mob 47, Sean Faction, Dick (Bluurg, Subhumans), Dig (Earache), Tommy Stupid, Porky Prime Cut (went in to see one of them matrix's done once and met the famous Porky—his signature is on so many matrixes released in late '70s / '80s!), the fine Nick Toczek who helped along the way... Of course, Red Rhino (RIP Tony K—was so sorry to hear he died in 2008) to who I owed so much; Syd's, Born BC and posse, Paul at Adelphi, Swift Nick, Pete at Spiders, Nick Clay, Better Badges, Jakke and Jari (Kaaos), Crass, Tony (Suspect Device), David Stuart, Pete Craven, Wolfie (Real Overdose), Charlie Mason, Welly (*Artcore*), Alex Ogg (ex-*Panache* zine; check his book *Independence Days: The Story of UK Independent Record Labels*), and all the great underground independent hardcore punk rock bands, zines and people doing their bit for a better place from a special time!

Cheers to Chris (Kill From the Heart) and thanx to Mark Barker for the questions, positive comments and, along with Pete Craven, helping me realise how good the times were (well, musically if nothing else!) and that it was all worthwhile. Sorry if I've forgotten anyone, it was quite a while ago and cheers anyone who bought or ever enjoyed any of the Xcentric Noise stuff. There seem to be plenty of links to download it all—I eventually accepted the digital world (in photography, too)... It's amazing how things have changed. I don't like it but you gotta move on or get left behind. I've never re-released anything... I dunno—I guess there maybe a compilation of the vinyl someday, but I don't have most master tapes and don't really see the point. It was all of a time—a good time—and I'd rather focus on the new. But look out for one final hardcore compilation from tapes in a cupboard... Provisional title: *CuT And pAsTe* (or *CuTs oF pAste*) hopefully later in 2011! I guess it will be a 30-year anniversary release... Jeez!!! Keep on!

No regrets! – Je ne regrette rien – Bollox I've loads...

Cheers,
—Shesk, 2011

(contact via www.3trousers.com)



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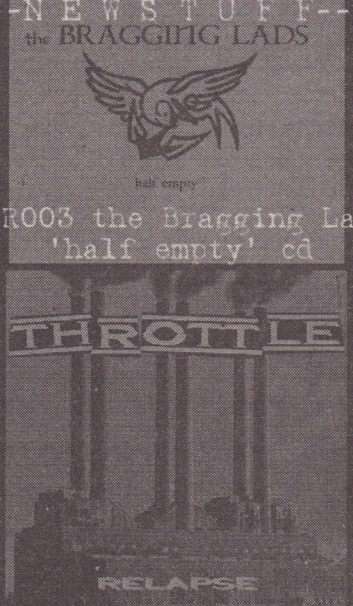

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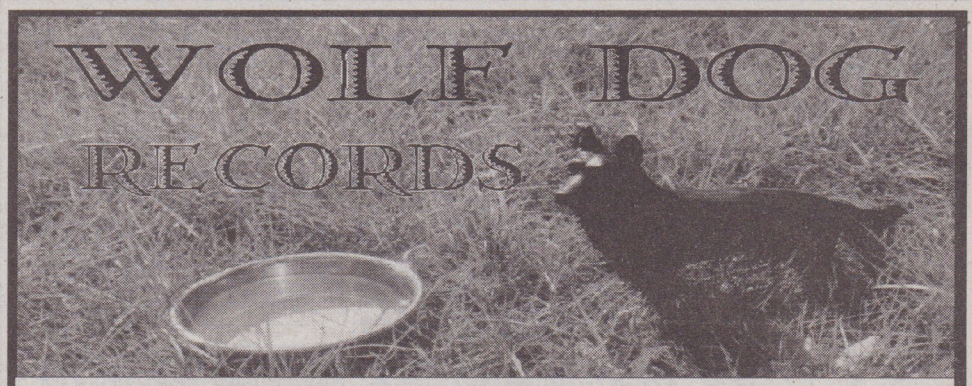

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Small BONES

Small Bones occupy an odd space on the punk landscape. Too fast, screamy, and political to be pop; too weird and tuneful to be hardcore. Borrowing the best parts of too many subgenres to list, they manage to channel an inspiring and uplifting feeling while singing about the darker things in personal and local politics.

{Interview by Josh Eaton}

{darrin: guitar breonne: singer nathan: guitar and sing dominic: bass drew: drums}

MRR: What's your most embarrassing childhood memory?

Darrin: One time my grandmother's neighbor was raking up this big pile of leaves, and I was under the impression that she was raking up the leaves for the kids to play in, like my mom or grandmother suggested that I go play in it. I went to play in the leaves, and tossed them all around, but it wasn't really for the little kids to play in.

[pause]

[laughter]

Breonne: When I was in 6th grade I decided to go to a school dance for pretty much the first and probably last time, for some reason, and my mom took me out dress shopping. She had me trying on all these froofy dresses and I remember her making this specific comment about how none of them would work for me because I didn't have any breasts yet, which was embarrassing enough. Then she decided that the perfect outfit would be this oversized sparkly Christmas sweater worn over a skirt. So I show up to the dance wearing this fairly hideous, giant black sweater with gold beaded snowflakes all over it, which is bad enough as it is since every other girl is wearing slinky party dresses, but one of my teachers was wearing the exact same outfit. People mocked me quite severely.

Darrin: That's like some Molly Ringwald shit.

Breonne: It was bad.

Drew: Mine's not very good.

Dominic: Oh, I've got something. Since we extended it through middle school at least, I've got some good material. I was sitting in this math class that I was clearly not paying attention in, taking a test, and I had really awful gas. I also had really terrible allergies. I was trying really hard not to fart. Then I sneezed, and as I sneezed I farted super super thunderously loud. I just looked around the classroom expecting that no one had heard it, somehow. The kid behind me was like, "Did you just fart man?" I said, "No, no it was the desk." Then I just kept trying to make the desk fart, and it was not working. He was not having it but I would not back down to opposition. I did not fart. At all.

Drew: The ones I can think of are not nearly as good as these.

Breonne: Um, football practice

Drew: Oh, football camp when I pooped my pants.

[laughter]

Drew: That's the thing I just thought about, and it's borderline because I think

I was 17 at the time.
Breonne: It needs to go on the record that I already knew Drew's embarrassing story.
Dominic: I love how my fart story segues into accidental shitting.
Drew: I went to this football camp in Wooster (Massachusetts). I had the shits that day, or something, and you had to do all this conditioning testing. I, [laughs] I was doing crunches in the gym and, all of a sudden, it was just "Nooo, noooo!" I just totally shat myself.
[collective sounds of disgust]
So then I had to sneak off to the bathroom and get rid of my underwear. I had to do the rest of the conditioning testing only wearing mesh shorts and no underwear.
Nathan: Did you ask or did you just get up and leave?
Drew: No, I finished the crunches.
[laughter]
Nathan: Wait, so could you just describe each crunch after that?
Drew: Pure agonizing terror.
Darrin: That must have been very uncomfortable.

MRR: Nathan you have anything?
Nathan: I just don't get embarrassed. I feel like if you're going to do something, do it. Actually, one time—me and Darrin's friendship is based off this - I got punched in a parking lot in Albuquerque for honking and flipping somebody off. They followed me until I parked. Then, when I got out he was like, "Why the fuck did you flip us off?" I said, "Oh, I thought you were going to hit me." Because I thought he was, you know, in his car… But, then, he just hit me.

MRR: In your *MRR* review, you got compared to some bands who play outside of the St. Roch Tavern. I was just wondering what your feelings were on that and I also wanted to ask, have any of you guys ever played the banjo or musical saw?
Darrin: I tried to play the musical saw, it didn't work.
Drew: I tried to play the banjo but my brain just doesn't work that way.
Nathan: Didn't the review say that we weren't like that stuff?

MRR: But that's all they knew of New Orleans punk.
Darrin: That sells New Orleans way short on the diversity of punk rock that comes out of this city. I understand why it has that stereotype. Obviously, most people who pass through here go through the Bywater, end up at St. Roch, and just get a ton of that.

MRR: Have you guys ever ended up at Crust Bounce Night [a weekly dance party at the St. Roch]?
Drew: I was there last night
Breonne: Unfortunately, last night.
[laughter]
Drew: Breonne's a crust lord though.

MRR: You guys were also described on a different music website by using the word "crusty" fairly regularly. Is that something that you guys identify with?
Dominic: When I hear "crusty" I think of Discharge. We don't sound like Discharge, so I don't know what that means.

Darrin: I like that answer.
Drew: Dominic does have the Crass logo tattooed on him seven times though.
Dominic: Yep, mostly on the chest, around my nipples.

MRR: What are your feelings on the New Orleans punk scene? Do you feel like it's an accepting place?
Drew: Absolutely
Dominic: I absolutely do, especially not being from here. Although, I guess it's not really fair for me to say because I had a number of friends before I moved here. I don't know what the experience would be like if I didn't already. I'm not saying that it would be bad. I am just saying that my experience is a little bit biased, but it's been really positive for me.
Drew: I grew up just outside of Boston, in the Wooster hardcore scene. It was just a bunch of fucking idiots running around in mesh shorts trying to kick everyone's ass all the time. Coming here and not experiencing that was just great. I've also heard people complain about a lack of diversity and lack of women in the scene. Honestly I've never been anywhere where women are involved as much in the scene as here, and that makes me happy.
Nathan: There are a lot of different bands here. When they travel they would probably play either an old-timey or crust kind of show, but here they play together. Tomorrow, Why Are We Building Such A Big Ship, a brass band, is playing with Thou, a metal band. I think that it's really cool that this happens.

Darrin: I think that everybody ends up together on certain nights and certain events.
Dominic: I would say that happens here more than other places I've been, as well.
Nathan: Wait, what are mesh shorts?
Dominic: Oh man.
Darrin: Like workout shorts.
Dominic: Basketball shorts.
Nathan: Oh, I was thinking of like shark protective gear.
[laughter]
Breonne: Chain mail?

Drew: Chain mail shorts!
Dominic: Shark Shorts!
Drew: Those FSU kids in Philly love chain mail shorts.
Breonne: Medieval Times is real fuckin' awesome
Nathan: That's my most embarrassing moment.
Drew: It is the toughest thing there is.

MRR: You guys have a record out on Plan-It-X. What are your feelings, knowing the kind of folk-punky, ride bikes, kind of reputation that label has? I mean, you have a bike on the front of your CD.
Breonne: We're pandering.
Darrin: Yeah, with this album we were just kind of like, "Let's do the fucking Plan-It-X thing. Why not?" The next album is going to be something else.

MRR: Bridge 9?
Drew: Yeah totally.
Dominic: Why does everything come back around to mesh shorts?
Darrin: That's actually not true at all.
Drew: I don't think I thought about mesh shorts for about ten years, until today.
Nathan: The Plan-It-X thing, though—we've known Chris for a long time and, really, he's the only person who runs a record label that we know.
[laughter]
Darrin: But we love it!!!
Nathan: No, no, he was the only one we know.
Darrin: We were desperate.
Dominic: I think that the folk-punk reputation is, in relative terms, fairly recent. When I think of Plan-It-X, I think more of the Bananas, who are definitely not folk-punk.
Breonne: I lived in Athens for a really long time. I was introduced to Plan-It-X was through Carrie Nations, which I don't consider to be a folk-punk band by any means.
Dominic: Plus there's Dead Friends, who are completely not that.
Drew: I still have no idea what Plan-It-X records really is.

MRR: How have you guys been, now that you live in different cities?
Darrin: We've been skype-ing a lot.
Drew: I've been using Chat Roulette.
Darrin: We do that every time we want Breonne at practice. We do that every practice. It takes about an hour.
Drew: It takes a long time.
Breonne: Or they just take a mop, put a wig on it, and have it make snide comments in falsetto voices every so often. Actually, it's been pretty difficult, I've been living in the Boston area for four months. I'm going to graduate from school, which I am still not totally convinced was a "good idea." It's been hard, but the band has been writing songs.
Drew: The Gentlemen's Auxiliary.
Breonne: The Gentlemen's Auxiliary has been writing songs. It was a little rough for a while. They didn't know how to play together for a bit. The band dynamic changes when one member isn't there.
Darrin: That's definitely true.
Breonne: We have always run our band as collaboratively as possible. We even have a little voting ritual before we do anything with lyrics. And we always have conversations about the content of the lyrics.

MRR: What's the voting ritual?
Breonne: We haven't had to do it since I've been in town. But there is actually a tiny little clamshell that we have to bang, like a gavel, to agree that a decision has been made. It's really cheesy, I understand that, but we've been practicing the last couple days and are actually in the process of solidifying a new song right now. I feel like it's been going well. I plan on being back in the city full-time pretty soon. Hopefully, we continue with this collaborative spirit and we're able to soldier through. It's been rough. Boston is cold.
Drew: It's the worst place in the world.

Breonne: I didn't want to say that, but yes.
Drew: I'll say it, I'm from there.

MRR: You guys are going back up that way on tour soon. What are you excited about and what are you not excited about?
Nathan: One thing I am excited for, is meeting people who we've met through the band. People in New York and DC.
Dominic: I was going to say pretty much the same thing. I'm excited to go to a couple new places, and excited to play some places that we've already played.
Drew: I'm excited to see Dominic freak out on the New Jersey Turnpike again.

MRR: That segues very well into "what's your worst tour memory?"
Darrin: Well I'm just going to bring up Drew shooting out the window of the van.
Drew: Ugh.
Darrin: It wasn't even necessarily a bad memory. I kind of like the whole experience.
Breonne: You were inside when it all happened.
Darrin: I was inside when it happened, but I got to watch the parade of y'all coming in reporting what happened.
Dominic: I was in my underwear, playing Mario Kart, when Breonne came in with her hand in her hair. "Drew shot out the window!"
Breonne: I was actually in the van when the window exploded behind me, with Drew's tiny little voice, "What was that?" As if he had no idea. What was even more funny was that he shot a minute earlier and hit the door of the van. I remember yelling "Stop shooting, you're hitting the van." And Drew of course did not listen to me. This was Thou's van.
Drew: I couldn't hear you!
Breonne: Lies.
Dominic: Couldn't hear you over the booze.
Drew: I couldn't hear you over the booze.
Dominic: It's funny because even the things that initially seemed completely awful to me, in retrospect, have this nice nostalgic glow, like getting lost in the woods.
[laughter]

MRR: Tell me more about that.
Dominic: I'm still really confused as to what exactly even happened. We went swimming in a river. It was beautiful and idyllic and amazing...Then we were gathering our stuff up to leave and go back. Candice, from Necro Hippies/Firebrand, etc., and I had stopped to pick up a few other things. I was being an idiot, walking around barefoot so I was a little bit slower, and then everybody rounded a turn.
Drew: Well, it started hailing so we all hustled.
Dominic: It was starting to rain and then everyone rounded a turn. I didn't know where anyone went. I saw a sign that said "No Trespassing/Do Not Enter" and thought, "Well, fuck, I can't go in there, it says Do Not Enter", not realizing that it was the line to the property where we were going. That spiraled into hours and hours of being lost, with Candice, in the woods, into the night and finding our way to a hunting cabin of some sort. We were shouting the whole way up to make sure we didn't get shot by some random dude. Then, we were rescued by a guy in a pick-up truck with a hat that said "Beer" on it.
[laughter]

MRR: What did he say to you?
Dominic: He was like, "What are you doing?" We said, "Well, we're lost." And he said, "Yeah, you are lost. Where are you from?" It was like, "Well, we're from New Orleans."
Drew: Real lost.
Dominic: He must have been really confused.

MRR: What was he doing at the cabin?
Dominic: He was saying "I was just up here with my dog getting fucked up." He told us that several times. "Yeah I was getting fucked up." We were both like, "Yeah, cool." So Candice and I get in the back of the pick-up truck, and when we get back down, I see that Darrin and Nathan had constructed an arrow out of sticks to try to direct us. It was genuinely heartwarming to come back to that, how relieved they were, and, of course, Party (Phil from Necro Hippies) was just asleep.
Drew: Party was passed out.
Dominic: Asleep for the duration of this whole ordeal.
Drew: That was because when we got out of the van, he was like, "Well, I'm going to get real drunk and pass out super early." He did just that.
Dominic: In retrospect, I thought it was pretty awesome. It certainly wasn't worse than waking up in what I discovered was puke in Gainesville. It was like puke and ants.
[laughter]
Dominic: But it's my own fault for not looking, you know.
Breonne: Mine's not funny.

MRR: It's ok, we can have a dark one.
Breonne: It was definitely the thing that upset me the most. My worst moment on tour was actually in Philly. We were playing this really awesome show outdoors at this skate park. Somebody had brought a keg, and people were getting hammered. It was nice and sunny out. We went exploring on the train tracks and it was actually a really good time. During one of the other band's sets, I don't remember which band it was, Dominic and I were behind the crowd sitting kind of half way out of the van, watching the band, and there were these three people, who I don't really know how to describe them in any PC fashion…
Drew: [whispering] Scumfucks.
Breonne: Scumfucks. So we're in the back of the crowd and they're kind of fucking around. There were these two very large guys and a smaller girl. One of the guys was sticking his hand up the girl's skirt and slapping her on the ass. One time, it looked like he stuck his entire hand in her business and wiped it on her friend's face. It was terrifying and awful. She ended up crying and ran off into the bushes. We didn't know what was going on, so Dominic and I went on top of this dirt pile to take a look. Nathan, who was actually kind of awesome, was like "I'm going to follow them, I'm going to pretend I have to pee so I can see what's going on." He comes back and says "They're not doing anything, I don't think there is any immediate problem." They come back, and she immediately circles around the other side of the crowd, so I go over there to see if she's ok. She just says "Yeah, my boyfriend can just be an asshole." It was one of those moments where you really don't know how to respond. I feel like this happens a lot where there's this very negative side to punk rock. Sometimes it's really uncomfortable. Trying to navigate the spaces where this is a choice that this girl has made to be with this person, but, at the same time, I don't know them. I don't know what I witnessed, and there are all these layers of uncomfortable dynamics.
Dominic: I think it was also compounded by the fact that I'm not from there. It was the first time I had ever been in the city and these people who put the show on were nice enough to throw this thing together. There were a lot of layers of feeling uncomfortable and unsure of how to approach what I saw.
Breonne: It was compounded by other situations where there has been negative energy toward women in the scene. That really makes me feel uncomfortable. But that was the worst thing on tour, by far.

"...me and Darrin's friendship is based off this - I got punched in a parking lot in Albuquerque for honking and flipping somebody off."

Drew: I got too fucked up and lost my sneakers in Atlanta.
Dominic: I saw that happen.
Breonne: Also true.
Drew: I was pissed about that. They were new sneakers. No holes in them.
Breonne: In New York, I scarred my knee getting too drunk and falling out of the van.
Dominic: I also saw that happen.
Darrin: And you told that dude how nice his Pecs were.
[laugher]
Breonne: That was in DC. I was wasted in DC and we were staying with Beck, from The Gift. She took us back to the house, which was in a really nice neighborhood, to pass out for the night. We're all rooting around in the van and there was this very statuesque man standing on his porch.
Drew: He was oiled up.
Breonne: He was bathed in glow.
Darrin: He was bathed in lamplight.
Breonne: He was glowing and he was staring at us because it was a nice, quiet, residential street and there were nine dirty kids.
Drew: It was real late too.
Breonne: It was super late and we were loud. We were rooting around and he was staring at us. I don't know what exactly happened, maybe he called me first.
Nathan: No.
Drew: Nope.
Darrin: It was totally unprovoked
Breonne: He was just standing there, quietly. I was going past and yelled out to calm the situation, because he looked concerned. "I'm sorry, I'm just admiring your pectorals in the streetlight." Then, he called out, "You can come have a closer look if you want."
Drew: Breonne tittered.
Breonne: And then, the next morning, we went and looked at his car. The license plate said "HOO RAH" which is the Marines chant. The passenger side door had a list of all the wars we had ever fought and then there was "Upcoming: Iran, North Korea…" It had fake foliage for camping trips and stuff.
Dominic: In your defense, his pecs were really, really…
Drew: They were spectacular.
Dominic: That is exactly the word I was going to use.
Darrin: Pec-tacular. Wait—don't use that.
Dominic: That's going in there.
Drew: Nathan, you have to go.
Nathan: These were all awful times for me too.
Dominic: I feel like my getting lost subjected you to so much stress.
Drew: Emotional trauma.
Dominic: I feel like I really stressed you out.
Nathan: Dude, let me tell you, I was so stressed out, the whole time. I mean being with my friends on the road like that.

MRR: You guys are fairly political for the kind of music you play. Where do you draw influence for that, and what makes a good song?

Darrin: I think we have really critical discussions of all of our lyrical content. In those discussions, we refine the songs and the lyrics until they get a more and more refined textured. I think that process of formulating the lyrics probably helps.
Dominic: A lot of our practices where we have new material, end up being something where we just put the instruments down and just talk to each other for a while. It's a refreshing process, and it's a necessary component where we all feel comfortable with what we've written.

MRR: Was it a conscious decision to be more localized with your lyrics?
Darrin: It's the things we all know.
Breonne: Living in New Orleans, especially post-Katrina, there are processes occurring constantly. There is an overarching conversation constantly about racism, poverty and populations, that are left behind with the city being rebuilt and where the flaws are. Living through that and engaging with that on a daily basis naturally means that I don't really have a lot of time for larger national issues. For instance, I was in school recently, and someone brought up the fact that we had just pulled out of Iraq. I realized that after I moved to New Orleans, after Katrina, I completely disengaged from national and international political conversations because there was so much happening here in our own neighborhoods. That's where my brain just constantly went. I feel like sometimes focusing on national or international issues is so far removed. There are so many levels of government above where we can possibly engage. I can't, right now, interface in international politics. I can't influence those policies. I can go to a neighborhood meeting and have a conversation with somebody about what the VA hospital situation is going to be or what's going on with the schools being rebuilt. There's a newer, localized, small conversation that I can participate in as it directly impacts me and the people who I live around.
Dominic: Would you say that living here forces you to confront these issues more closely than other places would? That's definitely how I feel.
Breonne: Oh yeah.
Dominic: I couldn't tell if it was a shift in me personally that coincided with me living here, or if it's something about living here that makes these issues feel more prevalent. It's something that I need to think about and deal with.
Breonne: I definitely think that's true. I've noticed at school I constantly need to engage in these debates about social policy on a national level. What I've noticed in these discussions is that a lot of students debate it from a purely theoretical level. Whereas I end up

bringing up these examples of situations I have witnessed in New Orleans. That's something that I find interesting when I am having a discussion with a person on a theory and they are talking about things that they have read about how things should function. I end up saying things like, "When I was here this happened, and that's why I think this." That's a really big distinction.
Darrin: Especially when you are relating directly, and to borrow your word, interfacing with concrete things like public infrastructure that doesn't work. It's almost impossible not to become involved in that discussion because you're talking about things you experience daily and I think that might speak a little bit, Dominic, to what you were saying. The public infrastructure in this city, the racial geography and relationship to racism in this city affects me in ways I can identify every day. I need to talk about these things because it's influencing my life and my daily experiences. I think that comes out really heavily when we are writing songs. The conversations become really personal quickly and they sort of shift between personal experiences and politics in a really interesting way.

MRR: Breonne, you brought up feeling uncomfortable about punk. Do you guys feel like you fit in that spectrum at all? What do you think punk needs to get you back into it like when you were fifteen?
Dominic: I feel like that's the kind of question that people agonize over, and rightly so. A friend of mine had a term he would use. I'm not sure if he lifted it from somewhere else, but he said that there was a point in his life where he stopped believing in the "saving power" of punk rock. Almost like it was a weird religion. While I'm not sure I ever saw completely eye to eye with him on that, I do think there are little shifts that take place as you get older the longer you are into certain things. As far as discovering punk, when I was younger I felt like there was a trajectory which I have continued only in more extreme directions. I mean that in a positive way.

MRR: So you still feel like it's a positive influence on you?
Dominic: Absolutely. Maybe I am less disillusioned than some, but I don't think it's the end all/be all. I feel like the positive things it has given me far outnumber the negative things.
Darrin: I feel pretty good about it. I feel like most of my friends in the punk rock community who I have grown up with, have grown to be really intelligent, productive and involved in broader projects that are still rooted in punk rock. They take those experiences with them back to the punk community. Especially in New Orleans. Having grown up here, I've seen it evolve and it's only gotten better and the discussions have only gotten more interesting.
Breonne: I feel like my main critique with punk culture is that it's too isolated as a community. A lot of time, this question exists in this exact context, a room full of people who self-identify as punks, who have been punks for a really long time, sitting around and agonizing over what it is to be punk and how they see other punks. Punk rock occupies this really weird space. It's a mixture of music, and the community who enjoys that music. But then, it also has these political tentacles that extend in such multi-faceted directions. Often they only exist in this self-contained space. And I feel strongly that the political aspects of punk are a large reason why so many people respond to the music and the culture. But when I was doing political organizing for city-based issues, I would see a lot of the punk rock community being very self-contained and not having discussions with other city-based groups within New Orleans. I feel like a major critique on punk, in general, is that it's very nit-picky on itself, there's not a lot going beyond that and speaking with populations that could benefit from the politics. These concepts of social justice that punk rock claims to have, its usually a bunch of white kids sitting around, talking about how fucked up the system is and then never engaging with the system to try to change that.
Nathan: I think it wouldn't make sense to even try to be stoked on punk like when I was 15. When I was 15 I didn't know anything. Punk came along and introduced me to concepts of resistance and rebellion. Now that I have a better perspective on how people behave and how society is organized, I don't really need what I needed when I was 15. Now I need the community aspect of it. Making friends who share certain ethics, references, and networks. That is the big contribution for punk in my life now and touring makes me feel that. So I don't think punk needs anything for me. I just need different aspects of punk as I grow. I'm sure in a few years I will need something else out of punk... health care?

MRR: To close it out, if Small Bones had a no thanks list who would be on it?
Darrin: Damn, that means we have to talk shit.
Breonne: We brought this on ourselves.
Nathan: Yeah, fuck Thou. [laughter]
Breonne: Fuck them for letting us use their van and then not getting mad when we shot out the window.
Darrin: What does it take to shock those people?

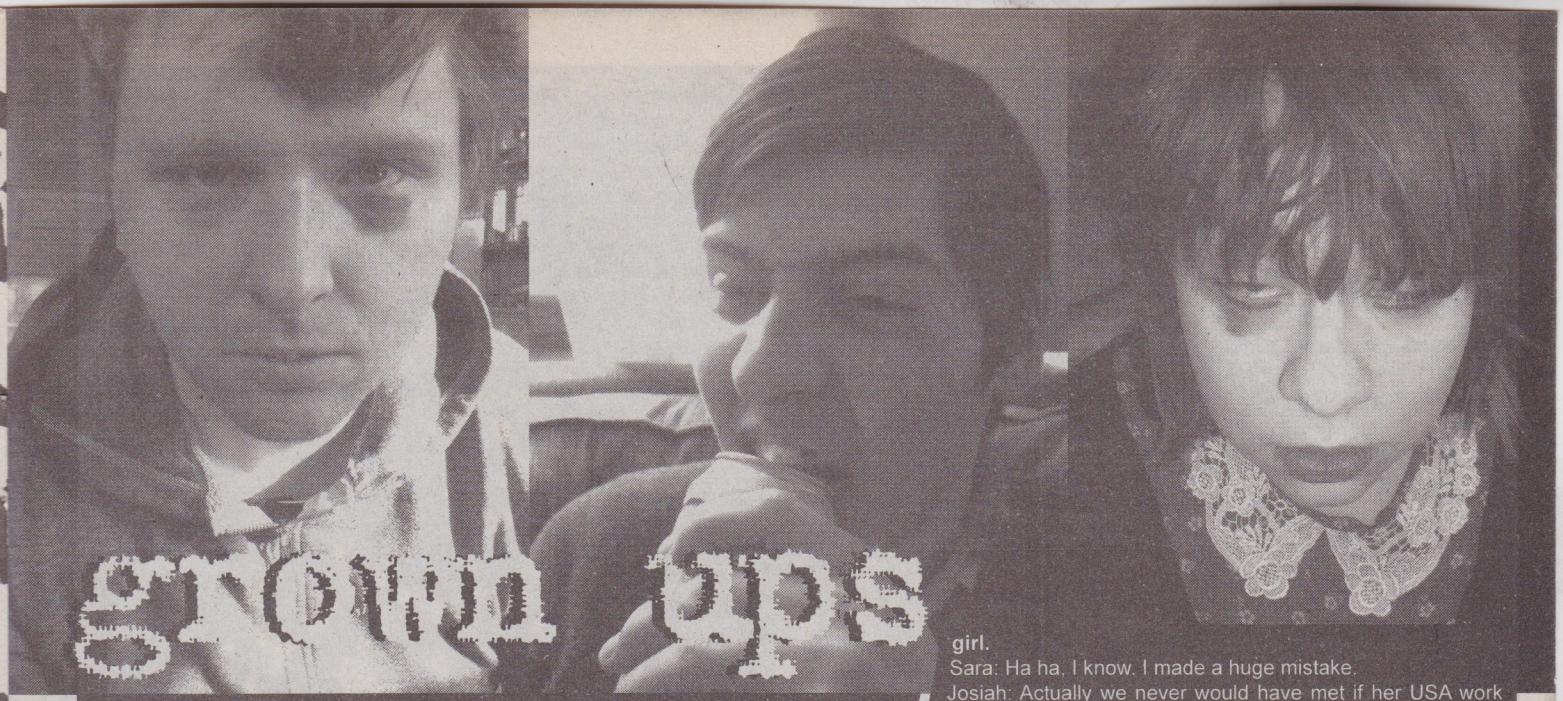
MRR: Yeah except for now instead of having a CD player in my van I have a Thou player.
Dominic: I feel like most people have been really, really nice to us. I mostly feel bad about how much we've had to bum equipment off of people.
Darrin: It's kind of like we're the assholes.

smallbones.bandcamp.com

Tentative Tour Dates (get in touch if you can help!)

June 23 Memphis, TN
PLAN-IT-X FEST Bloomington, IN
July 30 Austin, TX
July 31 Las Cruces, NM
August 1 Albuquerque, NM
August 2 Santa Fe, NM
August 3 Denver, CO
August 4 Lawrence, KS
August 5 Chicago, IL
August 6 Carbondale, IL
August 7 Jackson, MS
August 14 New Orleans, LA

Small Bones



grown ups

Who names their band Grown-Ups? A bunch of children from Calgary, AB. Josiah Hughes [guitar/vocals], Sara Hughes [drums/vocals] and Andrew Giles [bass/vocals] are not literal children (Josiah and Sara have been married for six years and they have a teenage cat), but they want to keep the responsibility to a minimum. Grown-Ups make up beat, scratchy punk about their childhood obsessions, how much they hate their day jobs and people who take themselves seriously. After putting out two cassettes and two records (the Not Friends *7" and an E.T.-shaped lathe), the threesome have finally finished their LP* Stopped Caring, *released on Portland's Modern Documents. Josiah leaked it to me because he likes to keep the internet buzz on his band real fresh, and it's some good stuff. I'm not into writing reviews of records; you can go listen to it for yourself, but if you like music that makes you want to run around punching over mailboxes while eating a vanilla ice cream, then you will like* Stopped Caring. *I asked Josiah and his lovely wife Sara about the prairie punk scene, sleeping with Andy Dick, Josiah's fake YouTube persona and how Best Coast ruined Blink 182. Interview by Mish Way*

MRR: Why did you guys call your punk band Grown-Ups? Is it because you are mature and married?

Josiah: I remember we were on the bus on our way to work and we were trying to figure out a band name. We made a huge list and they were all either way too jokey and dumb or just didn't make sense. This was the one that kinda fell in between...sorta fun but not a complete joke.

Sara: I remember just liking how it sounded and how it looked when you wrote it on paper with a hyphen. It wasn't about being married or anything.

MRR: What were some of the other candidates?

Josiah: I still have the list...Just Jokes, No Parents, Home Ec, John Hughes, Groceries, Bad Batteries, Slurpee Time, Hang In There, Jack Chicks, Sleep Ins, Weekend Forever. I guess some of them are okay..

MRR: Slurpee Time! Hilarious. That sounds like a bunch of twelve year old boys playing instruments that make no sense. You guys have done a bit of touring and you are about to get on the road again. Where are you going? Are you bringing a driver? Do you have high hopes?

Josiah: We are going down the west coast with B-Lines, playing some shows in Montana, Oregon, California and Washington. We're hopefully bringing our friend Keaton. He used to be in that feminist grindcore band Rape Revenge so he knows a thing or two about being a PUNK.

Sara: I don't think we have high hopes. We're just doing it to have fun. We all love California. I used to live there so I'm stoked to go back.

MRR: When did you live in California? Are you American?

Sara: No. I went to film school there and worked at Warner Bros. in 2003 and some of 2004. I worked for the guy who produced *The Truman Show* and *Zoolander*. I read scripts for him and ordered flowers for the people he got into fights with, like Martin Scorsese!

MRR: That sounds like such a cool job. You gave that up to marry Josiah and do Blink 182 covers? You crazy, girl.

Sara: Ha ha, I know. I made a huge mistake.

Josiah: Actually we never would have met if her USA work visa hadn't run out. She'd probably have slept with Andy Dick by now.

MRR: At least Andy would get you high before he forced you to touch his tiny body. Tell me about your new record. Who recorded it? Is it out yet?

Josiah: I recorded it in our basement over the winter time. It was my first time doing any proper recording, so it was pretty daunting and I spent about a month straight mixing it. It's called *Stopped Caring*, and is twelve songs. It will be out by the time this is printed. Our friend Alex in Portland started a label/publishing house called Modern Documents and he's putting it out on vinyl.

MRR: What do you write songs about?

Sara: We write songs about how work sucks, and people who take themselves too seriously, and E.T. and our friends.

Josiah: It's a fine line, really. Some of our songs are quite serious and personal, and others have ridiculous pop-punk references. We kind of say yes to every idea most of the time.

MRR: Yeah, you guys *love* E.T. What's with that?

Sara: I have always been obsessed with E.T., so anything to do with E.T. in Grown-Ups is because of me.

Josiah: I think the fun lyrics are a bit of a reaction to people taking themselves too seriously. We're not trying to convert people to a political ideal or anything. We just want to have fun, knowing that we'll still have jobs forever, but at least we can keep playing shows and meeting new people and hopefully encouraging younger people that they can start a band too, even though their bands usually suck.

MRR: Ha! It's about trying, right? My first band sucked big time.

Josiah: Totally! Mine did too. Also, our band kinda sucked at the start, too. I think that's maybe the point.

MRR: What is the best part about being in a band with your partner? Does Andrew ever feel like a total third wheel or is he cool with it?

Sara: It's sweet because it's convenient, but it's also really fun. We understand each other really well and we have the same interests, so it makes it easier to write songs.

Josiah: Yeah, it's actually super easy. I'm sure for some couples it wouldn't work but we always hang out and have the same friends anyway. It makes it a better adventure. Andrew doesn't feel like a third wheel because he's kinda like our son...I guess?

Sara: I definitely think of Andrew as our son, like I gave birth to him.

Josiah: If Andrew doesn't get his act together I'm enlisting him.

MRR: In the army?

Josiah: Yeah!

MRR: Do you think he could hack it?

Josiah: I dunno. He falls asleep really easily and on our first trip to the States all he did was compare beer prices at all the convenience stores.

MRR: What's punk like in Calgary?
Josiah: There are a lot of people who are really stoked on DIY culture. There are so many venues and tons of great people really stoked on playing music. Like any city, there are some really great bands and some really terrible ones. I think some people pay less attention to trends here than in bigger cities, which can be good or bad. Like Sabertooth. They're one of my favorite bands here and they sound like Kid Dynamite. Probably not gonna get on any hip blogs with that sound, but they rule anyway.
Sara: The only truly punk band in Calgary is Chixdiggit.
Josiah: There are actually a ton of cool bands here...too hard to name them all, though. The city is also so small that people can get hurt feelings if they're forgotten.

MRR: That's a good way to escape people whining because you neglected to mention them in a punk paper. I like that.
Sara: I love the Throwaways. I think they're my favorite band in Calgary.
Josiah: Okay, we named two bands. That's like half of the musicians here anyway. The other half, if you're reading this, hey guys!

MRR: Why did you guys want to start playing music when you were young? What albums turned you into the punks you are today?
Josiah: Well, it was all Discharge and Crass for me! Just kidding. I grew up on MxPx and Blink 182 and Short Music For Short People and the Sex Pistols and all the other kinda embarrassing gateway albums that people my age liked. I won't pretend I'm too cool for that stuff now, but I'm glad I also got turned on to really cool stuff when I was a teenager. I was really excited by Vancouver hardcore when I was a teenager, and some of that spazzy white belt crap that's actually very embarrassing now. But yeah, it's kind of everything for me. All the punk from Black Flag to Neil Young.
Sara: Growing up I was obsessed with Beck and the Smashing Pumpkins. In grade nine I started going to punk shows at the Carpenters Union Hall in Calgary and would always see the Uglies, Knucklehead, Chixdiggit and stuff like that, and then I started getting into hardcore.

MRR: I love Smashing Pumpkins. One of the best dates I went on was with this hardcore singer and we watched all the Smashing Pumpkins music videos in chronological order. Billy Corgan had some serious identity crises in his time. Do you ever think that people can grow out of punk rock?
Sara: Yeah, I think so. I think people decide that it's just a stage and then they get over it and start listening to Wilco all the time.

MRR: Is that a bad thing?
Josiah: Good question. I think it depends on what "punk" means. I definitely feel like I've grown out of listening to like Hellcat Records samplers or something. But I'll always be excited by DIY music for my whole life, and music that expands culture in general. I think a lot of electronic music is very punk, while a lot of punk is very unpunk. In short, maybe someone who listens to Wilco is a lot cooler than the guy in a Distillers patch in his forties.

top: Arif Ansari
left: Stephen Harper

MRR: Agreed. I think stand-up comedy is super punk.
Sara: Yeah totally! Josiah is basically a stand-up comic.

MRR: I wanted to ask you about your fake YouTube channel because I think the idea behind it is pretty genius and everyone should know...speaking of comedy.
Josiah: Don't tell people that! The pressure is on.

MRR: Can you tell me where you got that idea?
Josiah: Yeah...I get all kinds of weird ideas from working from home. I don't remember why, but I remember one day I just got obsessed with the idea of people covering pop songs on YouTube and doing their own shitty versions, and they all had thousands and thousands of views. This was before I knew that "trolling" was a thing on the internet, but I got the idea to record the worst covers possible, slicking my hair back and not wearing a shirt. I basically look like a dude who would work at a cell phone kiosk and listen to self help books. It totally worked and there are pages and pages and pages of the meanest comments, and weirdly, some very encouraging ones. You can find the videos by searching "joshandang4eva" on YouTube.

MRR: Some of those comments are insane. Like the guy that said he wanted to put a gun in your girlfriend's vagina and pull the trigger! But like you said, the encouraging positive comments are worse. I like to think that all YouTube videos are just jokes. So, what's the dream for Grown-Ups?
Josiah: I think the dream is really to just keep what we're doing and maybe try to lose a little bit less money. We lost thousands of dollars when we toured across Canada, but now that we're able to tour the States the cities are a little bit closer together and people seem to know how to make a decent show happen in even the smallest town, so that might help maybe? But there are no major goals...since the start we've just wanted to have fun as a band.
Sara: Yeah...my goal was to tour with friends and that's exactly what we've done and are doing. I have no complaints with the level of our band. I'm also really stoked that our friend Alex is putting out our record.
Josiah: Yeah, the fact that someone else is willing to front money for one of our releases is like winning the lottery! It sucks when you can tell some punk bands are doing things only to get signed, or only to get big, and then they're all instantly forgotten because they were just tapping into a trend. All we care about is playing music together and meeting new people and going on adventures.

MRR: That is the punk attitude I like to hear. Have you guys given up your Blink 182 days?
Josiah: Well, we're probably not going to perform those covers anymore. The second time we did it, it wasn't the same. People lost their minds the first time. Also, I saw a video of Best Coast covering "Dammit" and she totally shat all over my childhood.

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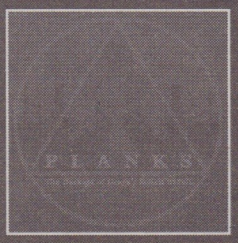
Xibalba, from Southern California, effectively fuse death metal influences like **Sepultura** and **Obituary** with more modern and 90's hardcore. The group's downtuned, heavy as fuck music is a force to reckoned with. The old world influence is only evident to the trained eye, but **Xibalba** gives nods to the hardcore bands they were raised on, and also to the culture which spawned them. The *Madre Mia Por Los Dias* CD contains not only the s/t debut album from **Xibalba** but also the material from the *Earthquake comp* CD.



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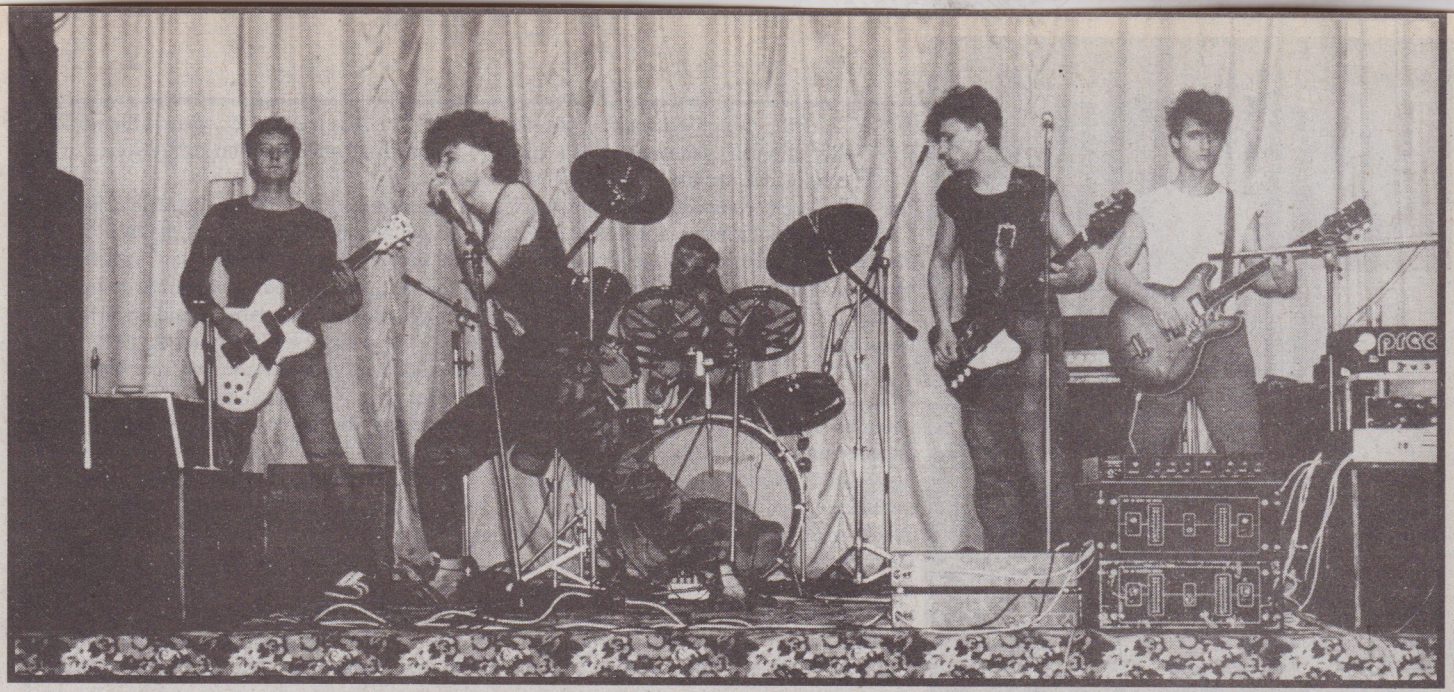


KECUP

THE SECRET HISTORY OF PUNK ROCK AND HARDCORE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA (1979 – 1989) – PART II

by Filip (SEE YOU IN HELL - orba@seznam.cz)

The Dark Times of the Early to Mid 1980s

In last month's issue I did my best to describe the government's hunt for "underground bands," and for opposition political movements. Right in these times of the late '70s, the very first punk rock bands in Czechoslovakia started to emerge. Truth be told, at first they were not seen as truly dangerous, as the secret cops were on hunt for "long-hairs" (hippies), and the very first Czechoslovak punks had short hair. Also, the punk rock fashion in the early years was not so extreme here as, for example, in England. The very first punk rock bands were usually able to perform more or less legally (although mostly in Prague due to more possibilities and the more "liberal vibe" of a big city). But this started to change for the worse in 1981, when the "cultural inspectors" issued a list of rock bands that were banned from any public performance. The final push came in 1983, when the newspaper of the Czechoslovak Communist Party published an article called "New Wave with an Old Content" describing the rock music (and punk rock especially—no wonder!) as "A disgusting music with vulgar lyrics promoting ideas which our society and young generation must condemn!" After this unscrupulous attack against rock music in general it was almost impossible to play legally at all. There were few exceptions of state-approved "official rock bands," who were able to play concerts and release records, but even those were under very strict control. Needless to say, these bands played completely castrated music devoid of any social relevance or deeper thoughts.

But luckily an interesting thing happened: while the punk rock bands of the very first generation were either banned or already split up, their influence gave birth to a whole new generation of punk rock bands. And this time they did not come only from Prague, but from all over the country. As the years passed, more people got access to smuggled-in Western punk rock records, and also the technology of tape recording spread so in some parts of the country close to the borders you could, if you were lucky, listen to foreign radio station broadcasts. West German or Polish radio stations sometimes played punk rock songs as a part of their pop music program.

There was slight improvement also concerning gigs. When it was not possible to perform legally, the punks (and rockers) did their best to play "unofficial gigs," like wedding celebrations or birthday parties, and in Prague they sometimes even organized "private parties with live music" on a steamboat on the river! These gigs were quite often disrupted by the police, but the repression was usually not so brutal anymore like back in the '70s.

The most important bands of this early to mid '80s period were F.P.B., KECUP, A 64, VISACI ZAMEK, ZASTAVKA MILEC, PLEXIS, and from the Slovakian part of the country, EX-TIP and ZONA A.

F.P.B. (1980-1987)

This band coming from Teplice, north of Prague, was sometimes also called FOURTH PRICE BAND or CTVRTA CENOVA SKUPINA in Czech. They took influence from a wide range of bands including EXTEMPORE, THE DAMNED, DEVO, PERE UBU, THE RESIDENTS, EBBA GRÖN, THE CLASH, or KILLING JOKE (they also covered all of these bands). Thanks to this, they managed to find an original approach to punk rock, playing hard-hitting melodic punk music and singing very poetic lyrics, which are cited as the best Czech punk lyrics even today. Often they dealt with issues such as bureaucracy, hypocrisy or conformity.

The band started when their leader bass-player/singer Miroslav Wanek was incarcerated in a psychiatric hospital. He wanted to avoid the compulsory two years military service and this was the only way to do it. Soon after their start they were banned in their home city and had to escape to Prague, where they managed to perform quite often, as they obtained fake documents allowing them to play semi-legally and especially thanks to the hard work of their manager (after 1989 it was found out that he was a secret police agent). They even played once abroad in 1986, when they performed at the big Jarocin rock fest in Poland, in front of 8,000 people.

Shortly after this gig, two original members left the band for UZ JSME DOMA (who started the same year and play to this day—I think that they even toured Japan at least once!) and were replaced by two young punx. In this period, F.P.B.'s style changed to a more raw and chaotic out of tune punk madness with screaming vocals. They also played a few secret gigs in Eastern Germany in church! (Churches were the only place where punk rock bands in the Communist Eastern Germany were able to perform). The guitar player was sentenced in 1987 for burglary (he robbed a jeweler) and in the same year the band split up. Some members started SANOV I soon after (more about them later).

F.P.B. was also one of the very few Czechoslovak punk bands that appeared on vinyl before 1989. They had one short track under the name CTVRTA CENOVA on the *1984 the Third* double LP compilation released in 1987 on a French label called New Wave Records.

In 1991, the original line-up from the early '80s reunited for a while

and recorded the *Kdo z koho, ten toho* (*Victory Tall Over All*) LP with 17 old songs recorded for the first time in a real studio. The vinyl version of the LP was released along with an enclosed live EP with two cover songs from THE RESIDENTS and KILLING JOKE (but with original Czech lyrics) recorded back in the '80s. F.P.B. played a couple of gigs, but then split up again in 1993 to fully focus on UZ JSME DOMA.

In 2008, Czech label Malarie Records released a triple-CD discography with a huge book called *Kniha prani a stiznosti* (*Wishes and Complaints Book*). Fifty-eight songs altogether! The first two discs document the 1980-1985 period of the band with good live recordings from their gigs. The third disc contains the 1991 LP. You can find an extensive biography of F.P.B. and all their lyrics in the book, everything translated into English as well. You should definitely try to track down this CD discography as the label and band did an excellent job (www.malarie.eu). To support this mammoth release the band reformed again in 2008-2009 and played a couple of gigs.

F.P.B. remain one of the most classic of the old Czechoslovak punk rock bands still influencing a good number of current punk bands in the Czech Republic!

KECUP (1981-1983) and A 64 (1983-1984)

Both of these bands played high-energy punk rock. They came from Prague, shared some members and played only a dozen or so shows. KECUP (*Tomato Sauce*) had half their own original songs and half cover songs by bands like UK SUBS, EXPLOITED, SHAM 69 and THE REZILLOS. They've never released anything, but some live recordings exist.

A 64 (named after a hand cream) took up where KECUP left off—they were actually faster (sometimes they are even described as hardcore) and rawer. Their most famous song was a cover of the PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES song "Banned from the Pubs" with original Czech lyrics. This song was later included on the *Czech! Till Now You Were Alone!* compilation LP released in Italy and also on the international *World Class Punk* compilation tape. This tape compiled by *Maximum RocknRoll* magazine columnist Mykel Board for the NYC label Roir included 27 bands from 25 countries, such as DEZERTER, B.G.K., BASTARDS, C.C.M., ZYKLOME A, and RATOS DE PORAO. Released in 1984, the *World Class Punk* compilation was definitely a big step letting the rest of the world know that punk rock does exist in the Communist Czechoslovakia.

A 64 split up in 1984 and most of the members later immigrated to the West. Some live shows recordings exist, but have never been released officially.

VISACI ZAMEK (1982-present)

This band's name translates as "Padlock," and they were probably the most popular punk rock band in Czechoslovakia in the '80s. Started by a bunch of university students living on the same student's campus in Prague's Strahov-quarter, they played their very first gig back in 1982 at student's 007 Club (this place is still going strong even 25 years later!). Their musical influences were obvious, coming from the very few punk bands people knew over here back then, such as THE DAMNED, MOTÖRHEAD, THE CLASH and THE EXPLOITED, but they played it in their own rather original style. VISACI ZAMEK blasted mostly short, loud, and distorted basic punk songs, but they also had longer reggae-influenced songs. They had quite sarcastic lyrics armed with black humor, which described our shitty grey reality quite well. During their existence, they were forced to play in several different line-ups because of mandatory army service, which was the biggest issue in their activity. Other than that, they were lucky enough to get official papers, so they played mostly legally.

This band is especially important, because they managed to release the only official punk rock record in Czechoslovakia. In 1988, just one year before the Communist regime finally collapsed, VISACI ZAMEK got permission from the state-owned record label called Supraphon to record a two song EP. Of course, the band had to undergo a painful censorship process during which the censors forced them to release the record under the reduced two letter name "V.Z." Also, all the songs that the band originally wanted to record were banned, because of offensive lyrics. In the end, the song "Hymna sibenicnich bratri" ("The Anthem of Hanging Brothers") with lyrics written by an old Danish poet Christian Morgernstern was allowed along with one more song with original, but not so provoking lyrics. So in the end of 1988 the very first (and last!) official punk rock vinyl in Czechoslovakia was finally released in an edition of a few thousand copies. This record still sounds great, even 22 years later. But the cover artwork is quite bad as the EP comes with a "standardized cover," as it was released as a part of the edition of about 10-20 other EPs supporting young rock talents.

Other than that, VISACI ZAMEK released a couple of illegal live tapes in the '80s. After 1989 they were one of the first punk rock bands to release a full LP and more records followed, later also on the E.M.I. label subsidiary. I would say that their first two LPs from the 1990-1991 period (called *Visaci Zamek* and *Start*) are great to listen to, as they contain mostly '80s songs re-recorded for the first time in a real studio while they still maintain a bit of the rawness and sharp edge. The later stuff is not interesting at all in my opinion, as Luk Haas wrote in his *Discography of Eastern European Punk Music* book: "The aging punks become boring rockers."

ZASTAVKA MILEC (1983-1984)

Prague was not the only town with a fresh and active punk scene. The city of Plzen (Pilsen, known worldwide for their unique Pilsner beer) had one as well, which started after the local teenagers saw THE SEX PISTOLS on a German TV program back in the late 70s (in this Czech region, neighboring West Germany, it was possible to catch the German TV signal, normally heavily disrupted by the regime's jammers). ZASTAVKA MILEC ("Milec Village Train Stop") started in 1983 and played simple but tight punk rock, a bit similar to THE RAMONES or THE CLASH. In 1984, they recorded a pretty good studio tape that was spread all around the country. This trio split up the same year, after problems with the authorities and because of required military service. They managed to play only three or four gigs. Most of the members later started another punk rock band called ZNOUZECTNOST (more about them later).

VISACI ZAMEK

PLEXIS (1984-1986, reformed in 1988)

A classical crazy punk-as-fuck band from Prague, who later sadly turned into boring GUNS'N'ROSES/THE CULT copycats. The first period of the band was filled with police harassment and interrogations, but also with an urgent punk lifestyle for the band's members. PLEXIS had around 50 songs, mostly no longer than about a minute, played at a blazing speed. Petr "Sid" Hosek played guitar and sang, and soon he became one of the leading and most famous figures of the Czechoslovak punk rock. After no more than 15 gigs, the band was completely banned by the secret police, who accused them of promoting alcoholism and fascism and drawing "criminal elements" to their shows.

When PLEXIS reformed in autumn 1988 (in the meantime, some of their members had been playing in VISACI ZAMEK) they also changed their style completely, causing many jaw-drops at their first shows, as people expected them to sound more punk, like they had before. After 1989 they recorded a couple of hard rock sounding records and took part in some compilation LPs (their only decent sounding songs from this period are on the compilation *Epidemie* LP released in 1990). Later they split up due to drug problems. In 2000 they reformed again.

The old mid '80s PLEXIS had a few songs released on compilation tapes, and there are some raw live recordings, but they remain unreleased.

EX-TIP (1981-1984, reformed in 1988) and ZONA A (1984-present)

Bratislava is the capital city of Slovakia (and was even before 1993, when Slovakia was still a part of Czechoslovakia). It was the main and almost only part of Slovakia where punk rock was played before 1989, as the government repression in Slovakia was even worse than in the Czech part.

Punk rock bands from Bratislava were known for sticking to the traditional '77 style punk rock formula. These bands also did their best to obtain permission to perform legally, usually at some kind of "young music talent contest" gigs, as Slovakia had nothing like the underground network of illegal gigs that the Czech region had back then. Still, they were under permanent control of the secret police and after 1989 it came out that some of the members were secret police spies. In September 1987, when the ZONA A singer tried to organize an illegal gig on a college campus in Bratislava, the event was broken up by cops, who arrested more than 30 punks, beat them up at the station, and cut off their mohawks.

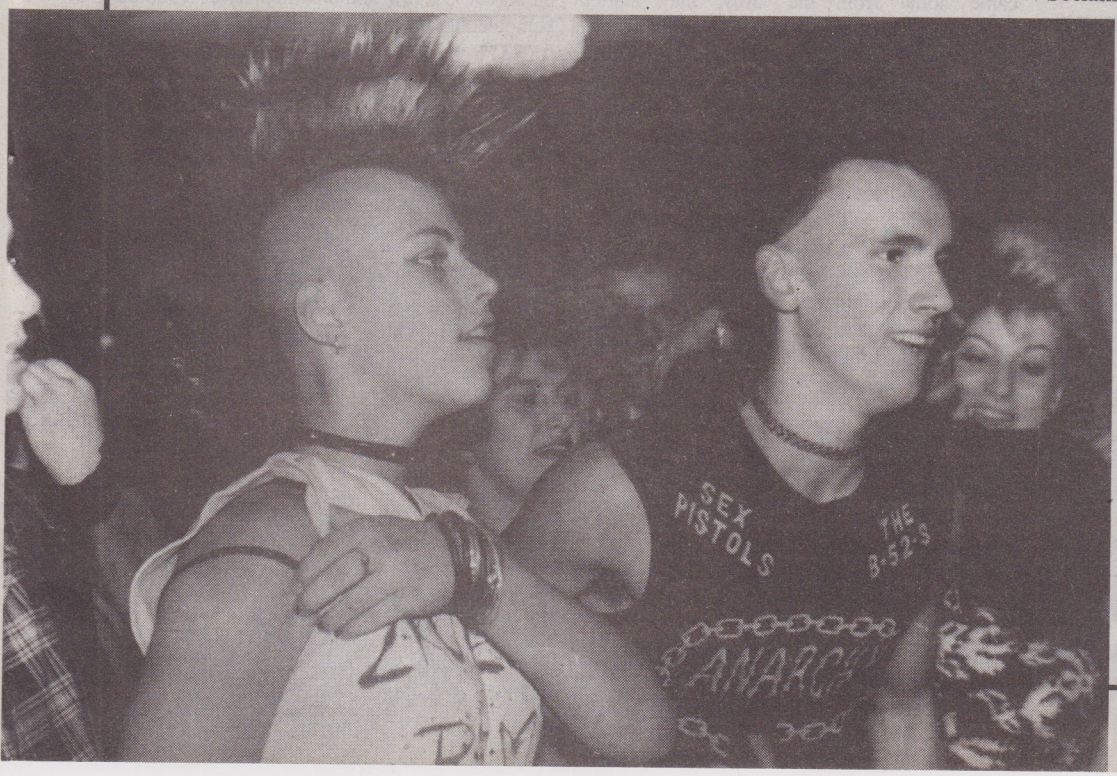
EX-TIP was the very first Slovak punk rock band, heavily influenced by THE RAMONES and MOTÖRHEAD, later by THE EXPLOITED as well. In their first period they performed in Bratislava mostly and some of their members played in a pre-ZONA A band called PARADOX. In 1984 when EX-TIP split up, they put ZONA A together and this band quickly retained the position of one of the best punk rock bands in Czechoslovakia. They played really catchy and melodic punk with crazy vocals and influences from early UK punk bands such as THE ADICTS, SEX PISTOLS, and ADVERTS. They recorded four unofficial studio tapes in the '80s, all of them sounding great, and even managed to appear on TV in the late '80s on some rock music program for young people. After 1989 they released a debut LP called *Potopa* (*The Flood*) with mostly old songs re-recorded. Later they released two EPs on a German punk rock label Incognito and appeared on some skinhead/oi! compilations around the world. They are still active and keep releasing CDs until today, in almost the same style.

SANOVI>

There were a few more punk rock bands in Bratislava playing a similar style before 1989, such as LORD ALEX, MLADE ROZLETY (more DEAD KENNEDYS-influenced), PROBLEM 5, and KRACH.

Rockfests and the Last Years of Czechoslovak Socialist Republic

After 1985 it was obvious that rock music was here to stay and that it was impossible to ban it completely, despite various government efforts. So the official cultural institutions employed a new strategy allowing the Union of Socialist Youth (state-approved organization for young people) to hold a big rock festival similar to Jarocin Rock Fest in Poland, where the young rock bands were allowed to perform. But obviously not all of them, as some bands were still banned and obviously the repression against illegal gigs still went on. The "Rockfest" (as the event was called) was mostly a propaganda tool to show that "we support young people and their music too." The main event of the festival took place once a year in Prague in the big "Palace of Culture," where the annual meetings of the ruling Czechoslovak Communist party usually occurred as well. There were also "local Rockfests," which



<Czech late '80s punks

Cover of Punk Maglajz-the very first Czechoslovak punk zine

were organized all over the country.

Some punk rock bands were allowed to perform at the Prague's big Rockfest in 1986 and 1987—only a few of them at first (F.P.B., VISACI ZAMEK, etc.). In 1988 there was a very special punk rock scene called "Hard Core," which was arranged as part of the main Rockfest with about 1,000 people in the audience going wild.

In the late "80s the first articles dedicated to punk rock were published in the official music press, and also the very first illegal fanzines appeared. Also, more and more punk and hardcore bands started to play, most of them coming outside Prague. It is not possible to list all of them; I will mention only the most interesting ones from this time period.

HRDINOVE NOVE FRONTY (1985 - 1988)\

Heroes of the New Front came from the city of Jihlava (about 100 km southeast of Prague) and unlike the majority of Czechoslovak bands they were not influenced by '77 punk rock. They took most of their influence from DEAD KENNEDYS and DISCHARGE (but also from KILLING JOKE and some gothic and industrial bands). They played crushing, raw punk filled with distorted guitar solos and hopeless screams. Some songs were performed at a blazing speed, some other were slow, dark, and hypnotic. Most of the lyrics dealt with the horrors of war and the general hopelessness of living in modern society.

The band members were pretty active in the gig, fanzine, and recording fronts: they organized several illegal shows in villages around their city, published the very first Czechoslovak punk rock fanzine over here, called *Punk Maglajz* (*Punk Brawl*) and recorded and unofficially self-released four studio tapes. The most known one, called *Valka* (*The War*), received a great response. From 1987-1988 they were quite often called the best Czech punk band. In 1988, they recorded their last tape called *Dum na demolici* (*House For Demolition*), which is definitely their fastest one, musically bordering on hardcore. The same year they split up and started to play gothic rock under new name XIII. STOLETI (The 13th Century).

In 1991 their *Valecny uzemi* (*The War Zone*) LP was released, consisting of recordings from the '80s tapes. In 2009 a H.N.F. double-CD discography with almost all the songs from their '80s tapes was released on an EMI subsidiary. The band has never reformed.

ZNOUZECTNOST (1986 - present)

When the members of ZASTAVKA MILEC came home from the army, they started ZNOUZECTNOST, a band in a similar style. Drawing influences from THE CLASH, 50s rocknroll, and even from folk music, they created simple and "listenable" punk rock with poetic lyrics. In 1987, the drummer committed suicide after an unsuccessful attempt to "legalize" the band and the problems with the secret police. ZNOUZECTNOST released three studio tapes on their own illegal label before 1989, and after that, the band became more popular and started to release records. They still play and sound quite similar to how they sounded back then.

SANOV I (1987-present)

After F.P.B.'s demise, their manager started working with a new young band called SANOV I (named after the quarter of Teplice). SANOV played great catchy punk rock in a pretty urgent and raw style influenced a little by DEAD KENNEDYS and by the '80s Polish punk bands like ARMIA and DEZERTER. They were also one of the most radical punk bands in this country back then, with lyrics openly speaking out against Russian troops based in Czechoslovakia and against the secret police. No wonder that they had to play mostly at illegal gigs.

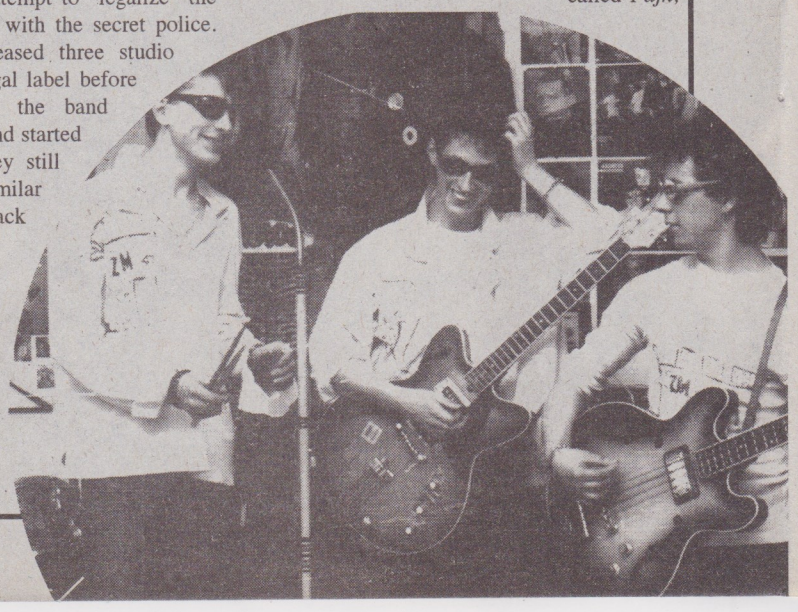
They had a few live tapes floating around, and after 1989 they released the great *Konec sveta* (*The End of the World*) LP, with mostly old songs re-recorded. The record starts with an original recording of a barkeeper shouting at punks to leave his pub, where they want to hold a gig officially camouflaged as a wedding celebration. SANOV I still play and they are still listenable in 2010, to say at least. A new version of their 1990 debut LP *Konec sveta* is supposed to be released on vinyl again in 2011 by Papagajuv Hlasatel Records.

DO RADY! (1987 - present)

Another band from Teplice, formed in 1987 from the ashes of the band V3S. They played hard-hitting distorted punk influenced by bands like ANTI PASTI and ABRASIVE WHEELS. Like F.P.B. and V3S before them, DO RADY! also managed to unofficially sneak their way to the Polish Jarocin fest in 1988 and they even got the opportunity to record in a professional studio in Poland. The drummer was absent, so they had to use the drum machine, but the recordings (three songs only) sound surprisingly good and pretty brutal. They used it on several compilation LPs after 1989. This band also still plays occasionally.

ZEMEZLUC (1987 - present)

ZEMEZLUC came out of Brno and played the typical straightforward three chord pogo punk, but in a raw and distorted style. It should be noted that the guitar player of KRABATHOR (quite famous Czech death metal band in the 90s who even toured Japan once!) also played there back then. In 1989 they did their first studio/live demo and in 1990 self-released a great full LP called *Fajn,*



ZASTAVKA MILEC

bezva, prima (*Okay, Cool, Nice*), which was one of the very first DIY records released in Czechoslovakia.

ZEMEZLUC is still active, with around twenty records and a few UK tours behind them. They now share the same practice room with my band SEE YOU IN HELL!

NOVODUR (1984-1986) and TELEX (1988-1990)

Both bands came from the South Czech region, sharing most of their members. Both originally started as "typical Czech village bands," playing mostly cover songs of foreign bands, usually in village halls of their region. NOVODUR and later TELEX were quite different, though, since they did not cover DEEP PURPLE, URIAH HEEP or QUEEN like most of the other bands of their genre, but they did covers of punk rock and hardcore bands only (with original Czech lyrics!), and also had their own songs in the same style. They covered mostly songs by "big" UK punk rock bands like THE EXPLOITED, ABRASIVE WHEELS, G.B.H., THE CLASH, and THE PARTISANS, but also more obscure bands such as THE PLASMATICS (USA), OLHO SECO (Brazil) and ARMIA (Poland), which almost nobody knew over here back then!

While NOVODUR's original songs were more or less still in the punk rock/new wave style, TELEX later played much faster and more aggressive punk with pretty rough vocals. In 1989, they recorded a great demo, officially released in 1990 (sadly on tape only). After 1989 they appeared on some compilation LPs with their '80s songs re-recorded. Later they split up and some of the members founded a pretty good thrash/crossover band called L. D. TOTENKOPF. TELEX did a couple of occasional reunion shows in the 1990s and 2000s.

SMRT MLADEHO SEBEVRAHA (1987-1989)

This was really an obscure band since they played only a few local illegal gigs back then. But I have to mention them since they recorded a killer studio tape in 1988. They played sharp and tight punk rock similar to old Italian bands like PEGGIO PUNX or 5° BRACCIO (but I am almost sure they had never heard them!). After 1989 the demo was officially released on tape, but never on vinyl. The band's name translates as "The Death of a Young Suicidal Man."

VZOR 60 (1988 - 1989)

Another more or less obscure band, this time named after the infamous machine-gun brand! Coming from Brno, they are known mostly due to their great 1989 studio tape called *Zbesily sen/Nasili plodi nasili* (*The Crazy Dream/Violence Breeds the Violence*). They played wild pogo-punk with crazy vocals! Quite an interesting curiosity—at one of their gigs in 1989, Goran Lind, singer from the Swedish '80s raw punk band S.O.D., joined them on vocals! VZOR 60 split up after two band members immigrated to the West. The band tried to reunite in the 2000s, but did not, due to personal differences. There was some talk about their demo re-release on vinyl, but nothing came out of it so far.

More Czechoslovak punk rock bands can be mentioned from the period before 1989 such as TRI SESTRY, NATEROVA HMOTA, E!E, DIVIZE T, OI OI HUBERT MACHANE, TRETI DOBA, SUCHY MOZKY, MRTVY MIMINKA, S.P.S., MODRY TANKY, FRANTA MAST, FABRIKA, IQ60, STREDNE RYCHLE SIPY, MASOMLEJN, BRATROVA SVATBA, BURINKY II, AK PLECH, KUDY KAM, N.V.U., and CH.V.M.

In November 1989, the old Czechoslovak totalitarian regime collapsed...

Next time: The Birth of Hardcore in Czechoslovakia and hardcore/punk records after 1989!

<Czech late '80s punks

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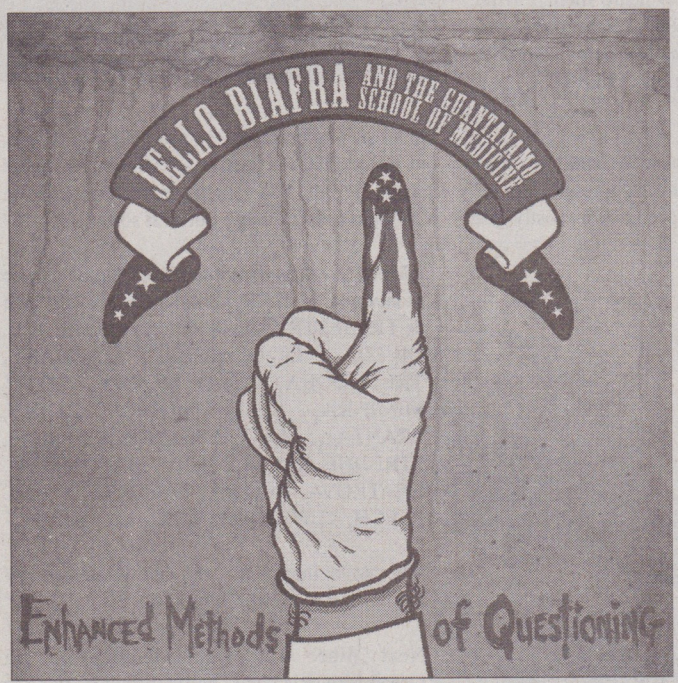

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BOOKS

Re:Imagining Change:
How To Use Story-Based Strategy To Win Campaigns, Build Movements, and Change the World
Patrick Reinsborough & Doyle Canning
144 pgs • $16.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

I like a good story. I remember it days later. Probably end up repeating it several times. And, if it's really good, I even forget if I was part of the story in the first place and slowly place myself within the cast of characters. Apparently, I'm not the only one. It's what advertisers get millions of dollars for when they create cute and cuddly narratives to get you to buy their products and what PR campaigns struggle over when they try to "green" a multi-million dollar gasoline company after a gigantic oil spill. They hope you believe their story and tell your friends.

In *Re:Imagining Change: How To Use Story-Based Strategy To Win Campaigns, Build Movements, And Change The World,* the authors have created a workbook to give activists a leg up in developing movements by tapping stories that inspire, gather interest, and "amplify the impact of grassroots organizing." The book was written by two organizers connected to the SmartMEME collective, which is a project that provides training to anyone interested in connecting social change, imagination and narrative. As just a small piece of their bigger plan for social change, *Re:Imagining Change* offers a compilation of practical information that can be used to plan advocacy strategies by any group or organization, no matter how big or small. The writing is pretty accessible and well organized, which makes it easy to grab what you think will help you the most and quickly put it into practice. The book is on the shorter end, but it also serves as a starting point for further reading about power structures, communication and oppression with their super long list of recommended books and websites.

The SmartMEME collective has a history of collaborating with grassroots organizations in order to strengthen their overall advocacy approaches. They recently partnered with S.C.O.P.E. (Strategic Concepts in Organizing & Policy Education) and the California Alliance to develop a cohesive progressive campaign supported by a clear public policy agenda to address budget cuts in California. They are also currently working with A.C.E. (Alternatives for Community & Environment) on their "Youth Way on the MBTA" campaign, which has developed a plan for affordable access to public transportation for youth in Boston that includes the introduction of a YouthPass.

Throughout *Re:Imagining Change*, the authors push you to think about the terms and concepts they introduce in a useful way by offering options on how to incorporate your movement or advocacy campaign into the analysis. They even give you page space to scribble notes and work out plans of action. The book basically works as an organizing manual that incorporates SmartMEME's past campaign experience and strategy methods for further use in your movement.

According to their mission statement, the SmartMEME collective believes that "story is a powerful tool that can reach across issues, connect generations, and bridge fault lines of race, gender, and class." When you think of that last sentence in the context of grassroots organizing, community building and social movements, it becomes obvious how this tool can be transformative.

The idea of narrative "framing" is already a pretty big deal in politics. The powers that be are aware of the impact that a story—or even just a word—can have on the voting public. Phrases like "death panel" in the healthcare debate and "illegal" in the context of immigration come to mind as examples. By using a word that is packed with meaning, they can color how people absorb information. *Re:Imagining Change* offers a brief background into why and how words have been used to support power structures, along with tips on how to combat dominant narratives that have the tendency to stifle and oppress. The authors also point out that narrative-based strategies can be used to attract interest and support for a cause or campaign.

Re:Imagining Change falls in line with the work of other artists and writers who argue for the inclusion of art and narrative into activism, not as peripheral entertainment, but as part of the foundation of a movement. Imagination expands peoples' ideas of what is possible so that movements can develop outside of mainstream frameworks. Films, novels, commercials, religions, government policies, department stores, your parents—all reiterate the same messages about race, gender, class and sexuality until it becomes almost impossible to see a different course for the future.

It is part of the foundation of progressive movements to tell the stories and experiences that are not heard so loud and clear, while also strategically confronting those narratives that seem the most overpowering. If the task seems too daunting, *Re:Imagining Change* offers a handful of case studies where story-based strategies worked to strengthen the push of the movement or campaign.

The more stories, the more options seem possible for how to live our lives and build community.

Re:Imagining Change provides a starting point for how to begin the process.

—Angeliki Kastanis

Oppose and Propose!
Lessons from Movement for a New Society
Andrew Cornell,
186 pages. • $12.00
AK Press
www.akpress.org

After militant street demonstrations against the WTO in Seattle in 1999 many young activists began to search for a history of radicalism they were only vaguely aware of. Previously obscure books like George Katsiaficas' *The Subversion of Politics* became popular in some activist circles because, in part, they helped explain the development of the Black Bloc tactic within Germany's Autonome movement of the 1980s. *Oppose and Propose!* is part of the same activist research context and impulse and helps to shed light on radical organizing in the U.S. in the '80s, with the intent to use movement analysis to contribute to current radical efforts. It's a deeply valuable addition to U.S. radical historiography and potentially a powerful tool for organizers, if they choose to engage its insights in their work.

This "co-research" effort is an investigation of the Movement for a New Society (MNS), a group that emerged from the efforts of veteran activists in 1971 and lasted through 1988, never exceeding 300 members.

The book is divided into four short separate sections that include history, participant reflections and interviews, reprints of two MNS documents, and a conclusion aiming to spell out lessons for activists today. More than a study of one group, Cornell's purpose is also to interrogate the concept of "prefigurative politics"—the notion that revolutionary work today must build the "new society" in its struggles for a better world tomorrow—by focusing on the group most responsible for developing this kind of political practice in the '80s through its internal politics, development of alternative institutions and organizing initiatives. Since challenging "prefigurative politics" is often taken as heresy within anarchist circles (if the specific concept and language actually carries as much weight elsewhere is less clear), this discussion is well timed and strategically useful in opening space to think through limitations.

MNS groups emerged in various parts of the U.S. but the organization was most grounded in Pennsylvania, where members established a significant radical infrastructure some of which still exists today in West Philadelphia. (For example, the nationally known A-Space is part of its legacy). Though not explicitly anarchist, MNS was dedicated to consensus process and developing accountable, democratic forms of decision-making. The group was an important proponent of the ideology of non-violence that dominated much of the discourse of the '80s left. Their use of consensus processes are structural for many current radical efforts, and they are responsible for the "spokescouncil model" often used in mass mobilizations. MNS participants went on to form groups like Training for Change and to play leading roles in various contemporary social justice efforts, including the Seattle resistance in '99.

As MNS developed over nearly two decades its energies shifted, and the group became splintered. Some focused more on building alternative institutions, while others devoted significant energy to larger struggles of the day, such as Central American solidarity efforts. Increased attention to alternative institutions and decreased attention toward tangible movement building as an organization was part of a larger turn inward, to internal and lifestyle politics and away from ongoing structural analysis and outward-reaching struggle. MNS' constituency was white and largely middle class, and its increasingly intra-organizational and lifestyle focuses, and decreasing involvement in organizing and other struggles, helped cement the group's introversion and marginalization.

MNS organizers share important and relevant insights throughout the volume. For example, George Lakey's argument that "nonviolent revolutionaries welcome conflict" and see "polarization as absolutely essential" in creating non-violent confrontations provides a welcome challenge to the "lets all be friends" liberal politics of many on the left. MNS's "macroanalysis seminars," which focused on developing group understandings of the intersecting forms of oppression in the '70s and '80s were refreshing to learn about, especially today when serious political analysis and collective understanding are often not a priority for activists. These waned over time as members began to reject developing a "party line" and drifted into a sort of anti-intellectualism. Robert Irwin's point here that "rejecting…an ever-clearer, more advanced message to our fellow human beings, we began losing our claim on their attention," is strong. Nancy Brigham's point that utilizing a "bread labor model" allowed people to devote less time to work and more time to political activity and thus challenged the control of funders over the group is fruitful in thinking about alternatives to foundations in funding organizing today. MNS's practice of forming "support committees" to assist each other in the day-to-day, as discussed by Lynne Shivers, helps flesh out how organizing can better daily life, and dovetails importantly with current discussions of the need for deepening and popularizing cultures of "care" in movement work.

This last point is potentially a place for fruitful exploration since current discourses of "care" and support work in movements often circulate as if movement people haven't developed them in the past. Along with this is an important, but oft-forgotten point in such conversations: care and support practices are the daily reality for millions of non-activist-identified people, and they function as part of survival in the mainstream. In thinking through the limitations of prefigurative activist organizing, remembering this may bring helpful challenges.

Cornell writes powerfully about the limits of countercultural activist organizing today, which has been part of MNS's legacy, even if unintentionally. Along with MNS members, he challenges simplistic uses of consensus process as inherently helpful. He usefully points to the importance of MNS' practice of "shared leadership"—that is acknowledging and delegating power (even hierarchically), as opposed to leaving it hidden, horded and unaccountable. Cornell argues that developing alternative institutions and practices is simply not enough for building revolutionary struggles – these practices must be joined with consciously anti-oppressive organizing efforts that reach outward, build alliances and help construct *movements*. Indeed, as both Cornell and MNS members point out, part of the introverted focus of the group came out of a sense that it was easier to change oneself than develop long-term campaigns. This is an insight that many of us could use to remember more often.

A major strength of the volume is its commitment to discussing race, power, and racial justice in context of MNS. Cornell, who himself first became involved in radical politics through punk argues that, "[O]ur rebel countercultures are nearly always linked to our structural positions, and those distinctions are usually much easier for people in other structural positions to see than the fact that we are participant in a resistant counterculture." MNS member Betsy Raasch-Gilman makes an important observation that MNS was unable to "expand its cultural boundaries" beyond its position as a "white counterculture to a white culture," and that this played a decisive role in the group's decision to disband in 1988. Cornell's point in this context is instructive: "The MNS experience suggests that the more white radicals focus on prefigurative lifestyles and counterinstitutions *without organizing*, the more likely it is that they will remain in predominantly white, rather than multiracial, political formations."

There are some other important lessons not adequately explored or discussed in this volume, at least partially because it lacks a chapter focused on MNS's relations within the broader '80s left. An obsession with a politics based in developing "consciousness" pervades the book, which has its own limitations. How do we conceive of social justice struggle beyond intentionally activist organizations, and what challenges do such struggles bring to the activist cultures that MNS contributed to, which exist as part of its legacy today? How do we handle the everyday resistances that circulate throughout society in thinking through "movement building" and activist groups'? Additionally, Cornell points out that MNS played an important role in creating activists cultures that demanded people "work on their shit." This was a major development in anti-oppression practice, which has had an important impact on today's activist cultures. More insight into how this played out within MNS would have been helpful and instructive for thinking through the difficulties and weaknesses that sometimes appear in contemporary anti-oppression practice today.

Cornell and MNS participants' points about the limits of counterculture are indispensable, and counter-culturally oriented radicals—including many punks—will find this helpful to read. Countercultures, including "prefigurative" ones, can mirror the same dynamics they rebel against, even if unintentionally and even if developing intentional "alternative institutions." Drawing inward, decreasing organizing efforts, concretizes this. An introverted and self-referential orientation, one that doesn't continually engage a diversity of communities and involve itself in tangible struggles, can significantly limit a group's ability to positively bring social change. Without challenging activist tendencies of focusing energies inward and developing exclusionary cultures, particularly by white and middle class activists, we do little to build movements that will help us defeat the white-supremacist, patriarchal capitalism that harms us all.

—Craig Hughes

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

STRANGER THAN PARADISE

New York in the '70s and '80s. We've heard the stories. It was a crime ravaged rat hole. The city was broke. Allegedly no one wanted to live there. So rent was cheap and a person could get by on almost nothing. It was among this rubble that punk rock bred. Inspired by Jean-Luc Godard and Andy Warhol amateur filmmakers took Super 8 and 16-mm cameras to the streets making films starring their friends. The films were rough and gritty and fortunately some of these friends went on to become well-known musicians, artists and actors.

Blank City tells the story of this New York underground film scene of the '70s and '80s, taking as a starting point Ivan Kral and Amos Poe's Blank Generation. **Blank Generation** is a soundless film documenting some of the bands playing at CBGBs at the time: Television, Blondie, Ramones, Talking Heads and others. Later Kral and Poe recorded the bands playing live to have a soundtrack to go with the film since none of them had records out at the time.

Once others saw **Blank Generation** they began picking up cameras and making films. It was a time of experimentation. People did what they didn't know. Musicians doing art. Artists making music. People with no experience and no money making films. There are stories shared of borrowing cameras, stealing film and robbing to get money to develop the film. These are some of the more interesting stories in the film. They are told with a nonchalant attitude because that's what they had to do so they did it. The show must go on.

Of course, the good times never last forever. People outside the group begin to discover the scene. With success comes money. John Lurie humorously (and probably truthfully) blames Jean-Michel Basquiat for changing the scene and making it about success and money. Lurie relates that once Basquiat got some, he felt that if others didn't they were worth hanging out with. This attitude starts to pervade things as people try to make it. Some do and the movement shifts directions as it goes into in the '80s.

While the '70s filmmakers were originally less self-conscious, the '80s ones wore their attitudes on their sleeves. They turned toward more harsh subjects and away from the mainstream. Nick Zedd coined the term Cinema of Transgression to announce the current batch of filmmakers. However, some of the other filmmakers quickly grew tired of being part of Zedd's movement or at least that's how they tell it in Blank City.

The lasting effect of these films is that they captured New York at a particularly time. You get to see the burned out buildings and the vacant lots. Likewise, the most interesting part of **Blank City** is the film clips. The clips are interspersed with the usual present day talking head interviews. **Blank City** gets an interview with every one you would expect and want plus more, but after endless validation of the importance of the time it gets to be a bit too much. No matter how strongly you feel about the subject the constant barrage begins to bore.

In hindsight everything sounds perfect. Perhaps too perfect. While there are occasional mentions of drugs, AIDS and death, one of the more annoying aspects of **Blank City** is the rosy eyed view that everything that was happening was really fantastic and important. I am sure it was fun and looking back on it you can't help but revel it in. I hope at the very least **Blank City** inspires others to get cameras and start making films. Equipment is smaller and easier to come by these days. There is no reason people can't take to the streets and make a film. Get to work. (www.blankcityfilm.com/)

Fortunately a lot of the films shown in **Blank City** are available on DVD or on the web. Inspired I picked up **Downtown 81**. **Downtown 81** stars Basquiat as himself. As the film starts Basquiat is released from a hospital. When he returns to his apartment he finds himself evicted for not paying rent. He tricks his landlord into letting him back into the apartment. While there Basquiat grabs a painting that he knows he can sell. Back on the street, he meets a model who wants to take care of him forever.

The remaining story of **Downtown 81** consists of Basquiat traveling around New York trying to find the model, trying to sell his painting, spray painting graffiti and stopping by various clubs. There are musical performances by DNA, The Plastics, Tuxedomoon and others. Like all the films of **Blank City**, **Downtown 81** captures a very specific time and place. It may not be a documentary per se, but it comes across as one.

Although **Downtown 81** was shot in 1980 and 1981 problems with post-production caused the film to be lost until 1999. It was finally released in 2000. (www.downtown81.com/)

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I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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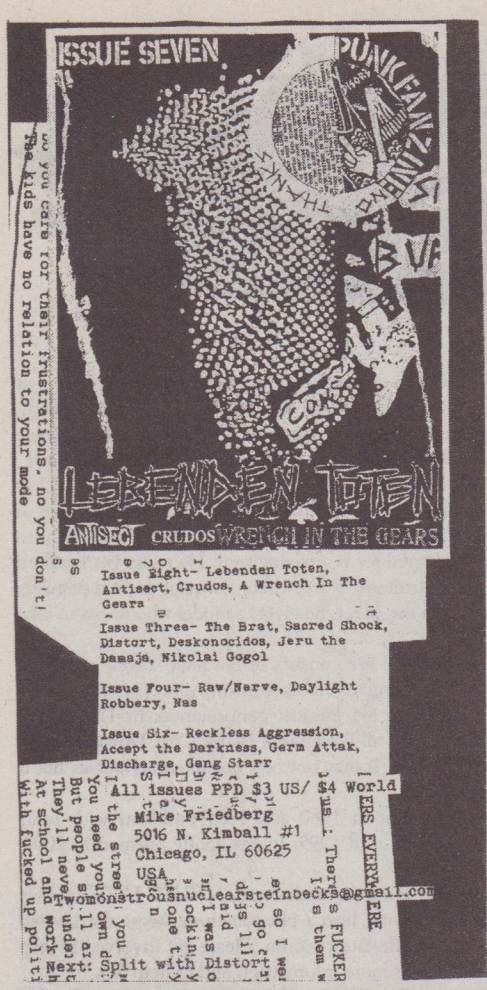

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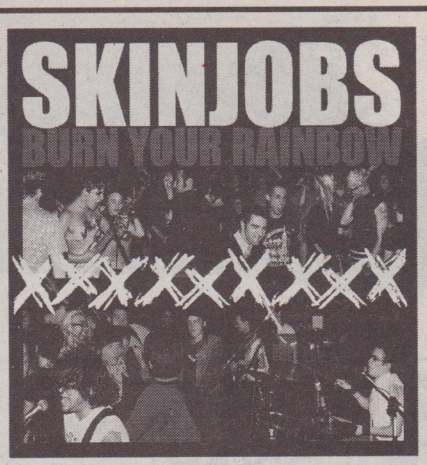
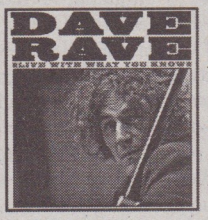


SKINJOBS : BURN YOUR RAINBOW

Originally released 2003, available again.

Now this is what I call a punk record!!! SKINJOBS are a trio of queer punks who don't take any shit but seem to have fun with it. Taking on both the mainstream queer and straight societies, all while playing a style that reminds me of early COFFIN BREAK... (JF) **MRR, March 2003**



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1981 – "Decay" EP

I've heard about this band before but I never took the time to listen to them. I'm a fool. The three songs on this EP are so fuckin' good and not what I was expecting at all. 1981 plays a sort of melodic, anarcho-pop that reminds me of early CHUMBAWAMBA. Instead of screaming their point, they clearly sing the lyrics with biting cynicism and anger. "Decay" is an anthem about losing one's faith in the world and watching the earth slowly rot away. "Alone" is about isolation and feeling fucking worthless. "Our Future" lyrically recalls the early days of punk when bands constantly sang about "them" without literally telling you who "they" are (even though we all know who "they" are). For example: "Their money means death and they're getting away with it." Musically, "Our Future" vaguely reminds me of early stuff by the CURE. No complaints here. Overall, there is a theme of malaise, destruction…a feeling of a future lost; a civilization dying. It comes in a starkly beautiful thick sleeve with a full lyric booklet. Get this! (GH)
(Kämäset Levyt)

ACEPHALIX – "Interminable Night" CD

I shouldn't be surprised, since I've heard the demos, but hearing these re-released, re-mastered and on CD (from Southern Lord no less!) reinforces the point: ACEPHALIX have gone totally fucking metal. Usually that's my cue to check out on a band, but this is the good stuff. It's as close as a band in 2011 can come to the sound and DIY vibe of late '80s/early '90s garage trailblazers of the genre. While there's still a touch of hardcore crust influence present, a lot of this is very much in the vein of early GRAVE, NIHILIST (who even when they became ENTOMBED owed more to early crust than they were ever willing to admit) and even Soulside Journey/demo-era DARKTHRONE. While a lot of modern death metal relies on relentless blasting and 1000-note per second shredding, ACEPHALIX know that the old stuff is classic because it relies on good songwriting and even (gasp!) catchiness, which these songs have in spades. Everything about this, from the swarm-of-bees trem-picking to the spot-on, never over complicated drumming to the reverb on the vocals screams old-school while still sounding as fresh and relevant as any metal I've heard in years. I've said it before, but it continues to amaze me how this band has constantly evolved through lineup changes and adversity to become the powerhouse that I'm listening to now. I would never have believed that the band I saw in their demo era would grow to become one of the best metal bands in America today, but there you go…you never can tell. I don't know how much this stuff will appeal to the punx, but if you have the slightest interest in old-school death metal, you need to own this record (vinyl available from Agipunk, FYI). (AU)
(Southern Lord)

ACID BABY JESUS – "Hospitals" EP

Three tracks of fuzzed out reverb soak distorted garage. It has some of that reckless energy of the HUNCHES whilst injecting some of that hypnotic melodic groove of THEE OH SEES.A trippy pysch vibe permeates the groove, helped along by some nifty warped organ whirls and desperate vocals. Hailing from Athens, Greece and surely one to keep a firm ear on. (SD)
(Slovenly)

AGATHA – "Goatness" LP

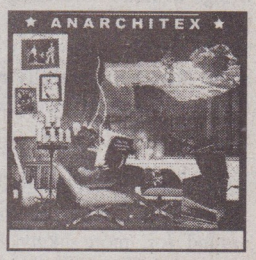
Sludgy bass/drum chaos from Italy. These two women make a nasty sounding racket, with disjointed rhythms and plenty of extraneous noise to fill any void left by the absence of guitar. AGATHA take me back to the '90s, and while the two comparisons that came to mind first seem very obvious, I cannot seem to shake either of them: GODHEADSILO (the bass and drum thing makes this one too easy, but the sound is comparable) and SPITBOY (the vocal delivery is similar and the song structure begs the comparison as well). *Goatness* is really good at the start, but it just gets better as the record goes on—a killer release. The lyrics are off the cuff and tongue in cheek, which is contrary to the dark vibe created by the music, but that is my only complaint…great shit. (WN)
(Basement City)

ALL DINOSAURS – "Paranoid Indigenous" LP

These guys are from Cleveland and play fast poppier punk that's somewhere between a non-political STRIKE ANYWHERE and the newer not-as-awesome PROPAGANDHI. If either of those bands tickle your fancy, you might want to fancy this bands tickle. (BD)
(self-released)

ALOUATTA – "DIY" 10"

Hmm, ho-hum mid-tempo rock from Italy, I think? They sound like a not quite as good MANIFESTO JUKEBOX, but I didn't think that band was even that great. Maybe add a touch of MINUTEMEN here and there. Not horrible, but not anything that really grabs my attention. (BD)
(Sodertorn)



ALPINIST – "Lichtlærm +Minus.Mensch" CD

Yikes! For a second there I thought I was listening to a rescored sound track to *Audition* then this kicks into the shit! This is ALPINIST from Munster, Germany and here are their two most recent LPs together on a limited edition CD for you! This is dark, epic, wailing, modern hardcore crust with a sprinkling of tech metal. There is melody, lengthy breakdowns, and tempo play here. The vocals are throaty higher pitched screams. I really like the weird sci-fi, horror landscape experimental parts. The lyrics are German and have explanations in English, in the liner notes. This band talks about the personal and political. The themes are universal, but a little simplistic. I could be losing something in translation and to be honest, I am happy to see a band like this, in this scene with the convictions they seem to have. Heavy stuff, if this is your jam, Pick it up. (MB)
(Southern Lord)

THE AMERICAN HEIST – LP

Street punk meets the Confederacy of Scum meets LEATHERFACE whilst all attending a BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN concert. This is solid, it sounds like a brick wall and looks like a brick wall. A big beefy pumped up sound, matched by killer hooks, gruff heartfelt vocals and some serious rock'n'roll riffage, not seen since the much missed the GC5. It should sound cheesy but some how, maybe due to the sheer honesty and non-contrived toughness it comes out 100 percent authentic. Straight to the point lyrics dealing with war, street life and growing up, almost taking a leaf out off the STEVE EARLE hard knock school off writing. Fuck Oi, this is the real thing. Brilliant. (SD)
(Cutthroat)

AMSTERDAMNED – LP

Kind of had my hopes up for some brutal Dutch hardcore with this one, so it took me few listens to get into it. More of a typical punk sound here and not really something I would listen to a whole lot on my own. The majority of it is recorded live off the boards and while the sound is actually pretty good for a live recording from '82, the rehearsal tracks with additional female vocals are much better. A really classic sloppy punk that sort of brings to mind something that could have come out of Southern California a few years earlier. While the reprinted flyers on the insert are cool, some info, I mean really any information, about the band would have been kind of nice. (AH)
(Gummopunx)

ANARCHITEX – "Digital Dark Age" CD

As far as I can ascertain, these guys have been around (or, more likely, were around, and are back again!) since the mid-'80s. The drummer, at least, has the pedigree of CULTURCIDE and REALLY RED to his belt. Impressive, in my book. Certainly look suitably aged in the picture on the CD. Regardless, as the name would suggest, these dudes are still angry, still pissed, still very political, in that caustic way. Sixteen clipped, biting blasts, that bring to mind the drive and determination (and eclecticism) of the first WIRE record, mixed up with the jagged edges of early GANG OF FOUR. History in the making, and they still go it happening, for sure. Tantalisingly, their website is still largely under construction, but I was intrigued enough to try and check it out. (RK)
(self-released)

ANSTALT – "Altamont Raceway" EP

Wow, even before I found out this band was ex-GENOCIDE SS, that voice and the song structures were unmistakable. This might as well be a continuation of that band, gritty Motörpunk'n'roll, Lemmy vocals, "woah-ohs," solos and all. Not that there's anything wrong with that. I miss the multiple vocalists but the songs are hella catchy, the recording is raw enough and I have no doubt whatsoever that the live show is a beer-soaked good time. Fuck, even the record had me pumping my fist and air-guitaring along. Along with the new GASMASK TERROR EP, this is some of the best Motörpunk I've heard in years. (AU)
(De:Nihil)

ANTIDOTUM – "Jedna Plaga Ludzka Plaga" LP

This album destroys! Female fronted Polish hardcore in the style of POST REGIMENT. Fast, aggressive, punishing, relentless. The insert has the lyrics in both English and Polish, so us lousy Americans can understand what all the songs are about. Give me this album, a cold beer and a burning cop and I'll call it paradise. This album could easily be compared to the first EL BANDA full-length. They share a drummer if I'm not mistaken. Highly recommended! (FS)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

ANTIMELODIX – "Hellfuck 2011" EP

Coming from Northern Russia, this band plays four songs of fairly bland metallic crust. A little too much of a melodic thing going on in the guitars for a rager such as myself. As far as judging a book by its cover, well that doesn't apply here; I pretty much got exactly what I expected with this one. Another record that will be flipped past in distro bins for eternity. (AH)
(Miravoice)

AVFART 33 / INSIDIOUS PROCESS – split LP

Both of these Swedish hardcore bands are solid female-fronted tear-it-up type outfits that smell a lot better than the tons of stale Eurocrust out there. AVFART 33 is straightforward anarcho punk, pretty heavy and I really like the guitar tone. Both bands' lyrics are in what I'm guessing is Swedish but they have little blurbs printed on the sleeve explaining in English what songs are about. Thanks for the help, and rad packaging by the way. I'm super stoked on the INSIDIOUS PROCESS side. They play faster D-beat stuff in the vein of my favorite Scandinavian crust bands like DISFEAR, SKITSYSTEM, and WOLFBRIGADE / WOLFPACK but with a super pissed sounding woman screaming out the lyrics. They are doing a lot of things the way I like them done. (BL)
(Undislessed / Halvfabrikat / Aborted Society)

AWFUL TRUTH / DEAD BABIES FULL OF SEAMEN – split EP

This split features artwork reminiscent of horrible mid-'90s hardcore records. The AWFUL TRUTH side also features music that is unsurprisingly reminiscent of horrible mid-'90s hardcore records, except instead of being serious, it's just pseudo-offensive garbage. This is probably what teenage INTEGRITY fans listen to when they're stoned. DEAD BABIES FULL OF SEAMEN take a slightly more interesting approach to their tunes, adding some tempo changes and even some accordion parts. Unfortunately they are also terrible, as evidenced by the extended shout-out portion (not joking) of the last song on their side of one of the worst splits my ears have ever had the displeasure of hearing. (KM)
(Goin' Apeshit / My Dad Hits Me / Shithole / Acid Reflux)

BACKSLIDER / NIMBUS TERRIFIX – split EP

This shit is pretty badass. Both bands are fast and chaotic blasters with the NIMBUS TERRIFIX side delivering killer hardcore while the BACKSLIDER side will grind your face off. I'm probably a little more excited about the BACKSLIDER stuff—I've got a real thing for two-person grind outfits. They slow it down every once in a while for some slightly stoney parts of the jam then rocket back into teeth-bared blurcore. NIMBUS TERRIFIX is fast and blasted out hardcore but the guitar chord progressions are somewhat melodic, kind of like how SPAZZ did it, but without the goofy powerviolence humor. Both bands make me want to mosh hard into the biggest dude in the room. (BL)
(Give Praise)

BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL – "ISO 9004" EP

No, don't be deceived by the European looking, nature surrounded, clean-cut mop-top affront of this 7"! You, yes you, with your unwashed behind, leather or denim jacket, or even your ironic velvet blazer, will love this. Some surprisingly awesome current day, early-mid '70s pre-punk punk that's laden with pub rock references to be heard here, all sung in Swedish none-the-less. There's nothing better than being knocked sideways by a new band. (GG)
(Ken Rock)

BAG OF GREMLINS – "Welcome to Earth" EP

The band name and layout had me braced for some pretty lame shit, but this is OK. The vocals are kind of like a mix of Blaine for the ACCUSED and Bob from DROPDEAD. A two man band that could probably use a little more low end as there fast Thrash approach can get a little shrill at times. Can't really shake the DROPDEAD comparison, so I'm sticking with that. I think this was a demo recording originally, so if they put something else out I could see it being pretty ripping. (AH)
(self-released?)

BARAKA FACE JUNTA – LP

Goddamn! Another great record by a band I have never heard of!! BARAKA FACE JUNTA is an anarchist, post-punk band from Poland who

sound like they have gained a lot of inspiration from DOG FACED HERMANS, THE EX and DE KIFT. The anger, tension and desperation on this LP is tempered and concise. The lyrics cover Israeli/Palestinian conflicts, the atrocities of war, the hypocrisy of religion, the isolation of living in a consumer society and so much more. If you're even slightly into the bands mentioned above, I can't recommend this enough. Every song on this record is a fully realized masterpiece. No shit! BARAKA FACE JUNTA, please come tour the west coast so I can see your band! Lyrics are in Polish with English translations. (GH)
(Trujaca Fala)

BEER CORPSE – "Keg Nuts" EP

Low end gutteral grindcore. I mean, the band is called BEER CORPSE, so you get what you get, right? And yeah, that's exactly what you get. The vocals are buried in the mix, but you can still here the grunting strains of a hessian trying to be heard beneath the wall of beer and mosh. (WN)
(Give Praise)

BIG CRUX – "Big Crux is a Big Funk" EP

A total winner! The three tracks on this EP have a MINUTEMEN and BIG BOYS influence seeping out here and there, but the inspiration derived from those bands only serves as a backdrop to an otherwise unique sound. Listening to this record conjures up an image of a few musicians who totally appreciate old R&B and rock'n'roll and original punk just jamming together for hours in a musty basement. The songs are minimalistic but clean, and the killer funk bass lines are prominent but not too funky or obnoxious slap bass shit. The lyrics, occasionally in Spanish but mostly in English, are meaningful but not obvious. The guitar licks are fantastic, and they work so well because of the solid drum fills and beats holding it all together. My hands are getting tired from flipping this thing over and over again. Top ten for sure. (BG)
(Iron Lung)

A BIRTHDAY PARTY BAND – "Lead Sky" LP

Squeaky-clean tunes that fall somewhere between KBD punk and Britpop. Apparently this is a side project featuring someone from the TANGLED LINES and a couple other folks from various European bands. All ten songs on this LP are well constructed and have some catchy moments and a few excellent guitar leads, but nothing really grabbed me. If they rubbed off some of the polish and made the tunes shorter and more depressing I might be on board, but for me this is just mediocre and bordering dangerously close to radio rock territory. (KM)
(Scream / Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

BLACK PUS – "Primordial Pus" LP

This initially sounds like the insane blown out chaos that I so do enjoy. I very quickly realized it's more like that controlled mathy kind of chaos; the kind that I associate more with bands that feel like watching a dude jack off than the bands that revel in good old fashioned wild abandonment. Are you familiar with Brian Chippendale? Drummer of LIGHTENING BOLT? This is his solo project and it sounds exactly how you would think it would. Is that yr thing? You'll probably enjoy this. (MM)
(Load)

BLOOD RED BABY BLUE – "The Colors of Chaos" LP

This LP started off rather promisingly with an average simple punk riff and a cool female vocalist. Singer and bassist Miss Stress Tamantha has a powerful voice, but she doesn't over do it. Then a horrible metal guitar solo ruins the song. I have a very low tolerance for guitar solos and BLOOD RED BABY BLUE tests my patience with every song. The music gets progressively more metal as the album goes on. Unfortunately at that point no great singer would be able to rescue it. (CK)
(No Profit)

BLOODY HAMMER – "Apathy Is Bliss" EP

I love ROKY E! Great band name. I also love eleven songs on a 7". Like a cheap whore. More bang for your buck. Kinda raw fast rock'n'roll with gruff vocals like the HOOKERS at times. A little hardcore and a little like the SPITS on a couple. There's a song about loving old Italian punk. Well I likes this mostly. Maybe it's the jumbo can of Pabst I'm drinking. Buy yourself one or ten and you may like this too. (RO)
(Cutthroat)

BOMBARDIERS – "Saraba Nakama" CD

Big, tough and proud street punk/oi. Hailing from, I think, France, though I could be wrong, I usually am. Taking in some UK82 vibes, whilst mixing it up with some of the begged borrowed and new sounds of the current boot boy brigade. Not a million miles away from their German rivals OXYMORON and some of the more ballsy oi coming out of Australia. (SD)
(Bombers Crew)

THE BORN LIARS – "Ragged Island" LP

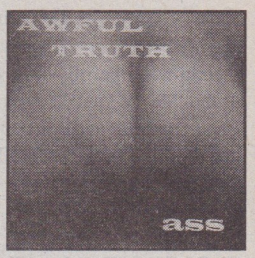
Ragged Island sounds very familiar from outset. I'm hesitant to call it bar-punk, but that's what immediately springs to mind. Dual guitar punk, half driving, half JOHNNY THUNDERS focused. Semi-slurred vocals over mid-tempo quasi-energetic hard rock. It just comes off like background music. Not annoying, but background music all the same. (MC)
(Cutthroat)

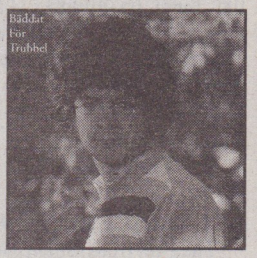
BRAINBOMBS – "Genius and Brutality Taste and Power" LP

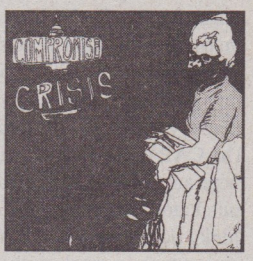
Ha Ha, can you believe this is the first time I've ever heard BRAINBOMBS!? It is true. I was never the kind of collector scum that was hipped about them before the curve, nor the kind to drop a bill for their raers on eBay. So here I am in 2011 hearing them for the first time. I guess I'm cool with it. This is a reissue of their second album from 1994. I read somewhere their schtick is having really offensive lyrics over overblown stoner "punk" music that appeals to hip before the curve "normal" (secret punk) kinda people. It's cool cuz it's from Sweden, otherwise there would be worldwide show boycotts and protests and stuff (wait, do they even play shows?). Marginally better than SONIC YOUTH. (GB)
(Skrammel)

BREATHILIZÖR / BRODY'S MILITIA – split EP

Kentucky's BRODY'S MILITIA keeps going with some new songs, and at least on one track a slightly new sound. I think we take it a little for granted when a punk/hardcore band is around for a while. BRODY'S MILITIA has been at it for over ten years now and I'm glad they keep on truckin'. Members (or former members) of HELLNATION and Gooch has sung live with ANTISEEN and the MURDER JUNKIES. You know the drill, burly fast hardcore but this time there is a twist. There is more of a southern rock influence. On "No Desire to Continue Listening," which is about political talk on the news, they add southern rock riffs galore. BREATHILIZOR cracks me up. Think of them as outsider







metal. Their lyrics are delivered in a goofy spoken way, (which is good) and are downright stupid, (in a good way) yet they are saying something. They sound "scary" and sloppy and '80s thrash metal. Their rhyming and delivery is so bad I'm enjoying it. I think I like BREATHILIZOR but I'm not sure and I get the feeling that's the point. (MH)
(Give Praise)

CARLOS DUNGA – CD

There's a sizeable difference between the different recordings here. On the first nine tracks, CARLOS DUNGA play the '90s / '00s version of Italian hardcore—influenced by straight edge and NYHC—mixed with classic straight ahead '80s US stuff. They supplement this with serious metal guitar, really like a modern crossover sound. The recording is full and strong but a touch too sterile, and the fingerpointing, bossy, sXe sound has never been my favorite. Not that these kids are corny like that, but there's a bit too much of it for me and the total metal guitars sound laid on instead of integrated to their style. The final six songs sound like older recordings. These are flatter, without the metal, but not replacing it with anything substantial. The lyrics are printed in Italian and there is a futbol theme to the graphics. The first nine tracks aren't bad, but this isn't a CD I will hold onto. (JM)
(Crecer / Rebound Action)

THE CAPACES – "The Restless Breed" LP

They're from Spain, wear animal print, like ZEKE, DEAD BOYS, NEW BOMB TURKS etc, etc. You get the idea. Boring as fuck to me now. Probably would have loved this fifteen years ago when I was doing hot rails of meth like crazy, but I don't think so. Not enough bite. The singer is HOT and has an interesting voice but it still leaves me limp. They do a HOOKERS cover. Loved them then too. Fuck. Maybe you're new to this stuff and to hard drugs and you'll love this. Give it a spin. (RO)
(Sonic Reducer / Bi Batean Diskak)

THE CAPACES / SEÑOR NO – split EP

This is a split between two Spanish punk'n'roll bands. It's like RANCID meets TURBONEGRO. I am not into this kind of music, but for what they do, it's undoubtedly quite good. The musicianship is very good, not surprisingly there are lengthy solos in every song and the production is super slick. The CAPACES side is a little more interesting as there are some southern rock moments with slide guitar and a more metallic guitar solo. The one think I do like is the CAPACES singer's voice. She can scream in pitch with a scratchy, yet smooth delivery and scream with out it being shrill. I bet she would sound amazing in a real punk band—something like LOST WORLD. Again, though I am very familiar with bands of this type, I don't find them exciting, but someone else might if they are into it. If you are, this is definitely worth a spin. (MB)
(Bi Batean Diskak)

THE CAPACES – "Whatever It Is, I'm Against It!"

Rapid, fire rock'n'roll and hailing out of "El Pais Vasco," the CAPACES rip through seventeen rockers on this disc. These cretins have fused elements of garage and hardcore punk plus some serious Rock'n'vocals. The rock is a bit too much for my taste, but I know plenty of folks can get behind this. If you are down, kick a few back and party the fuck out. (MS)
(Acciocultural / Bi Batean Diskak / Mass Productions / Social Bomb / Sonic Reducer / Production Impossible / Fight or Flight / Zone Onze)

CASKET BLASTER / KNIFETHRUHEAD – split EP

KNIFETHRUHEAD are definitely skilled musicians. With a combination of saxophone and totally indiscernible Cookie Monster vocals, you would think side A of this split would be perfect. But in reality, these three songs are so weird that they actually become boring. Although I have to say, the giant ejaculating and excessively veiny cock with a knife through the head is incredibly entertaining and, dare I say it, beautiful. CASKET BLASTER is more straightforward and has some really predictable SLAYER and JUDAS PRIEST soloing/breakdowns/double kick. Their art is not as cool though. It's just some zombie guy getting eviscerated. XO (HD)
(Buried In Hell)

CAST IN IRON – "I-X" CD

I get nervous jumping on newish sub-genre naming bandwagons but this is the type of crust band that comes to mind when some punk rock connoisseur drops the term "dark hardcore" into a conversation I'm having. The music is brutal and heavy at whatever speed they are playing at, most songs are fast with a few slow jams, but without significant metal influence. The band members are collected from a slew of Warsaw groups, GOVERNMENT FLU and DAYMARES being the ones I've heard of and the songwriting sounds like a group of people who know what the fuck they are doing. Lyrics are printed in English, which always makes for a translation error or two but the content is dark enough to keep you from laughing. The last song is the longest on the ten-track disc, coming in at a doomy four minutes and twenty seconds with a sample of Bukowski reading "Dinosauria, We" in the middle. How could I not be a fan? (BL)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

CLOCKCLEANER – "Nevermind" LP

CLOCKCLEANER is awesome scum a la FLIPPER and COP SHOOT COP. The lyrics and vocals are more along the lines of BRAINBOMBS, being excessively provocative. It is hard to tell whether or not this band is incredibly ignorant and accidentally awesome, since there are no liner notes to indicate anything about the little swastikas all over the cover art nor to shed light on the songs titled "Interview w/ a Black Man" and "Gentle Swastika." But as with so many sleazy scum rock bands, you will just have to decide for yourself if their ambiguous racism is ambiguous enough for your lazy ass to overlook. (HD)
(Fan Death)

CLUB 27 – "For Dishes And Soul" CD

From Italy, this is a mix of 1977 punk and pub rock. I can't say I haven't heard a ton of this over the years but these guys are pretty good at this. Vocals in English with an Italian accent, this reminds of the 101'ERS and early UK SUBS. (RL)
(Serpentine)

CONTROL – "Punk Rock Ruined My Life But I Wouldn't Change A Thing" CD

Now I usually hate the shit out of most new Oi but this ain't so horrible. Along with MARCHING ORDERS this is some of the better new shit. There's some flat out retarded songs ("High Time I Hung Up My Boots") and some more scorchers like "Job To Do." There're songs about working, the shitty government, skinhead oppression (boo hoo), and wearing your Docs. Well Doc Martins have sucked forever now. Buy Gripfast. The production is a little too clean, the guitars are beefy witch isn't a bad thing here, but I hate the funky bass. Check it out, have a pint with your mates and a boot party on some undesirable. (RO)
(Longshot / Durty Mick)

COP CITY/ CHILL PILLARS – "Held Hostage On Planet Chill" LP

I will give it to COP CITY/ CHILL PILLARS for a creative name. Nice use of a "/". This is not a split LP, as most would expect. I like a band with a sense of humor. What does the band's name actually mean? Beats me. Their sound is jangly and somewhat mellow, but with cold post-punk vocals and some electronic sounds. Less Cop, more Chill if you get my drift. Songs drone on, but get more interesting when I stop paying close attention and some shift in tempo or melody suddenly catches my ears. (CK)
(Florida's Dying)

CRAPPY DRACULA – "Fantastic Dracula" LP

Jumpin' reptile jeebus, sometimes I just don't know. Is this the purest manifestation of the drunken inside joke? Unfortunately, this is no BOBBY JOE EBOLA, but some of the material is strange enough to be amusing. I didn't bust out laughing at any point, but sometimes I found something charming. The music is kinda strange and varies from song to song to fit whatever joke they're trying to make. Mostly the guitar is a little off kilter and twangy, and the rhythm section just grooves along. I dunno, I guess all the instrument stuff is secondary to da jokez. This record is dedicated to the memory of Leslie Nielsen and a couple of others. (LP)
(Eeefin' / Wrong Foot)

THE CREDENTIALS – "Goocher" LP

I suppose that one could say that the CREDENTIALS come at pop punk more from the punk direction than from the pop one. Which is to say that they are focused on writing songs with quick and choppy musicianship and faster singing.

There's still a good deal of melody in each and every song, but it's not given the space to roam or develop and dominate the compositions like some bands allow. If you like modern pop punk, but need something with a dash of politics to go with your gruff male vocals, perhaps this is for you. For me, the songs weren't varied or crazy enough to really excite me, but it's not a long record, so it didn't feel like a slog of a listen. (LP)
(It's Alive / Dirt Cult / 86'd / Muy Autentico)

CREEM – "Good Riddance/I Hate You"

This new Brooklyn band features people from NOMOS and NATURAL LAW taking a decent stab at a more mid-paced, slightly stompy hardcore sound that retains the same negative scuzz, malcontented pummeling, and what sounds like the same musical equipment of the two aforementioned bands, but this is definitely a "first effort" in terms of people from the aforementioned bands writing slower songs. This is packaged like a single, complete with Katorga Works' knockoff of the Atlantic Records logo on the label, and I'll say right off the bat that I thought that hardcore bands doing the retro "singles" thing was cheesy in 2005, and it's just as cheesy now. With that out of the way, "Good Riddance" starts off on the right foot with a creepy crawly bass line, but loses the momentum with a couple of lackluster verse and chorus riffs before turning into an absolutely awesome fast hardcore song with an ace riff at the very end. "I Hate You" is the better of the two songs, with more energy and more unique riffs that are structured well as a full song. Even though this record is better than a lot of things, I'm left a little disappointed only because it's not as good as the members' other bands, but I have a feeling this could be the "just OK" first record that people look back on once this band hones their craft and puts out that next raging 7" or LP. (DG)
(Katorga Works)

CRUSADES – "Dreamers" EP

It's not unfair to be highly suspicious of bands that go out of their way to project themselves in a very specific way through their imagery. Not that bands can't have a "look," it's just that typically when bands try really hard look a certain way, they're usually acting. Faking it to look cool/hip/original. So then you have the CRUSADES for example; all the imagery in various shades of gray with praying children, bibles, priests and upside down crosses. Drop the needle, and bam! A pop punk record. Huh? Okay, confusing and unexpected, but all right. The first song at least rules. It's gloomy and bleak, but with pop sensibilities, harmonizing vocals and a cool riff. Not bad. It's like what AUTISIC YOUTH would be if they wrote pop punk. The next three songs kind of go into early-AGAINST ME territory. Which can be cool at times. And all the while, the lyrics are all slightly religious themed, but only slightly. Is this a concept record? Is this an act? Or have these four Canadian dudes united to express their misgivings of organized religion through a musical forum? I'll let you be the judge. (FS)
(Top Five)

CRYPT KEEPER – "Best Flesh" EP

Before I get into a rant about how poorly printed the cover is for this record, I will let you know that it is surely a good record. These guys play more metal than hardcore that at times reminds me of that one really good FLOTSAM AND JETSAM record that Jason Newstead played on. I wish more metal/punk bands sounded like this. As for the cover, it looks like it was printed on some shitty dot matrix color printer from 1995 then photocopied and re-printed on a nice card stock. However aesthetically displeasing this one looks, it ain't nearly as bad as that last HJERTESTOP cover. I guess I'm just lost when bands make an effort to make a record then half-ass the cover. (BD)
(Tri-City Terror / Vandals and Thieves)

ALEX CUERVO – "Two Broken Fingers" EP

"Everybody Disappears" the second song on this EP is one of the best songs I have heard all year. I cannot stop playing it over and over and over. It has everything I like in a song: a great melody, interesting vocals, catchy lyrics, and rhythmic drums. It is such a cool song. The other songs are similar in style with the exception of the last one "Hypersleep" which goes a little bit electronic with robotic sounding vocals. Even still it fits in nicely with the rest of the EP. This is great solo stuff from the vocalist and guitarist of HEX DISPENSERS. (CK)
(Trouble In Mind)

THE CYNICS – "Spinning Wheel Motel" CD

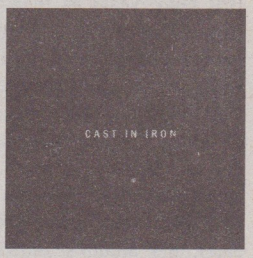
I am impressed the CYNICS continue to do it after all these years. They have been at it since 1983 although only two original members play in the band these days. Spinning Wheel Motel is the band's seventh studio album. It is the same type of '80s revival '60s garage rock they have been doing all along. Singer Michael Kastelic doesn't screech as much as he used-to, but his vocals still mostly sound the same. With exception of the title track where he sounds a bit like R.E.M.'s MICHAEL STIPE, which is kind of strange, but I really don't mind. In fact, it's kind of nice. (CK)
(Get Hip)

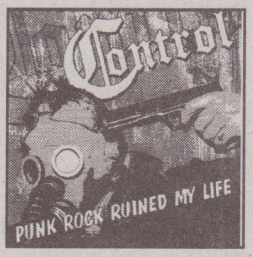
DAMN LASER VAMPIRES – "Three-Gun Mojo" CD

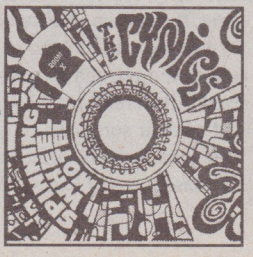
This is a mess. Brazil's unfortunately named DAMN LASER VAMPIRES move through several different sounds over the course of this compact disc, none of which get my blood bumping in the slightest. The vocalist owes an obvious debt to NICK CAVE and other croon-y '80s poster boys, which is an automatic kiss of death to these ears. The moments where he actually lets loose are positive, but very rare. If you're gonna pose, at least have some personality or charisma to back it up. The band dabbles in everything to melodic pop punk to by-the-numbers garage to uninspired and confused CRAMPS worship. Bland as hell. (MC)
(Cauterized Productions / Terrötten)

DEFENDING THE KINGDOM / GHOST TOWN ELECTRIC – split LP

If you pick this up, skip the GHOST TOWN ELECTRIC side and go straight to DEFENDING THE KINGDOM, they are way better. Both bands play slow and stoney rock but GTE throws in an unnecessary amount of blues and country and (ugh) bad psych. And trying to dress it up with some occasional sludge influence doesn't fool me. I don't know anything about these guys but they sound like they have ironic mustaches and are really into PELICAN's later material. Also be aware that the two sides play at different speeds, one at 45, the other at 33. The DTK side is way more listenable. The jams are pretty straightforward stoner rock with a healthy doom influence. Good guitar work and I dig the singer's vocals. So I took a break, came back, and gave this side a second listen without thinking about what is on the other side and I downright like this band. They are just dirty and evil sounding enough to make the cut on my team. (BL)
(Cutthroat)







DESPERAT – "Demokrati Eller Diktatur?" EP

Quite the pedigree with this band, and while it isn't the second coming of MOB 47, it is a pretty raging Swedish Hardcore record. Think the last 12" these guys did was limited to 300, not sure of the stats on this one, but any fan of gnarly kick in the teeth "Kang" would probably be bummed on missing this. While there isn't a whole lot of room to move around with this style, these guys do play it wit a noticeable amount of energy and anger. (AH)
(De:Nihil)

DESTRUCTORS – "Media Studies" CD

Talk about old school. In one form or another the DESTRUCTORS have been going almost incessantly since 1976, and this latest album makes it clear that they aren't ready to throw in the towel just quite yet. Not even close, in fact. This surprisingly infectious melodic street punk channels sentiments of cynicism and discontent from living in a mindless society for many years. The tunes have slightly evolved since the classic Brit punk years as they now have a tad more harmony and rock variation thrown in, but it's only enough to keep them from sounding generic. And yeah, the sound is definitely a bit more polished than the Armageddon in Action EP style that most *MRR* readers are likely familiar with, but again not so much that it ruins things. Aside from the catchy tunes that often remind me of the DRONES (who also stayed good past the normal expiration date), the album's subject matter conceptually centers on media-related issues, particularly drooling celebrity and ratings worship. Although the polished rock influence brings this down just a notch for me, I still can't believe how dynamic and relevant these guys still sound. Shouldn't there be reward for this type of longevity somewhere? (BG)
(Rowdy Farrago)

THE DISAPPEARED – "Bridges" CD

Melodic youth-ish hardcore along the ways of STRIKE ANYWHERE and SINKING SHIPS. Lots of chants here although the singer does do more singing than screaming. This is certainly done well and you hoodie folk will probably really dig this. A good release. (RL)
(I Hate Punk Rock)

DISKELMÄ / POLTTOITSEMURHA – split EP

Here's a double helping of melodic Eurocrust. I have no idea what either of these Finnish bands is so pissed about but I have a feeling it's political. I liked the POLTTOITSEMURA side more with their trade-off male/female vocals and hardcore sensibility. It's raw and the female singer sounds great. If one is inclined to head-banging, one would be doing so at their shows. The DISKELMA side is melodic enough to pass as an aggro pop punk band if it weren't for the screeching vocals. By the end of their songs the repeating guitar lead was a little too much and turned me off. (BL)
(Kämäset Levyt / Roku / Headnoise)

DOUBLED OVER / ROSKOPP – split EP

Two bands with similar aesthetics from Australia. Well, I thought ROSKOPP was also from Australia but the address inside the 7" says Denver, CO? Both bands play raw death metal/grindcore but at times, the hardcore influence is obvious. Think bands like REGURGITATED, N.I.B.I.R.U. or SKULLHOG. (MH)
(Give Praise)

DRIP OF LIES – "Drip of Lies" CD

Hot damn, this is some ripping modern crust straight out of Warsaw. They take the inevitable cues from TRAGEDY sure, but with a really impressive dose of NEUROSIS-style epic-ness that raises this well above the usual epi-crust fare. One of the things that I really appreciate about DRIP OF LIES is that the tempos are almost always driving and aggressive. So many bands that play this style think that "tribal" passages give the music gravitas when instead they're just energy-killing exercises in obligation. While DRIP OF LIES do slow it down on occasion, it's never for long and it serves a reasonable purpose in the context of the song. I suppose the later FROM ASHES RISE material or ALPINIST might be good comparisons. This CD compiles the self-titled EP, demo and a comp track, for ten tracks of toothsome modern crust. (AU)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

DWARVES – "Are Born Again" CD/DVD

I have not listened to this band for a very long time. I guess they could not dish out short obnoxious songs forever. Although they still try to offend lyrically and the cover art will not disappoint fans of previous cover art. So now we have tight melodic punk with humorous lyrics. Musically this sounds like recent ADOLESCENTS and TURBONEGRO. This is certainly entertaining at worst and fun at best. This also includes a DVD, which is loaded with videos, live material, and too much historical DWARVES for one sitting. Never a dull moment here. (RL)
(Greedy)

THE DWYERS – "Bowling With Jesus" CD

If it wasn't for the fact that the label has a pretty odd (well to the Anglos, I guess) name—Airiston Punk-Levyt—you'd think that this quartet was busting straight out of Southern California, groomed on the likes of the GENERATORS and early FACE TO FACE. But no, they're Finnish, but clad in QUEERS and LEATHERFACE t-shirts, you can see (and, indeed, on this disc) here pretty clearly where they are coming from. And sounds pretty damn good too. If you like your punk melodic and hardcore, and tuneful and snotty and muscular, and performed real good by chaps with names like Mirko and Anttoni, you've come to the right place. Apparently their second full-length, which just makes me want to track down their debut (enticingly titled "Gas Station Masturbation"). Till then, I'll be spinning this one on repeat for bit longer. (RK)
(Airiston Punk-Levyt)

ENJYOKOUSAI – "Debtor's Prison" EP

This record is a long time in coming, like since 2003 when it was recorded. ENJYOKOUSAI was a short-lived hardcore punk band from Chico, CA that formed from the ashes of half the bands in the small scene. It features that guy Ian who went on to start the MAKAI and wrote all the music for them, as well as Jeff, the MAKAI's original bass player. The band played blasted out noise-laden punk with a nod to the '80s. This is for Japanophiles who are really into stuff like MATA MATA's demo. The lyrics are an aggro denunciation of capitalist culture and consumerism, and the band's name is Japanese slang for a form of dating where young women trade sex for designer goods. My level of hate for such phenomena is going up right now as I listen to this record. There are samples and noise and screams and the disc is fairly ripping. I was around this scene when it was going down and don't remember the group of dudes that collected into this band being this good. Now I want to hear some more of their stuff. Maybe in another eight years they'll put something else out. (BL)
(Faces of Debt)

FAMILY MAN – "Templateers" CD

I think this is a discography of sorts from what I believe to be a band from Germany. The chanted back-ups and heavy-ish breakdowns conjure up images of sweaty dudes at shows with their shirts off and pointing two fingers in the air while grabbing the mic to sing along. I don't think they are really going for a straightedge hardcore sound, but it does kind of come through in the music. (BD)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

FAMINE – "Shadows of the Past" LP

It's been a week since I started thinking about this review, racking my brain trying to figure out where this micro-genre of hardcore germinated from and I think I've narrowed it down to INSIDE OUT…maybe. What I'm looking for is the seed that spawned bands like GROUNDWORK, UNBROKEN, RESSURRECTION, 108, and,.. like, THREADBARE or something—chugging, heavy metallic hardcore with quiet parts, that was way less mean-spirited or thug-y and played more often than not by dudes in glasses and beanies, and pants that were too short, and shirts that were too big—shirts that may or may not sport the words, "Vegan," or "Straightedge," in the style of some appropriated corporate logo. FAMINE, from Dublin, Ireland, seems to be a part of this same lineage but also seems to have one (big) toe in a far more "street" oriented basketball jersey-type hardcore sound, which makes a lot of sense since I just noticed the names DEFTONES and PANTERA listed in the thanks list as influences. One song even reminds me more than a little bit of REFUSED. (JU)
(46)

A FIGHT WITH SLEDGEHAMMERS – "Dogmatic Deception" EP

If fighting with sledgehammers sounds like fun, then I might have the band for you. It's mid-

tempo crust with a melodic rock taste with vocals about goofy political horror punk/conspiracy theory stuff. It's pretty basic but solid. I don't know if these guys are stoners but they come off as pretty stoney. Or maybe that's me projecting my shit on them. I'm just saying I'd get high with these weirdoes. (BL)
(Leaf Lust / Suburban White Trash)

FROM THE DEPTHS / NEXT VICTIM – split LP

North Carolina's FROM THE DEPTHS blast through heavy melodic crust with operatic female vocals battling TRAGEDY style guitar leads for recognition. Tons of low end and power, this falls in line with a lot of Eurocrust bands of late (DOWNFALL OF GAIA, FALL OF EFRAFA and so on) and is quite good. NEXT VICTIM hail from Poland, and take the same formula to a much darker place—slower and more sinister in presentation and effect. An excellent release. (WN)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie / Scream / Zaraza Production)

FRUSTRATION – "Broken Defective" EP

Clean, '80s sounding guitar with '90s gruff, understandable vocals. There is a rock'n'roll sound throughout the record but this is punk hardcore. Throw in a few catchy sing-along choruses and I start to think Oi influence. The beginning of "Generation Gap" has a goth-y clear guitar intro before the punk'n'roll knocks you over. The singers vocals are starting to remind me of Franklyn Stubbs of LEATHERFACE and the guitar is starting to remind me a little of the DKs. (MH)
(Inimical)

FUNGUS BRAINS – "Ron Pistos Real World" LP

Mick Turner (Venom P. Stinger / Sick Things) playing Australian bizarre freak STOOGES saxophone EASTER MONKEYS minus hardcore weird vocals. Saxophone '83 Fun House one-riff one-note guitar solo: "Only in Australia" "good onya." I hear CRUCIFUCKS, I hear a wail; I've seen horrible things I've heard grown men skronk. No wave no way dog meat music. Very free. The cut: "Death Dance." (BB)
(Load)

GASMASK TERRÖR – "Like Daggers" EP

Fuck, Motörpunk gets such a bad rap. Sure, it's tired and there are a lot of bands doing it that kind of suck, (oh there's a band I want to call out here so badly), but when it's done as well as these French maniacs do it, it's fucking priceless. There's a nasty edge to the razor-sharp guitar tone and the raw vocals, the drumming swings just like classic Phil Taylor and the solos are pure rock'n'roll. This is the perfect soundtrack to three a.m. hangout sessions when you don't give a fuck anymore and raw punk is what's going to get you through the night. (AU)
(Flower of Carnage / Ratbone)

GASKMASK TERRÖR – "Complete Recordings 2004-2010" CD

Apparently there is an EP of new music at the beginning of this recording but you can't really tell because the vocals are a mystery and the guitars are jangling. The "Complete Recordings" are mixed better but I still want to hear what the fuck the vocalist is screaming about in the background. The music is solid hardcore punk, but frankly this isn't the best recording possible for these dudes. I even kind of like this band but don't dig this record. Am I not svfficiently kvlt or whvt? Whatvr. (BL)
(Cactus / Flower of Carnage / Sukma)

GASMIASMA – "Trenchrats" EP

Damn, this one came out of nowhere. I've never heard of this New Orleans band before but they lay down four tracks of grimy, noise drenched crusty hardcore. Apparently featuring two members of "bigger NOLA bands" and recorded at the EYEHATEGOD practice space by Jimmy Bower, so I don't know… Shit, it could be dudes from EXHORDER from all I know, but the recording style does bring to mind that murky EHG sound if not really the same style of music. Kind of a more brutal approach to the whole crasher crust thing I guess. Good shit, and the vocals are great. (AH)
(Noxious Noize / Levee Dog)

GIRLFRIENDS – "Cave Kids/Eat Around the Bad Parts"

Two catchy songs of crackly, hissy psych-pop. GIRLFRIENDS are trying hard to catch the glassy waves of reverb-y surf-punk that is currently the buzz of the blogosphere, but to my ears they actually land somewhere closer to early PAVEMENT or ARCHERS OF LOAF with a '50s rock'n'roll jukebox vibe. I'd rather hear that than yet another JESUS AND MARY CHAIN rehash any day. (AM)
(Black Bell)

GOLDEN STAPH–LP

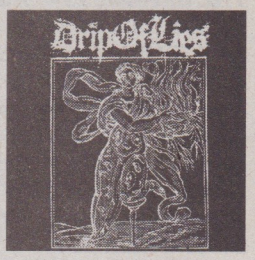
Like a space age DAYLIGHT ROBBERY, with lots of SERVOTRON style 'boards, this is an Australian band that doesn't sound very Australian at all. Side two warms up to be a more raucous and pleasing mass of well-layered keys, guitar noodlings and prettily executed, feminine yet angular vocals. Altogether a little too delicate and art school for me, but this has definite highlights and stand out tracks I'd like to hear condensed into EP form. (GG)
(R.I.P. Society)

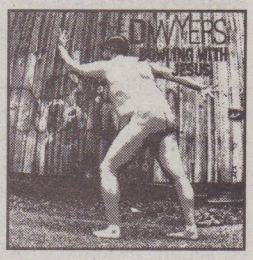
GOOD GOOD THINGS – "Cold Town" EP

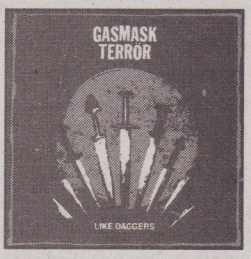
Sounding nothing like the DESCENDENTS song with the same name, this band instead kicks out some great songs that sometimes have a primitive hardcore character and other times a more garage punk meets Bay Area pop-punk feel, but are all characterized by riffs that reek of chronic boredom and grey skies, and a rough recording with more distortion on the vocals than the guitar. Every song on here is awesome, and this record is the perfect thing to put on your headphones while walking or skating aimlessly around your own cold town. (DG)
(Mosquee / Wee Wee / Slow Death / Meantime / Falling Down)

GORGANIZED DORKS / H.F.S.S. – split EP

Dorks is a good word to describe both bands and I mean that in a good way. Neither take themselves too seriously and both play different forms of goofy, dorky noise core. H.F.S.S. plays heavy hardcore, but by the way their side of this split begins you think thrash metal until their silliness and noisy spastic noisecore shows up. GORGONIZED DORKS have more of a doomy keyboard laden take on noisecore. The opening track is led by the keyboards, with a slow doomy guitar in the background sounding straight out of a horror movie. There is a really funny transition on the opening track, when it all of a sudden speeds up. Or does it? The drums speed up and get going fast for maybe 20 seconds but everything else stays slow. It sounds like they were practicing and the drummer got bored and they liked the way it sounded. I liked it. Their next track is them playing around with lots of echo and reverb. Wonderful looking "splatter lime" vinyl with green and pink splatters. I think this makes it over 100 releases by the G. DORKS. But no track listening, band info, lyrics or contact info. (MH)
(My Cheap Ass Life)







GOVERNMENT FLU – "Are You Sorry Now?" LP

This band sounds nothing like their namesake, may very well play to a lot of closeted terminal preppies in MUNICIPAL WASTE shirts, and serve up nondescript, well-produced hardcore that's slightly crew-y and melodic, but offers absolutely nothing interesting, unique, or impassioned to the table. (DG)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

THE HANGOUTS – "A.D.D. Generation" EP

Figured I'd do a little online research on the HANGOUTS while I let the record play through for the first time and I was *stoked* to learn that back in 2009 they played a show at Hot Topic! In the mall! The sound here is exactly what you'd expect from that. It's certainly punk, trashy and rawkin', occasional fits of poppy, and 1-2-3 1-2-3 drumming, with a sultry and bratty sounding female crooner. (JU)
(Cutthroat)

HAPPPY NOOSE – LP

First off, just have to mention this is not a punk record. This is indie rock, or if it were the '90s we'd be calling it Alternative. But there are just enough punk elements in this album that it slipped past our review policy police. Man, it's getting hard these days with punks playing so much mainstream sounding shit. Like if NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL had started in 2011 they'd probably be getting reviewed in *MRR*. But whatever, the past is the past. And these guys kind of sound like the past; like they would have fit into that Indie rock sound that was real popular in 2003. Like when the STROKES and WHITE STRIPES were every douchebags favorite band. That's not saying this album sucks, cause it doesn't. These guys are quite good at what they do in the PAVEMENT sort of way. Just ain't feeling it though. (FS)
(Dead End Social Club)

THE HAPPY THOUGHTS – CD

A cute little album of pure and crisp BUDDY HOLLY infused, summertime soundtrack, pop 'n' roll. Imagine NOBUNNY deloused and wearing a bowtie. Best enjoyed while sporting a healthy, light tan, wearing cut off jean shorts in the company of wholesome and pretty 20-somethings over PBR's at a porch party. (GG)
(Hozac)

HOLY COBRAS – "Forever" LP

It's just like if ARIEL PINK got heavy into the garage rock revival. They seem to have a plethora of delay pedals. I am intensely bored. (MM)
(Telephone Explosion)

THE HUSSY – "Cement Tomb Mind Control" LP

I was gonna talk about how this LP has dumb lyrics and is kinda stupid… but then I thought, "What the fuck is wrong with me?" Garage rock has always had dumb lyrics and been kinda stupid. That doesn't mean it's bad. This record is actually really good in a trashy, blown out, totally fun way. The two-piece guitar and drum attack is complemented well by the split female/male vocals. This is not pushing any boundaries. It's not going in any new directions. This is just pure, fun rock'n'roll that would sound perfect at the end of a long week while drinking 47 tall cans of beer. Try it and see! (GH)
(Slow Fizz)

THE INVALIDS – "Still Sick" CD

Santa Rosa's answer to SCREECHING WEASEL. Well, I'm guessing they are from that esteemed borough of Northern California. But they really do sound like SCREECHING WEASEL in their prime. We're talking *My Brain Hurts* and *Anthem For A New Tomorrow* prime. The grade A stuff. No filler. Lots of snot, and muscular tunes, and twin guitars, and twiddly guitar bits, and "whoa-ohs." The full deal. Yup, catchy as hell. The wife hates this kind of stuff, and even she was singing the title track all day in the garden. (RK)
(Saint Rose)

IRON HAND – "Liquid Assets" EP

Straight forward burly hardcore not far from another record I reviewed this month by RED// RIVER. IRON HAND has less of a crust influence, a more polished sound and multiple vocalists you can sort of understand. "An Ode to No One" is heavy as bricks before it kicks into a modern hardcore sound. The last track is a cover of the SCREAMERS "122 Hours of Fear" and a good one at that. IRON HAND makes it their own with their noisy big sound but it's clearly more melodic and catchy. (MH)
(Safety Meeting)

IT BURNS – "Tenants Rights" EP

The cover of this looks like a '90s SXE hardcore record so that's what I was expecting. Some technical and epic BOTCH like fury. Instead this is rock'n'roll infused punk, think rockarolla along the lines of the many TURBONEGRO clones that seem to be able to reproduce faster than a plague of locusts. Meh. (LG)
(Beer Can/Let's Pretend)

JACK OF HEART – "Eureka" EP

Somebody wants to be the CRAMPS so bad! I, on the other hand, would rather listen to the CRAMPS. (MM)
(Slovenly)

JELLO BIAFRA AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE – "Enhanced Methods of Questioning" CD

BIAFRA and the chaps are back. A five track effort (though their long uns, clocking in at an average of five minutes each), plus a not so secret bonus track tracking an ol prog-rock Kraut rock opus by the DEVIANTS. For those not familiar with GSM, it really is all Biafra, with a very beefed up/heavy-hitting twin guitar backing band. All of the elements of Biafra's musical inclinations are displayed here....on steriods. There's some "Let's Lynch The Landlord" era surfy punk, lots of driving metallic noise from his post DK's collaborative era, and well, the prog rock! Lyrically spot on as ever, this is only going to disappoint those expecting "Holidays In Cambodia". And actually, if you want that again, go see em live. None of us are getting any younger. Indeed, you'll never be this young again. But JB is back to his best form. (RK)
(Alternative Tentacles)

THE JETZ – "Anthology 1977-79" LP

JETZ! Bright powerpop / punk from the UK, 1977, real H-I-T-S. One-shots on EMI get their back catalogue dug up by some fellow Brits 32 years down the line and we're given this LP, which is listenable and a joy after the other crumbs I've slogged through in today's reviewing session. The songs are all decent and catchy, very much products of their time which is A-OK with your faithful reviewer here. Also, not a Rave-Up release so there's only four live tracks outta twelve tunes total. Get it! (BB)
(Queen Mum)

THE KEMPS / VACATION CLUB – split EP

Two bands that wear their BLACK LIPS influence right there on their sleeves—lo-fi pop songs with buried, high-pitched vocals. VACATION CLUB plays at a quick tempo. The KEMPS drag their song out more slowly. Not exactly boring, but not that interesting either. (CK)
(Glory Hole)

KICKER – "Broke" EP

Straight outta Oakland. Cool artwork of elderly spiky punks in wheelchairs and walkers. The lyrics to "Broke" are genius. "My kidneys are complaining. My liver's being weird. Organs must be punished. Where's my breakfast beer?" I can totally relate. Unfortunately I wish the music was way more "kicking" The other songs about the same minus the great lyrics and there's an unnecessary S.O.A. cover. Did I say they have nice artwork? (RO)
(Inimical)

KIELTOLAKI – "Collection" LP

Here you have it people, all the KIELTOLAKI you can shake a stick at. Yay! This record is indeed a "collection" including three tracks from their self-titled 7" on Moo Cow, six songs from the *Totaalisen Tuhon Huominen* 7" on Moo Cow and Combat Rock Industries, nine songs from the *Ei Armoa* demo, and three more from *Turku Punk 2007* CD. The music? If ya haven't gotten your mitts on any of their stuff, now is the time! This is aggressive Finnish hardcore played with precision and aggression. Think the greats KAAOS, early RIISTETYT, etc… This is Finnish HC in every fiber of its being, but it's more of a continuation of a mighty tradition rather than some crappy shell of a postmodern knock off. It's got the sound and the soul, fury and ugliness that make this HC relevant and desirable today. This shit is on fire… There are 63 on green vinyl for the dorks. Cool big printed black and white poster, black and white printed 7" size booklet with lyrics and artwork, some of it reworked to fit in this format, from other releases.

Damn cool. A drawn cover with the themes of war, religion and bureaucrats by Langlais. Fucking punk. (MB)
(Moo Cow)

KILL BABY... KILL! – "Sometimes They Come Back!" CD

So this is instrumental surf music from Alabama. At least the ocean-deprived surfers of Alabama have somewhere to congregate. This is actually as garage and punk as much as it is surf. Not unlike AGENT ORANGE when they break out the surf songs. This five songer is a fun summer time release. (RL)
(KBK)

KIRAI – "Tear Down Monuments of Power" EP

Crasher crusties from fucking Sweden, via an Ohio label! These kids emulate GLOOM and DECEIVING SOCIETY with a level of authenticity that very few bands playing this style today have been able to achieve. Yeah, it's very derivative but that doesn't mean it's not impressive. If you're going to pay tribute, there are very few better bands to emulate, as the crasher crust style demands high energy and higher distortion that this recording brings in fucking spades. From the ultra-distort to the wah-pedal solos to the unhinged vocals this is 100% legit second generation crasher in the classic style. I'll probably never see their influences live, but I can hope for a KIRAI tour and I will. Spikes on your jacket? Beer in your Mohawk? You want this. (AU)
(Konton Crasher)

KISMET HC – "Songs of Strife" CD

This is some female-fronted, ultra-fast and ultra-political anarcho hardcore from the UK. These guys have been doing their thing for a long time now, and they have it down. They're not doing anything you haven't heard before, but they get kind of inventive with their songs, pushing them way past the three-minute mark. But there are enough twists and turns, that you don't really notice that a thrash song is lasting four minutes. These cool, well thought out lyrics and tunes that make you kick holes through the drywall in your room. But quick side note: why are anarchists still on myspace?!? It wasn't cool four years ago when people actually visited that site, and seriously, the only people still on myspace are shitty bands. Destroy the system, don't join it. (FS)
(Active Distribution)

KNIFE IN THE LEG – "The Next 3 Stabs" CD

This is one of those bands that draws mostly from early '80s hardcore, but whose sterile production gives the recording all the trappings of being a product of the modern age. There are also lots of '70s rock type guitar leads, and riffs that are the musical equivalent of leaving town on a whim at 2AM, and even though their sound seems fairly generic and unwavering, it at least makes for decent background music. This CD compiles their split records with IMPERIAL LEATHER and FIX MY HEAD, and their *No Place for Boys* 7", and the songs get slightly better over the course of each record. (DG)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

KNIFE IN THE LEG – "No Place for Boys" EP

K.I.T.L. are back and have this pretty nice record here. Some folks might already have their split LP with FIX MY HEAD. Hardcore out of Poland but sung in English with speed and hooks that grabbed my attention. We have eight thick tracks of structurally solid punk song writing here. Cool. (MS)
(Trujaca Fala / Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

KNIFETHRUHEAD / MR. CALIFORNIA AND J. O'FELONY – split EP

Former Bay Area resident, now Clevelander MR. CALIFORNIA is back with a new collaborator. J. O'FELONY may be a mystery or actually just MR. CALIFORNIA himself, but I am going to assume he is one who plays the guitar like he is just constantly soloing. Short songs using drum machine, thrashy guitar and MR. CALIFORNIA's trademark panicked vocals. One of the many good things about MR. CALIFORNIA is that he can put seven songs on a single side of a 7" and still leave enough room for seven more. Fill up that space, Mr. C. KNIFETHRUHEAD from Sacramento goes for a more dramatic thrash metal thing. There is a long, stupid intro where the band members pretend they are homosexual ancient Egyptians before breaking into a song about the homosexuality of ancient Egypt. Homosexuals in ancient Egypt? My god! I am shocked. The second song sets fart noises with a baby crying before going into an amateur free jazz type jam. It's called "Fart Big In A Baby's Face." Nothing left to say about that one. (CK)
(Cock Energy)

KONTRASEKT – "Break the Chain" EP

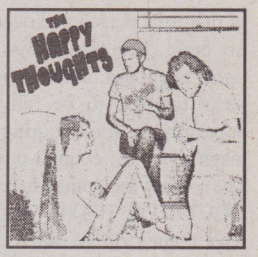
Growled and throaty reverbed vocals accompany this hybrid of old school Swedish and Japanese HC punk. Think a slightly cleaner sounding FRAMTID with sludgi-er, yet discernable bass and less treble-y, distorted guitars mixed with early WOLFPACK yielding a crusty, D-beat powerhouse. There are some epic sounds and black metal moments in here, and I have no complaints. This is no frills—no wanking (well, one part), no long ass melodic boring-as-all-fuck crust intros, just straight on the path to ruin and to blow some amps apart. This is heavy, brutal, dark, pissed and to the point. The lyrics are short declarations rather than long diatribes. This EP is a welcome addition to some of the recent stripped down raw punk that has been coming around as of late, yet it combines some of the best elements of the aforementioned styles in a more interesting and less contrived style—simple, but not simplistic. I bet these dudes kill live. Check this out. (MB)
(New Audio Terror)

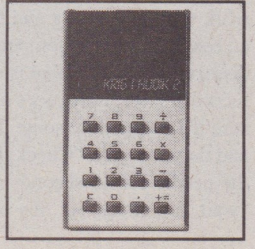
KRIG I HUDIK – "2" EP

. I shouldn't need to say anymore than to tell you that KRIG I HUDIK is Rolf Revålt from MISSBRUKARNA with TOTALITÄR members recording songs that Rolf has written with various other bands over the last 34(!!) years. Since some of these songs were written in 1977-1978, and therefore pre-date hardcore, there is slight deviation in styles between a couple of the songs but they are all pretty vicious and work great in context. Listening to this you can tell the influence that his songwriting had on bands like TOTALITÄR and HUVUDTVÄTT, which they were smart to adopt, because it led to some of the most *rrrrrrripping* tunes ever written and this EP is no exception. Even though it would get pretty boring, fast, I wanna say that "I wish all bands sounded like this," for dramatic effect. (JU)
(Skrammel)

LIEUTENANT – LP

About a week ago, I was listening to the LAST IN LINE LP and re-reading the 20th anniversary issue of *Suburban Voice*, and thinking about how I missed a lot of this kind of hardcore from the early 2000s that drew from classic early and late '80s US hardcore but still had its own character, and was raging and pissed but also fun and didn't take itself too seriously. I was pondering this for a few days, and low and behold, I get this record for review, which immediately reminded me





of that time period and occupies a similar space in my brain. This band plays hardcore that's speedy, tight, relentless, and realistically exists about ten years too late to be fully appreciated, but will hopefully do some touring, turn some heads, and inspire some counter-clockwise dance floors. The vocals are somewhere between INFEST and YOUTH OF TODAY, and come from someone who comes off as an irate maladjusted weirdo that also sounds like he's having a blast. People in this band have done time in a ton of Western NY bands ranging from LEMURIA to THEY LIVE to RUNNING FOR COVER, and when people from more diverse musical backgrounds get together and play hardcore, the result is usually something unusually fresh and considerably more interesting than people who listen to only a few (sub)genres of music, even if the style being played is relatively straightforward. All of this is topped off with lyrics that go beyond the popular vocalist whining about his life sucking, and I am declaring this record a winner! (DG)
(Warm Bath / Peterwalkee / Art of the Underground)

MAD ANTHONY – "I Spent All My Money On Speed Metal" CD

These guys sound like a more punked out mix of DANZIG and QUEENS OF THE STONEAGE. Neither of whom are among my favorites. This does rock and in a bar full of drunkards I'm sure this gets the job done. File under OK drunk punk. (RL)
(Phratry)

MALADROIT – "Jerk Alert" LP

French bubblegum pop punk. They sing in French aannnnnddd in English too, so there's something. They sound like they like the way BLINK 182 was recorded. Songs about girls and burgers, you know the drill. (LP)
(Guerilla Asso / Monster Zero / Slow Death / Big Wheel / Shot Down)

MANIKIN – "Keep Dancing Charlie" EP

Yes! Another MANIKIN record. Too bad it's only a 7", this band always leaves me wanting more. This is a group that does a modern-day interpretation of post-punk right. Bristling with static electricity, the guitar chimes like a warning siren through the heat of the Austin night. This record finds the band falling somewhere between early BAUHAUS and MISSION OF BURMA. It's a good combo. The antithesis of Keep Austin Weird tie-dye South By blues jammers. When is that West Coast tour, y'all? (AM)
(Super Secret)

THE MEN – "Leave Home" 12"

THE MEN has penned quite an epic piece of work with this outing and to simply say it "defies an easy pigeonhole comparison" is to do it a great disservice. *Leave Home* is certainly not a "songs" record, it is an entire piece of work. Like, I'm pretty sure if I stopped by some dude or dudette's house and they were all, "Check this out…" and dropped the needle for 45 seconds and followed it with a, "wait, no, check out this one…" (and repeat that two or three more times like people always seem to do when they're drunk and have friends over listening to records), I absolutely would not get it. Get it? It isn't as bad as it was a year or two ago, but the word "psychedelic" is still thrown around way too loosely these days, and it's generally just used to describe crappy free jazz played by a "rock" band with an organ and no talent. Well, the word applies here in spades. In fact, you could take all your current Pitchfork buzzwords and just string 'em together to more than likely describe this LP pretty accurately, but chances are that someone reading it would still have no idea what this record actually sounds like. Much like how they will walk away from this review without a clue as to what THE MEN sounds like. How could they? It doesn't sound like anything. But they should definitely be curious. These songs can be hazy, dreamy (at times even downright nightmarish), jamming, and I can hear bits and pieces of everything from SONIC YOUTH, MY BLOODY VALENTINE, RITES OF SPRING, a sludgy doom metal song, post-____ music, SPACEMEN 3, the last few years of Olympia bands, '90s alternative, and I could go on and on, but it's still a "punk" record and surprisingly fluid for one that takes you so many places in the amount of time that it does. More important than anything else I've said, it's actually interesting, and not in an, "oh, that's… *interesting*," kind of way. I feel that with today's emphasis on simplicity in the worlds of garage, indie rock, punk, and hazy pop music, people seem to forget that there are still bands like THE MEN that *have* the talent and ability, and will take the time to write original, creative and stunning rock music. I like that Sacred Bones released this record 'cause that means all these people that are looking for "minimal this" and "minimal that" will at least give it a second glance. Not that Sacred Bones puts out or is even touching the whole "minimal-dark-neo-glo-synth-wave" madness, but I think his label and the stuff he puts out are enjoyed by similar, if not the same crowd. Now if there was only a reviewer copy… (JU)
(Sacred Bones)

MERKIT – "Discography" CD

In the interest of full disclosure, the only stuff I'd heard from these guys before spinning this CD was their split LP with HOMBRINUS DUDES, and I couldn't for the life of me remember what they sounded like. These Floridians were definitely heavily influenced by '90s hardcore. Musically, they were all over the place, in a good way. Reference points would be GROUNDWORK and BORN AGAINST. They were speedy at times, screamy at others, and could bludgeon you with a heavy breakdown one minute and then slide gracefully into a subtle interlude the next. The kind of band that's hard to label. They played around with song structures and were talented enough to pull off several different styles. Lyrics were uber political, well thought-out and covered too many relevant topics to list here. This retrospective CD has 39 tracks encompassing everything the band recorded in their five year existence and is well worth your time and money, especially if you (like me) missed out on their releases the first time around. (KM)
(IFB)

METRALLETAS LE CHERAS – "Melodias Para Romanos" LP

This was described to me as insane goblin punk, I would add a PCP fueled DEVO to that; this is mutant rock my friends. A lighthearted attempt at hollowing out your head and replacing it with snot and shitty drugs and aggro new waver keyboards… UNIT 3 PLUS VENUS minus the child star aspirations with added bad taste cuz we're lookin' into the heart of darkness. This band rules and this record is ridiculously fun and dumb, it made me think of the song "Food Free Food" by Austin TX's failed wavers the genius DELINQUENTS. This is something I enjoy thinking about! Look it up on You Tube future punks. The packaging is kind of weird and random, and it does not looks as cool as it is, but it *is* cool, and dumb and that my friends is what makes summer fun. The song with the crooning guy singer and the incessant drill sound will make a good mix tape filler for that love interest you are trying to creep out. (LG)
(Bowery)

MG-15 – "Derecho ala Vida" E.P.

It is always challenging to write a review of a record that you have been listening to for over twenty years. It would be easy to simply say "This rules!" Which is what most who are familiar with MG-15 would say. LVEUM has brought us a re-issue by this band out of Spain. The production of this EP could easily be categorized as a rawer version of DISCHARGE, but this record is much more than that. This is a creeper with droning guitars that haunt its listeners. The drums have what has been coined the D-beat and is accompanied by some gravely vocals, and guitar bits that screech out of nowhere. I love this EP and "Caos Final" has made many chaos punkers mix tapes. If you are unfamiliar check it out as opposed to paying a hundred bux for the O.G. version. (MS)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

MICKEY – "Rock'n'Roll Dreamer" CD

MICKEY feature MAC BLACKOUT formerly of FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS and DAILY VOID. This is glam punk, but occasionally the music veers off into LA '80s hair-metal territory. I will preface that comment with the fact that this music is a bit too fast and chaotic for anyone from that crowd, especially the full-on bratty vocals with a GARY GLITTER or MARK BOLAN style. This record is very slickly produced, but necessarily so. These songs would seem wrong if they were lo-fi. (CK)
(Hozac)

THE MOBY DICKS – "Spiders" EP

Now we're talking. Right away, I'm bouncing my head and pretending like I can play the drums. It's melodic, it's catchy and it's punk and it's pop, but I would maintain that it is not wimpy. The B-side even gets a little fuzzy. I wish I could think of whom the singer reminds me. Fuck yeah, the

songs are all of the under-two-minute variety. Good stuff, here. (KK)
(Southpaw)

MORALENS VÄKTARE / RODA STEN – split EP

A couple of longhair Swedish bands give us an offering. RODA STEN's first song is a pretty rocking '70s NWOBHM sounding thing. Gets the blood flowing. Their second song is the worst bar boogie song, complete with honky tonk pianos, a piece of shit song. The same deal with MORALENS VÄKTARE. Their first song is a good catchy '70s punk thing. Song two is a fucking horrible R-O-C-K in the USA '80s sing along waste of your fucking time. I could be one of those nice guys and say it shows promise and blah blah blah. No. They can fucking blow me. (RO)
(Avgångsbetyg)

MORALENS VÄKTARE – "Konsumera!" EP

Four more perfect punkers from these young Swedes. If BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL (whose new EP was released alongside this one by Ken Rock) represents the Swedish hope for KBD/pub purists, MORALENS VÄKTARE represent the next-wave of no-goods aping '90s "garage" punk a la Rip Off Records and their ilk. Fortunately, they left their new wave sunglasses at their daddy's house. A great single, front to back. (MC)
(Ken Rock)

MUTAGEN – "Surovaya Realnost Obydennoy Zhini" LP

Super slick and melodic punk with more than enough "fist in the air" to fill another entire LP. From Drezna, Russia, MUTAGEN remind me of A GLOBAL THREAT, but there are infectious lead guitar licks that don't really belong in the music and yet still manage to work perfectly and set the band apart from mountains of bands following a similar template. Urgent and excellent vocal delivery with just a touch of melody underneath the snarl, and frequent assistance from a crew of backing voices. Maybe this one is more for young punks trying to break free from starter bands, and I think that MUTAGEN are an excellent first step. Released in 2010 in Russia, this vinyl issue comes from Germany so hopefully more Western punks can get their hands on it. (WN)
(Angry Voice)

NACHO BUSINESS – "Cotton Candy Dreams" EP

Really saccharine dreamy pop punk that for some reason brought to mind both the SHOP ASSISTANTS and JAWBREAKER. There's an underlying melancholy that gives this band a little bite… It made me think of being a teenager and being stuck listening to "Kiss the Bottle" in some boy's room when I would rather have been listening to HUGGY BEAR. So not exactly my thing so to speak, but it's pretty rad listening to girls make these sounds in such a cool/interesting way. I mean I mentioned the SHOP ASSISTANTS for a reason! The songs are insanely catchy and well constructed but are still raw and playful. This would be perfect for the prom scene at the end of a teen movie when the misfit finally gets the last dance. (LG)
(Sacramento)

NAKED ON THE VAGUE – "Abstract Figures/Reflections of Strangeness"

On this venture NAKED ON THE VAGUE dig into much more straight forward territory than the weirdo carnie landscapes they came up with previously, but hold tight to their creep goth roots. Kind of sounding like the better parts of BAUHAUS or maybe a dope dozing MODERN CREATURES. It's a worthwhile time. (MM)
(R.I.P. Society)

NEUROOTTISET PELIMANNIT – "Diskografia" 2xLP

I recall picking up this bands first EP years ago, it had a really crude drawing of a punk that so many first wave hardcore records did out of Finland. I thought this might be cool, well it was way better than cool. This motherfucker kicked my ass. I ran out and told all my friends that they needed to hunt this fucker down. Excellent Finnish hardcore that will without a doubt get your fists pumping. Gnarly vocalist screams over driving, fast, punk giving me the impression these were some pissed off kids. We have two LPs including the band's entire output. There is more than enough to make you feel like you got your moneys worth so now is the time to grab this. By the way, almost all original EPs were pressings of about 300 copies, which means they will not be easy to track down. Oh, only 500 made of this discography. Killer stuff so act fast!!! (MS)
(Kamaset Levyt)

NERVESKADE / PERDITION – split EP

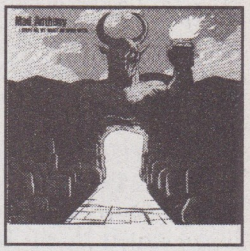
Sometimes it's nice when a record delivers exactly what you're expecting it to. After hearing previous efforts from both bands, I expected noisy, drunken, memorable tunes falling somewhere between CONFUSE and DISCHARGE to emanate from both sides of this slab, and that's what I got, and it fucking rules. Three new tracks from both outfits (one of NERVESKADE's is a SHITLICKERS cover) sure to make all the studded-jacket laden drunk punks go mental. Don't get me wrong, I also enjoy wearing black and drinking cider to excess, and this is the perfect soundtrack for such undertakings. (KM)
(Distort Reality)

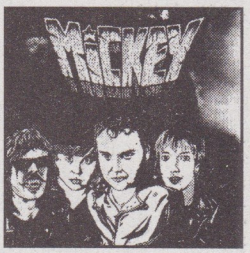
NIGHT BIRDS – "Fresh Kills" CD

I'm stoked! Even though this band totally rips and I've dug everything they released over the last couple of years, economic reality meant I only ended up with one of their EPs in my collection. I'm guessing you might be in the same boat. Well now Fresh Kills gives us a chance to get all their shit put out so far, including the 2009 demo, and just in time to psych ourselves up for the LP that's coming out soon on Grave Mistake. If you're not already hip to these guys, (and where the fuck have you been, if not), they throw down some killer old school style surf punk with a contemporary DIY hardcore approach that sounds pretty close to rock'n'roll perfection. Fortunately they're not quite easy to pigeonhole, but I definitely hear DI and JFA crossed with DEEP SLEEP and the ERGS (go figure). But don't listen to me, listen to the fucking songs. Seriously, you can't lose. Neither can the NIGHT BIRDS! (BG)
(Grave Mistake)

NIGHTGAUN – "Absurdity of Meaning" EP

I just saw these dudes last week and thought that the delay effect on the vocals was the sound guy fucking around to make up for the shitty PA but it turns out it was on purpose. It actually sounds pretty good now that I listen objectively. NIGHTGAUN plays pissed off crust with its roots buried in hardcore rather than metal. They play fast but don't resort to the D-beat. They're heavy but don't chug the guitars. The lyrics are aggressive and confrontationally political, not the usual whining about issues without talking about solutions. I'm stoked on the fresh and honest punk-ness of it. The only question I have is how do you pronounce the name? Nightgown? Nightgone? Everybody had their own version at





the show and I still don't know. Somebody settle this for me so I can, with any reservations, dig the fuck out of this band. (BL)
(Primitive Future)

NIKKI LOUDER – "Our World Died Yesterday" LP

Bombastic! I don't think there's a single bar of 4/4 on this record. These kids are practiced musicians who utilize a smashing, chaotic, burly-side-of-indie-rock sound. They dispense with the quiet parts and every song is either a spastic flailing or the end of the world. The band is Slovenian, the lyrics are in English but they don't make any sense. I could jam on a few songs of this, but a whole LP in this vein is too much. How many times can the world end and have me still care? If this pummeling is your thing, though, these folks are accomplished. This record was partially funded by the Slovenian Ministry of Culture. (JM)
(Moonlee / Cheap Tunes / Zavod Radio Student)

NITAD – "En Ding Ding Värld" EP

I really dig the fuzzy guitar tone on this one. This is a new EP from these four Swedes whom most have probably dismissed as another run-of-the-mill hardcore band. While the songs on the A-side of this platter do little to expel that notion (they're in the same vein as their previous releases, most notably the LP on Deranged) they are by no means bad, and if you were a fan of anything that came before this, you'll definitely be satisfied. The B-side is comprised of only one song, and thankfully they take a different approach for this one. It's a bit longer, slower, heavier and less blatant than any NITAD song I can recall, definitely the pick of this litter. Solid release. (KM)
(Adult Crash)

NO PROBLEM – "And Now This" LP

This is music for maladjusted adults who are too old to be able to relate to teenage problems, but whose feelings of alienation have in no way withered with age, and are looking for something that musically and lyrically captures the frustration of adult punk life in the same way that, say, so many ADOLESCENTS songs are a product of teen angst. One of my favorite things in the world is bands effectively fusing hardcore with catchy yet aggressive or paranoid melody, as bands like SOCIAL CIRCKLE and DEEP SLEEP have done in recent years. NO PROBLEM beat their contemporaries at this game: taking up the anger to Falling Down levels, yet writing an entire LPs worth of multi-dimensional, fully-formed, memorable songs that are devoid of even a note of filler. This band is touring the US and Canada this summer, and if they're half as good live as they are on this LP, it's gonna be a goddamn blast. (DG)
(Deranged)

OBEDIENCIA – "Edificios" EP

Spanish punk that is highly anthemic and pleasingly fast. They got a lady singer and are on the darker more melodic side of SILLA ELECTRICA. Not really quite my thing but they do what they do well as far as I can tell. (MM)
(Solo Para Punks)

OBEDIENCIA – "Edificios" EP

Holy shit!!! Is every punk in Spain ordered to play in fifty bands or pay the price!? This is rad desperate punk rock that will make you wanna quit your job and off the pigs and skate or die (on the freeway) all at once… This label only puts out hits so I shoulda known my brains were gonna be blown. We're talking DAYLIGHT ROBBERY or a less KBD-d out GORILLA ANGREB, and the vocalist sorta reminds me of Jen from NUCLEAR FAMILY. But this is rawwwww punk! It's primal and discordant and, shit let's all move to Madrid?! That grab you in yer guts feeling. Melancholic but malicious and furious, I am listening to this on the shittiest stereo in the building and it still sounds like one of the 7"s of the year. Reminded me of the OBSERVERS at their most desperate with the KALASHNIKOV 45 playing at the same time! (LG)
(Sólo Para Punks)

OMEGAS – "Blasts of Lunacy" LP

What a band. OMEGAS manages to harness everything that is super macho and aggressive, and ugly and mean about hardcore without ever coming off even remotely "athletic," sporting a mongo vocalist that can manage to channel Darby's manimalian unpredictability and wingnut-ery without coming off as a phony. These *freekz* might just be the cure to the "bored" vibe that's been such a huge part of hardcore with a much more urban and dirty and greasy and slutty and weird and fucking *punk* approach. When the lyrics include, "Dancin' like the jerk that nobody knows / Dancin' like the cock that nobody blows," you *know* you have something special. This is absolute perfection and hands down the best record to come out in this first half of 2011. I just can't get over it. Blast this shit and slam a skank. (And that has nothing to do with fucking.) (JU)
(Parts Unknown)

PAMPERS – "Eruptions" EP

This Brooklyn four-piece apparently specializes in booming. That's the one consistent factor across the three tunes here. The title track apes COACHWHIPS admirably, whereas two other tunes offer up a more poppy approach. But the boom is most certainly there. I'm into it. (MC)
(Jack Shack)

PANZRAM – "Reform" 10"

Aww, fuck yeah! PANZRAM features MRR's own John Fahey–you know, the guy with the powerviolence column? I bet you can guess what kind of music he and his buddy are doing here. Shit is some fucking dirty sounding ACRID-inspired crushing hardcore and its fucking rad! It's mostly slower, but busts in outta nowhere with blast beats and fast parts and mid tempo runs. What the hell do you call that? It's like the opposite of a breakdown, I guess. The packaging is awesome too—all handmade, hand screened, cut, folded and glued by the band and friends This shit has shitworker Ryan Murphy written all over it. (BD)
(IFB)

PARLOR – LP

Phew, I can honestly say this doesn't remind me of anything else. That's a big deal in this day and age. Can music be dark and upbeat at the same time? PARLOR creates a spindly-melodic, reverb-laden post-punk backdrop for some of the most euphoric, celebratory choruses ever. In fact, the songs are pretty much all chorus, no verse. The album itself lacks information beyond the track listing, and I can't find much about PARLOR on the internet, another rare thing. This is great stuff. If you can track down this record, buy it. (AM)
(Social Collapse)

PEACH KELLI POP – LP

It is sheer genius to put a scantily clad hot chick playing a ukulele (?) on the cover of your record. While I might not be compelled to buy it, I'm certainly compelled to have a look. This is super lo-fi bubblegum pop music. Imagine if SHONEN KNIFE had gone the pop/bubblegum route instead of the pop/rock route. Because it is so up my alley, it's tough for me to tell how great it is, but it is certainly some level of greatness. It is alleged that PEACH plays all the instruments on the record, making her a one-woman show. Go ahead, do the eggroll. (KK)
(Going Gaga)

PHOENIX FOUNDATION – "No Love Lost" LP

There is a modestly famous band from Great Britain that is also called PHOENIX FOUNDATION. This is not them; this PHOENIX FOUNDATION is an Emo-Pop-Punk from Finland. I'm always surprised when records like this get sent in to *MRR*, cause Emo records usually get torn to spreads by bitter fickle old reviewers. Getting a good emo review is about as likely as throwing an M'n'M across a room and having your friend catch it in their mouth. Cause like this album, the music can totally rule, but when you have ten consecutive songs about the trials and tribulations of a relationship…dang. I know you're "lost and tired" and "don't know what it takes to hold on," but come on! Not even SPRINGSTEEN would do a whole album about heartbreak, and he's the king of Emo. He'd throw in some bullshit song about working on the highway, or driving a car. Something stupid like that. So anyway, getting to the music, its like somewhere between Fat Records and J CHURCH. You know, over-produced but novel at times. But hell, if you got a soft spot for the tortured emotional ballad and you like your punk hella melodic…check this ooooooooooout. (FS)
(Stonehenge / Passing Bells)

PIG CHAMPION – "Oppression Breeds Violence" CD

Burly crossover with NYC style hardcore leanings from Chicago. I use the word crossover but the band doesn't sound like DRI or any of the other crossover bands, this is more of a mix of thrash metal and hardcore. They have a tough NYC sound but keep the thrash. "I Do the Work," in particular the intro, have a SICK OF IT ALL sound while other tracks a slight CRO-MAGS

leaning. Did they name themselves after Pig Champion of POISON IDEA? Not sure I need to hear more heavy hardcore like this but this isn't bad. (MH)
(self-released)

PINK REASON – "Shit in the Garden" LP

I don't think anyone could describe a PINK REASON record as "lite", especially *Shit in the Garden*, the anticipated sophomore effort from Kevin Failure and his revolving cast of co-conspirators. Every record this band releases just feels *big*. I don't mean that in terms of careerist aspirations or in regard to the production, but more in the scope and mood of the material. While far from a hardcore punk onslaught, there's a level of intensity here that matches (and sometimes exceeds) the heaviest of heavies. It's all *very* serious. Drugs? Tape hiss? A strong lean toward all things bleak? Yes to all. In the hands of lesser artists, listeners would be tripping over clichés rather than diving in to a great record. So how the fuck does this work? What's the recipe here? I'm inclined to think it involves time (this band doesn't shit out throwaway discs), execution and sincerity. Another compelling aspect is that it actually *sounds* like fringe music, much more so than most tired punk I'm hearing as of late. It shares an awful lot with the legendary Ohio home-recording outsiders that this band has long championed, but I'm also hearing a whole lot more JOY DIVISION on *Shit in the Garden* than I have previously. That's why you can bob your hopeful lil' head to tunes that essentially detail desperation. Written from the gut and recorded on the fly, *Shit in the Garden* is immediate, personal and pretty goddamn great. Give it a go *now*, please. (MC)
(Siltbreeze)

PLEASURE LEFTISTS – "Six Song EP" EP

Sounds like ECHO AND THE BUNNYMENT with GEDDY LEE and SIOUXIE SIOUX's mutant spawn on vox. The tracks are really fast and trebly, the guitar is repetitive and makes me want to describe it as post-math. Damn. This record is so '80s pop. The third track on the A-side literally sounds like DURAN DURAN. (HD)
(Fan Death)

PORKERIA – "La Mierda de Siempre" LP

Records this good often put me at a loss for words. I find it much easier to pick something apart than to get to the core of what makes something great. For instance, I was thinking of starting this review by describing this as straightforward Latino hardcore punk. That sounds generic right? Well essentially that's what PORKERIA sound like, but rest assured, these well-traveled Texans are anything but boring. This is the middle ground between LOS CRUDOS and PELIGRO SOCIAL, with a little bit of Scandinavian influence tossed in for good measure. It's fast and raging but after a couple spins every one of these fantastic little ditties will be ingrained in your brain. Most of the lyrics are vaguely political; they're also fantastically simple and at times even a bit hopeful. "Por La Patria" and "No Te Preocupes" actually gave me fucking chills. This is the best Latino punk LP I've heard in a couple years; track it down at any cost. (KM)
(Adelante / Valle Miseria)

PUNCTURE – "Mucky Pup/You Can't Rock And Roll'

Art damaged out of tune DIY punk. Coming off as a lost anti-treasure from some shit hole squatted council house in Thatcher's England. All the charm of DESPERATE BICYCLES and the chaos of SWELL MAPS whilst injecting some of that sneaky humor of the TV PERSONALITIES. It's got that throw everything down the stairs and record it quality whilst still managing to produce two top shelf tunes. Contrived, maybe. Art school smugness, yes. Damn good, you bet ya. (SD)
(Last Laugh)

PYGMY SHREWS – "You People Can All Go Straight to Hell!" LP

I heard someone describe this band as part of the new hardcore revival that's going on in New York, but that label doesn't quite fit in my head. There are definitely some riffing power chords and things get spastic at times, but the tunes come off more like heavy garage noise than hardcore. Right now I'm listening to the twelve minute long metallic psychedelic instrumental brain destroyer called "Fuck the Law," which is the highlight of the album for a pothead like me. The other six tunes on this second LP by the band are a blend of ZEKE-like rawk and the lo-fi garage sound that's so popular with the hipsters these days. I hate to drop the clichéd "I'm not blown away by this record but I bet they're good live" line but I'm doing it anyway. (BG)
(Jack Shack)

THE RATCLIFFS – "Junkyard Barbecue" EP

Four tracks of RAMONES and SCREEECHING WEASEL worship. Played well, played tight and production spot on. If you're firmly stuck in the early to mid nineties, like so many burnt out older punks, then you will total dig these young pups playing odes to your bygone youth. (SD)
(Monster Zero)

RATCLIFFS – "Captain Supermarket" EP

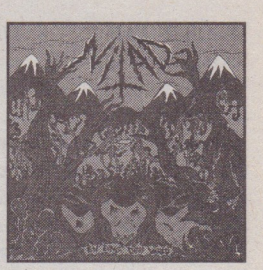
Good old-fashioned pop-punk, like the DESCENDENTS, BUZZCOCKS, or early GREEN DAY. I hear so little of this sort of stuff these days that this is actually kind of refreshing. The songs are catchy and well-paced, the vocals are tuneful but not syrupy-sweet (he sounds Australian actually), and the riffs and leads are infectious. Go to it. (AM)
(Monster Zero)

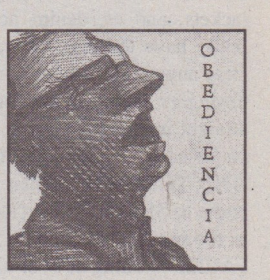
REATARDS – "Teenage Hate" 2xLP/CD

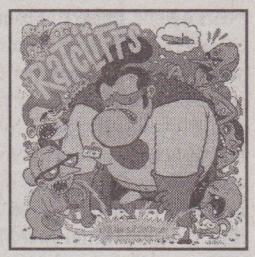
Prior to getting this for review, it had been a while since I'd listened to any REATARDS records. Hearing this expanded repackaging of Jay Reatard's first album brings me back to the excitement I felt when I first bought the fucking thing. It's unreal how well this holds up. Thirteen years later and it's still a total fucking *monster*. Seriously: "Stacie," "When I Get Mad," "Fashion Victim," on and on. So good it oughta be illegal (probably was). Take a kid terror, feed him OBLIVIANS records, give him a guitar and a tape deck and stand the fuck back. The addition of two demo tapes to the *Teenage Hate* legacy is a revelation for fans and offers further proof to newbies. His LIL' BUNNIES cover?!?!?!? Holy shit. What a horrible genius this guy was. *Teenage Hate* is a classic punk rock album, in the same league as the greats that came before it, while laying waste to 99% of what's come after. Perfect in absolutely every goddamn way. (MC)
(Goner)

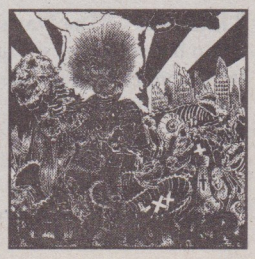
RED//RIVER – "Life is War" EP

Burly D-beat hardcore with an early '90s gruff, barked vocal style. Ah, the sound is familiar but I can't exactly place it. "Courage and Struggle" is full on D-beat hardcore. The lyrics aren't the usual war is bad or political lyrics; they are more life sucks type lyrics. "Life is War" knocked me out of my chair. It's got a big, in your face, aggressive sound. (MH)
(Fermented Chaos)









ROCK'N'ROLL STORMTROOPERS – "Kings in Jeans" CD

The history of denim, and rock, is, of course, an auspicious one. Indeed, a studded one. Denim was *the* uniform of heavy metal. So much so, that the mighty SAXON even called their second best (*Wheels Of Steel* being undoubtedly their finest) album *Denim & Leather*. And who doesn't love, of course, Norway's finest TURBONEGRO. This particular winsome foursome—German, needless to say—have patch adorned cut off denim jackets, and er, denim hotpants. Not sure they really have the legs for it. Musically, they don't stray anywhere close to *Apocalypse Dudes* (or *747 Strangers in the Night* for that matter). They're straight up glam/rock/pop. More akin to SWEET, or the early COCK SPARRER. Or SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS, when they'd shortened their name to SLAUGHTER (for the second LP). Punk in the sense of the BOYS, pop in the realm of the FACES. Nothing new, or original (plenty of dudes in denim hotpants here in the beautiful Bay) in any of it, but all good clean fun. (RK)
(Bulldozer)

SALTED CITY – "Rebirth" EP

A fuckin' fat, warm, giant sound was harnessed for these four tracks. The bass is pushin' you down, the drums stomp and the guitar is heavy and slashing. The vocals are a melodic sort of yellin', complimented by the guitar leads. The songs aren't quite catchy enough to stay in constant rotation, but their sound is perfect. This EP is an enjoyable basement crust assault. They're outta Portand, of course. (JM)
(Adelante)

SCROTUM POLES – "Revelation" EP

Upon first listen, it may be kind of hard to understand why collectors covet this legendary UK DIY rarity so: the SCROTUM POLES debut 1980 7" EP, here in near-exact reissue form by Dulc-i-tone Records (none of this material was on the recent Auchmithie Forever LP). If you're looking for straight up punk rock, you'll have to make it through four of the five tracks before you get to the storming final blast "Radio Tay" (booted years ago on Back To Front #2 LP). No, with these SCROTUM POLES you're dealing in subtleties you may not yet be able to comprehend. Give it some time, and like most of us converts, I suspect you'll eventually get why this particular nugget stands heads and tails above most of the UK DIY ouvre. Something about pure bliss gateway drugs or some such. Or maybe you'll just like "Radio Tay." Fuggin' killer includes repro of notoriously difficult yellow paper lyric sheet. (GB)
(Dulc-i-tone)

TEARGAS – "The Way of All Flesh" LP

So bummed I missed these guys play here cuz this record is so good! The bass is heavy with just a bit of fuzz to it. Guitars are clean enough to rip through some good leads and killer solos, but distorted to enough to keep this dirty. The drums are fucking brut-al and punishing. Seriously, the drums won't leave you alone! The sound is somewhere in the land of PAINTBOX, LOUD PIPES, BASTARD with D-beat in the mix—Swedenese. Comparisons to TRAGEDY have been made and I can't disagree, but think TRAGEDY, not the bands they spawned and appreciate it, dicks. The vocals are throaty and tonsil scraping with some chant choruses making their appearance. Lyrics are poetic in a sense that they construct an atmosphere and imagery of destruction, injustice and other subjects prevalent in punk with out being numbingly literal. The construct a ethereal, surreal and horrific landscape without the poet blouse. Think Hieronymus Bosch. I love the figurative nature of these songs and anyone who can use the word "teat" and not make me chuckle is cool by me. Album name—Samuel Butler reference? The Henrietta Lacks story? Another mystery... Good record. (MB)
(Hardcore Victim / Narm Discos)

TY SEGALL – "I Can't Feel It/Falling Hair"

To be honest, I'm a bit out of the loop with what's been happening with this particular local hero and former TRADITIONAL FOOL. The last time I saw him play, he was still performing raucous, stomping, fun garage rock. The two songs on this single are well-written, well-played, and well-sung, but to me they plod along. Sonically there's an element of later BEATLES, which makes sense for him in a way but really, why go there at this point? This record just lacks the energy that I remember from TY's live show. Hopefully a temporary blip. (AM)
(Drag City)

SEXY CRIMES / SPORTS BAR – split EP

SEXY CRIMES play a sort of frenetic punk rock with (occasional) high pitched female vocals that almost made wonder if I didn't have the record on the wrong speed, but it was on 33rpm. It's an interesting record. On the one hand, I find it kind of annoying. On the other hand, I kind of like it. That sounds like a pretty perfect record. Man, it really is starting to grow on me. SPORTS BAR play a brand of rock'n'roll that reminds me of JOHNNY THUNDERS, without necessarily sounding like JOHNNY THUNDERS. It's a little slower, methodical, with some great guitar riffs. Of course, as soon as I put that down, song two kicks in and just rages. While the two bands are quite a bit different, the EP is excellent. (KK)
(Flish / Sweet Dreams)

SHAVED WOMEN – LP

Interesting debut of sludgy, noise-rock informed hardcore tunes from these St. Louis muggz. The majority of this 12" is a writhing, burrowing and worming sonic attack that comes at you more like a skin-tunneling parasite than a military blitzkrieg—takes time before you realize the extent at which the assault has advanced. The bass tone is absolutely perfect and along with the drums, has a really crushing presence. You often see things described as "guitar records," but this is totally a "bass record," sonically similar to SLICES or even PISSED JEANS. Great stuff. (JU)
(Rotted Tooth)

THE SHIRKS – "Cry Cry Cry" EP

Washington DC garage rock with tight playing and in-tune vocals. It's a stand-out as the songs are actually catchy and interesting, as opposed to a "Louie Louie" rehash through a '90s lens. I hate to refer to anything ever as "snotty" but there's plenty of snot and spit in this. Recorded perhaps a bit too hi-fi for my tastes, but it's not a particularly glaring blemish. (BB)
(Grave Mistake)

SIDE EFFECTS – "Lessons in Fear" LP

SIDE EFFECTS create interesting songs within the admittedly narrow confines of metallic crust punk. Politically charged and shamelessly left, they attack their songs with one of the most deliberate and awkward D-beats I've ever heard, lots of start/stop riffs and jerky rhythms that make it nearly impossible to listen complacently. And after they've commanded your attention, you can dig deeper into some smartly written hardcore with snarling vocals coming at you from every direction. Guitar leads that sometimes sound a bit out of place soon become an integral part of the songs and while their flirtations with melody sometimes get a little too romantic, but the total package here is pretty fukkn good. (WN)
(Thin Charge)

SJU SVÅRA ÅR – "Storma Varje Hjärta" CD

This band has been around since 2001 and was formed after the disbanding of BURNING KITCHEN. This is melodic mid tempo punk that is not musically adventurous as the aforementioned band. Don't let that fool you... what makes this band is the vocals, both the lead and back ups harmonizing beautifully. The music is good and the guitar licks are catchy, but there is nothing new going on here. This is good, melodic, poppy, a little dark punk with slightly distorted guitars and a very polished sound. This seems like a great band, but it's so fucking over produced that it kills my interest. I am not saying you have to play on a washtub with a string recorded on a four track, but damn it... Any of the grit or anger here is lost. The classic elements to the song writing which are very present just end up sounding formulaic and a copy of an already nostalgic band. Fuck. I bet seeing them live would rule and result in a dance party extreme with me pretending I can speak Swedish just to sing along. Damn. (MB).
(Trujaca Fala / Not Enough)

SLAKTRENS – "Strålande Tider" LP

While a lot of styles in punk have been thoroughly, or even over-mind through the last 30+ years, SLAKTRENS are doing a style that very few bands can or have tried to pull off. Taking the fastest mangel in the MOB 47 style, and building off the ultra-fast extension of that style by KURBITS I.R., this is unrelenting one-two C-beat Scandinavian fast core. Hewing to the finest tradition of Really Fast records bands, these twenty eruptions of hyperspeed Swedish thrash punk are pulled off by two pissed-off punx with serious politics and an undying dedication to no-frills hardcore punk played as fast as possible.

Seriously, this is better MOB 47-style punk than the actual members of MOB 47 produced with their new record. Even the more down-tempo parts seem fast due to the desperate vocals and driving drumming. The production is just fantastic as well, allowing all the elements to shine while remaining true to the classic 4-track style. Brilliant. (AU)
(Fight Back / Rawby / Turist I Tillvarom / Swindel)

SLATES – "Bun Bun" EP

Three tracks of old school mid west sounding punk done by a bunch of fresh-faced hommes. A slight nod to the early REPLACEMENTS before they changed their chucks for cowboy boots, with a little nudge and a wink to the old masters of heartfelt punk WESTON. Catchy without being to overly pop, abundant energy and all done with a good ole' fashion soaking of fun and conviction. Nice. (SD)
(Handsome Dan)

SLUTEVER – "Pretend to be Nice" EP

Ever seen *Slaves to the Underground*? It's this movie that's like the male fantasy Hollywood version of riot grrl. There are lesbians and "crazy punk rockers" and all the actresses in the fake riot grrl band studied live footage of BIKINI KILL to prepare for their parts. This is kind of the vinyl version of that. Touted as "shit-fi" and "riot grrl" it kind of just sounds like rich kids in a nice studio trying to sound dangerous. It's the slickest "shitty recording" I've ever encountered and the levels are fucking wack, like the kick drum is by far the loudest thing. It's like BEST COAST trying to play FRUMPIES and it's just super bizarre. I kind of like it in a way but at the same time it's like the aural equivalent of that "How to Look Like a Riot Grrl" fashion magazine article that happened last year. It's entirely aesthetics; not a seven inch as much as a business strategy. But really, I may not have thought about any of this if I hadn't read their mega butt licking press sheet. Either way, it's really weirding me out, it's like I'm in some fake dimension. (MM)
(Bantic Media / Antoinette Westphal College)

SMALL BROWN BIKE – "Fell & Found" CD

These guys from the late '90s and early '00s are back together. I never became a fan of these guys although I was a fan of the bands they were always compared to SAMIAM, JAWBREAKER, and HOT WATER MUSIC. This was produced by J. Robbins of JAWBOX fame. This still just sounds OK to and certainly doesn't warrant comparisons to the mentioned bands on a quality level. The material and the vocals just seem flat to me. But I'm sure some people are very excited about this reunion… (RL)
(No Idea)

SPASTIC PANTHERS / TEENAGE RAMPAGE – split EP

What you got, Calgary? TEENAGE RAMPAGE hit it in the Grave Mistake/No Way vein—pretty fast, a little catchy, lyrics of being fed up and fucked up, in the mental health sense. They do have distinctive breakdowns, making up just a tiny bit of their sound but enough to differentiate them. Older and more practiced, or at least with other records, SPASTIC PANTHERS got me more excited with their lyrics than their sound. Their live show would go off, I suspect, but on this record it doesn't quite come together enough to earn repeated thrashings. They have a tight and intricate rhythm section, short and concise songs, a strong vocalist who fits in well with what they're doing. Despite seemingly doing everything right, the recording does lack a little energy. The chorus to "(I Don't Believe In) Moderation" shows how they kill when it does come together, and I envision drunken prairie youth spilling beverages on each other as they pile up, singing along. "You straight edge types won't like this song / Cuz I need a drug to keep me strong," he yells in "I Can't Make The Scene (Without Caffeine)." I will keep an ear open for both bands' future releases. (JM)
(Handsome Dan)

SWEAR JAR – "Cuss" LP

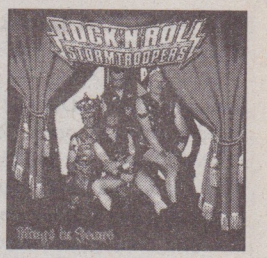
If VH1 did an indie-rock version of *I Love the '90s*, SWEAR JAR would be first choice to be talking heads. They would no doubt wax lyrical on their love of acts like the JESUS LIZARD, DRIVE LIKE JEHU, and most notably, SHELLAC. The heavy, drum-and-bass led sound and the cynical, staccato vocal delivery traces a direct line to Steve Albini's trio, although the songwriting and structure draws on more diverse influences. They are one of those bands that place great stock in the fact that they record everything analog. For good reason, as the recording itself sounds great: probably everything they hoped it would. I'm not sure what place SWEAR JAR has in the musical world of 2011; hopefully there's a wave of '90s nostalgia on the horizon that they could surf to fame and glory. (AM)
(Phatry)

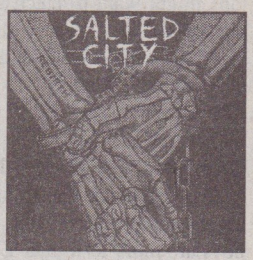
LA TERMINAL – "Esta Al Caer" EP

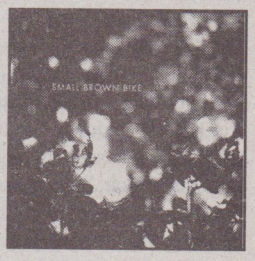
Whoa, It is a fucking amazing record. This is a vinyl release of this Basque band's demo that came out in, I believe, 2008. This sounds like the long lost studio tapes of some great hybrid of a late '60s, early '70s rock'n'roll band with early '80s Spanish punk. There is something very early sounding like ZOQUILLOS "Il Dolce far Niente" with the slightly distorted guitars with medium sustain and the clean lead guitar with just a little reverb with out any obnoxious rockarolla solos, just simple ones, and some tambourine thrown in to bring it home. But there is the chord progression and song construction that is simple, dark yet melodic, but aggressive and punk like RIP without the gruff vocals and without completely distorted guitar. The male vocals are more sung and a little off key with a little bit of an understated snotty drawl. The lyrics rhyme and metaphorical, yet simple without pretension. If you like INSERVIBLES or old Dangerhouse stuff, you will like this. This is not a record that sounds like "insert-any-old Spanish-band-here," but it does contain some the best elements of a few of the greatest. Totally stoked about this one. Best record of the year so far. (MB)
(Sólo Para Punks)

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Impending Doom/Death to Everyone"

There is a chance that this may be my new favorite band, which is a bold claim to make from a measly two-song record. TERRIBLE FEELINGS, from Sweden, sound like they are taking cues from the WIPERS, GORILLA ANGREB and BURNING KITCHEN while maintaining their own voice in the music. The two songs on this record are both outstanding and understated. Clean guitars, steady drums and emotionally dark lyrics all combine to make you dance and feel like shit at the same time. My favorite lyrics are "To my unborn child, there is nothing to enjoy in life" and "I drove around the narrow roads looking for a tree to carry me over to the other side." Listen to this and imagine living somewhere that only has five to six hours of daylight in the wintertime. Hopefully, there will be enough bleak winter months over there to inspire a full LP. (GH)
(Lack of Sleep / Sabotage)







PAT TODD AND THE RANK OUTSIDERS – "Don't Worry 'Bout Me Baby/Idle Time"

New single from ex LAZY COWGIRLS frontman PAT TODD and his new Los Angeles based rock'n'roll outfit. Recorded with EARLE MANKEY, this has the kind of American Roots Rock sound you might expect, A-side is bar band rocker, flip is a rural tinged folk rock ballad. It's cool he's writing new material and keepin' it real in 2011, but I don't see wide appeal for this among all the young punks. Nostalgic LAZY COWGIRLS fans might want to catch their live show or pick this up and reminisce with this aged road weary traveling rocker. He sure ain't BOB SEGER tho. On (limited?) Gray Vinyl. (GB)
(Cutthroat)

TRMRS – "Sea Things" LP

Jangley, jangley and jangley. But also fuzzy and emphasized with reverb. These Orange County boys are more lo-fi than TY SEGALL, less crafty than THEE OH SEES. But from the sound of this LP those two bands are obviously influences. This works as background music, but it is not as catchy as this type of stuff needs to be. (CK)
(Dead Beat / Resurrection)

UBER KROPPLING – "Kroppen" EP

I don't think I understand foreign people. This is mid-paced hardcore with gruff vocals in I think Danish. Some decent guitar work, but this sounds like it might be a lot better live than on record. A song on the B-side has some interesting things going on but overall not the most attention-grabbing record I've heard, to say the least. (BB)
(Blood Sausage, no info)

ULTRATHIN – "Glass City" EP

This is straight-up scary punk shit. Whatever this guy Mark is singing about, it sounds totally badass. Both sides are incredibly violent low-rider fuck-action dick-licking insanity. I love this. I hope they live forever. (HD)
(Badmaster)

UNITED SONS OF TOIL – "When the Revolution Comes Everything Will Be Beautiful" LP

I hate it when reviewers just refer to the one sheet, but this one claims allegiance to NEUROSIS and '90s Mid-western math-rock, which is sort of true but also… ridiculous. It just sounds like generic 1990s post-manila envelope emo hardcore more than math rock, but I guess there a lot of chugged out abrupt changes. The overblown epic *Through Silver in Blood* song constructions coupled with parts that are firmly planted in basement shows at community centers in Falls Church, VA circa 1995 made it hard to take this seriously. I can imagine kids with vegan tattoos and plugs in their ears punching the air and really feelin' it maaan. I just didn't like it; one of the vocalists has this distracting Cookie Monster growl that felt weirdly ridiculous over the guitar sounds, and in general the record felt so overwrought and pompous and ardent. But I can imagine there is an audience for this, you know, kids that want a chuggier take on 1990s Old Glory records stylee created by a band that identifies as a collective. A band that includes a manifesto and mammoth lyric booklet in with their record. I mean, I think this is a worthy effort, I am not trying to dismiss their hard work or the fact that they have put a lot of thought into this project in terms of the lyrics and music. It's just not what I wanna listen to. At all. Sometimes a simpler, stripped down approach is more powerful/interesting. (LG)
(Phratry / Sacred Plague)

UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON – "Live on WMFU 1993" EP

UOA were one of my favorite bands in the '90s. Sharing members with BORN AGAINST, including Tonie Joy also of MOSS ICON, who played some of the most creative and fucked up out there guitars in that era of HC, with Brooks Headley achieving similar feats on drums… In places the guitars bring to mind DIE KREUZEN's "All White", the otherworldliness and sort of spindle-y rage, but in all reality Tonie's guitar style is not really beholden to anything, a weird amalgamation of hardcore and metal that is really none of the above and uncategorizable. The sort of music that simultaneously destroys and resurrects at once hardcore as an idea, an ideal and a possibility. People mock the '90s HC era for the earnestness and self-indulgence but for all the excess there were bands that created a different and non-reverential take on the sound rather than a simulation of DCHC circa 1981 or whatever. The lyrics are oblique and critical invocations. This double 7" is a live radio session that captures the band's weirdness and power. Also: who knew Gravity records still existed?! (LG)
(Gravity)

UNLEARN – "When the Reaper Comes to You, Will you Clap?" EP

Ah, traditional D-beat, it's always a pleasure to hear you. Building on an excellent demo, UNLEARN unleash five driving songs of brutal D-beat hardcore with just a hint of modern influence. From the drum fills to the verse-chorus-verse to the shouted vocals, this is almost entirely old-school influenced but the modern production and the sharp tempos keep it from being pure nostalgia-core. Extra points for the proficient but entirely to-the-point solos: just because you can emulate Bones it doesn't mean you have to, and the Swedish-style string bends add an extra touch of character. This is up there with the MERDOSO EP when it comes to modern primitive D-beat. (AU)
(Deranged)

THE UNSATISFIED – "Songs The Belt Taught Us" CD

This is bland hard rock with a slight southern edge. Occasionally, they bring in a little twelfth generation ZEP worship. Is this the band that FLEHIES were making fun of with "Led Fuckin' Zeppelin?" Also, song titles include "Into the Gash," "Ten Inch Waist," and "She'll Kiss The Fire." (LP)
(self-released)

LA URSS – "Mecanismo" EP

Just the thing to get your toes tapping. Makes me think of a surfy, garage-y YOUNG WASTENERS, with the same sort of exaggerated, DEAD KENNEDYS-inspired vocals, but a vibe that's a tense balance between end-of-the-world moody and happy-go-lucky. The trebly, reverbed guitars and firm, defined bass tone that's high in the mix both make for an excellent sound. Rad. (DG)
(La Corporacion)

USELESS EATERS – "Daily Commute" LP

USELESS EATERS have been one of my very favorites in the past few years, so it's a total fucking pleasure to get this debut album for review. If you've followed this band's string of killer singles (all collected on LP recently by Tic Tac Totally), you know that things shift rather abruptly and always upward. *Daily Commute* represents the biggest leap to date. While the choppiness of the best WIRE material has been an influence on this band pretty much from the jump, the formula has been redefined here with much stronger results. Take the economy of great UK DIY punk, a pinch of smarmy neg-vibe and a healthy portion of early, punk-as-fuck DEVO and you've got yourself "Daily Commute." "How U Doing" might be the shining moment here...what a killer. A year-end top-tenner, for sure. (MC)
(Tic Tac Totally)

USELESS EATERS – "Cheap Talk: The Singles" LP

A collection of seven inches preserved onto one LP for lazy listeners... USELESS EATERS conjure up a sound that makes me think of say the MIDDLE CLASS trying to play LOVE songs. USELESS EATERS is a band, but it's one person's vision that's a mutant, throwaway idea of garage punk without any of the tiresome Fonzie tropes. "I only love what I can steal / I am just some parasite / Come into your house at night." A selection of fun hateful sounds that is sincere yet mocking. The cover is a collage of nervous looking underage 1970s porn stars and Asian fetish prostitute calling cards, sort of a bummer. But I guess that's just how it goes. Learn to hate in the '80s. (LG)
(Tic Tac Totally)

VACATION CLUB – "Getting' Man" EP

I guess this is a sort of updated punk '50s ballads thing. I suppose there is a rockabilly feel to it. I'm doing a lot guessing and supposing. Want something definitive? I just don't like it very much. If you're into the ballad thing, you might give it a shot. (KK)
(Glory Hole)

LOS VIGILANTES – CD

Hailing from the super tight garage and punk scene of Puerto Rico with more than a friendly link with current island favs DALVIA 666. Taking in some high energy '50s doo-wop mixed with power pop then swinging it straight back into some stomping fuzzed out frat boy '60s garage. Held tight with an abundant of punk rock energy, keeping the dance floor vibes in full effect, all

helped along with melodious backing vocals, and thumping percussion. A straight up summer party album but on no terms a cheap fun time throw away. Think KING KHAN, the BLACK LIPS and a chaotic beered-up punch up on LSD. (SD)
(Slovenly)

WAGES OF FEAR – "Mo' Money" CD

This release makes me think of the third band, local, on a five-band show and they're decent, but they don't need to rush off and tour. This is straightforward, plain fast hardcore, totally competent with zero filler. The lyrics cover personal, political, and goofy themes. I praise them for having tight, short songs. This is a fine, but not essential compact disc. (JM)
(Give Praise)

THE WANKYS – "Please For Fuck Me" flexi

There is only one thing that keeps the WANKYS from being an imbecilic bunch of washed up sex obsessed geezers playing moronic three chord bar punk… those fukkn' guitars. Blissed out psychedelic distortion makes that six string weapon sound like HELIOS CREED just ate the brown acid, and those sounds make even the most rudimentary delivery of nonsensical retard punk sound like pure genius. The mental gymnastics of SOCKEYE dance across the lyrics sheet while the band plods through two mid tempo numbers about being punk and being too dirty to get laid. This isn't going to convert any naysayers to the glorious world of noise punk, but the soaring guitar lead on the title track is amazing, and the childish vocal whines are great. My jury of one is still out on the WANKYS…either they are completely ridiculous and I totally love them, or they are just completely ridiculous. I'm still not sure, but I keep listening, which probably answers my question. This came with the *Ploppy Pants* zine #12. (WN)
(self-released)

WAR OF WORDS – "Dim World Act III" LP

If you took some of the better of the melodic No Idea records type of bands (what some call folk-punk these days) and added a perfect touch of heartfelt street anthems, you'd wind up with something that sounded close to WAR OF WORDS. If you threw in sincere and intelligently penned lyrics dealing with various political and social issues, you'd come even closer. After a bunch of EPs it's cool to see this sort of all-star band (members of CLIT 45, UNSEEN, etc.) finally put out a full-length, and just as expected, the range of musical styles that they're capable of had resulted in a exceptionally listenable album from beginning to end. Some of the diehard punks out there might dismiss this upon first listen as being "too clean" or something, (I was thinking the same thing), but I guarantee it will grow on you quickly if you give it a shot. Fuck, I'd even go so far as saying this has the potential of becoming a classic. Seriously, check it out. (BG)
(NES)

WHITE WARDS – "Waste My Time" EP

Fuck… That's it…just…"fuck." This 7" comes blasting right out the silo like an ICBM on a pre-programmed collision course of destrukktive thrashing. The riffage careens and careers between quick squeals and driving riffs that bash, bash, *bash*-the-fuck-away. The guitars occasionally hint at the great cosmic importance that was, for all intents and purposes, "birthed" by Ginn but perfected—at least in the context that it comes across here—by BL'AST. Maybe more in feel than execution, and unlike a lot of current hardcore bands that have been kicking around for the last handful of years, this isn't their focus, and simply one of the many energies in the WHITE WARDS aura and one of the first things I'm picking up on. These Olympians aren't afraid to slow it down or to throw in a blast beat either, which works out rather well in creating a nice even keel between breakneck pummeling and the equally savage mid-paced riff-focused rocking parts of this 7". If you can't tell by now, this record is fucking *great*. There's so much going on in these songs that it's almost hard to keep up and the resultant tunes don't sound like any other band I can name. It's just ferocious, and lurching, and fresh, and has a great (negative) energy. If you need a reference point, I could see this appealing to fans of other current bands like NEEDLES, VILE GASH, NO STATIK, etc. There is a very "now" sound in hardcore at this moment in time and it just so happens to be a sound that I feel is pretty flawless, and that continues the storied traditions of hardcore's past lineage while carving it's own niche and having a sound that isn't any sort of throwback, and WHITE WARDS fits into this very well. The artwork and packaging are also worthy of note. It looks nice. Just sayin'. (JU)
(Iron Lung)

WHÖLE IN THE HEAD – "Them and Us" EP

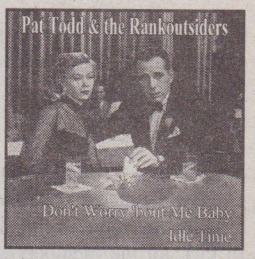
Like a more aggressive (and less washed-up, these days) CONFLICT, WHOLE IN THE HEAD bring it with aggressive and anthemic hardcore that straddles the line between D-beat and anarcho style. The music is hard-edged, even drifting into blast-beats at times though the multi-vocal attack and serious politics keep it rooted in the UK anarcho tradition, though with a fresh and vital sound. Given all the reunions that are happening these days, I think you're much better off getting your political hardcore off some lads who really seem like they give a shit instead of a bunch of olds with a booking agent and not much new to say about the state of the world. In classic style, the sleeve folds out into a poster and is otherwise filled with some surprisingly well-written political statements and links to resources and recommended reading. But don't sweat non-readers, this is still some brutally catchy hardcore punk! (AU)
(Tadpole)

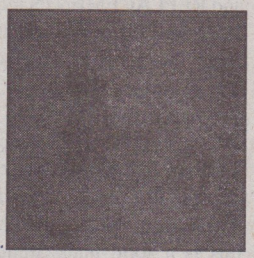
WINTER – "Into Darkness" LP

This is an easy one. I ordered this as soon as I heard about it coming out. Starting in New York City in the late '80s, WINTER took an obvious love of the almighty HELLHAMMER, and I'm guessing a healthy appreciation of AMEBIX too and created some of the most crushing, raw death / doom metal ever. I think it's safe to say that quite a few current doom bands wouldn't exist with out these guys, but I won't hold that against them. Glad to see a more fitting tribute to the greatness of this band than that bullshit Nuclear Blast CD from a few years back, a nice sturdy gatefold with a thick booklet full of old flyer art. My mind is still blown by how heavy and brutal some of these songs are and I can only imagine what people thought of the when they played with NAUSEA, shit I'll bet even when they opened for DEATH people were taken aback. Southern Lord is slowly making up for all that artsy fartsy bullshit they've been peddling the past few years. Now how about you reissue the WINTER demos, and FALSE LIBERTY shit while you're at it dude? 666 FUCKING SKULLS! Buy or die wimp! (AH)
(Southern Lord)

THE WRONG WORDS – LP

Bouncy power pop with subtle hints of some boot power glam. Ranging from the urgent to the almost BIG STAR slow jams. Coming off as a TRANZMITORS without the flashy garb and mod hooks. Ain't gonna re-invent the wheel, but if





it's some solid sing-a-long pop gems that floats your rubber ducky in your bath tub then you might just dig this. (SD)
(Trouble in Mind)

XAXAXA – "Tango Revolucioner" LP

First, the name's pronounced "HAHAHA." It's Cyrillic, because this band is from Macedonia. In fact, all the members of this band are also in BERNAYS PROPAGANDA. I have no idea what that band does, but what XAXAXA does is melodic, moderately Dischord-esqe punk. Their one-sheet fingers RITES OF SPRING as an influence, and I hate to rely on those pieces of free toilet paper that come with records, that's kinda close. XAXAXA is way less flailing than that though, to use a too oft coined reviewer phrase. They have that same kind of mood around them that those early emo bands had though. The lyrics are printed in Cyrillic and English, which Daddy likes because the words are poetic and interesting. I bet this record paints a way different picture if you've spent time in Skopje. Cool record. (LP)
(Thrash Bastard / Doomtown / Gaphals / Moonlee / DHPAK47)

X-PRAYS – LP

Imagine the SPITS and EXENE CERVENKA having a kiddies party with ROXY EPOXY and you'll have a fair idea of how this Spanish band sounds. I imagine there to be some Bettie Page bangs involved in this get up, along with the wearing of striped t-shirts and sunglasses when they play shows. There is relentless high energy throughout this album, in fact, maybe a little too much energy for this easy Sunday morning I review her upon... Plenty poppy, but with just enough thunderous bass to rough this up and keep it away from being bubblegum. (GG)
(Rumble / Bowery)

YOUR PEST BAND – "Ya-Ya-Ya" LP

After a slew of singles, this is the first proper full length from Japan's YOUR PEST BAND and it ain't bad. You can tell that these guys have a few BENT OUTTA SHAPE, MODERN MACHINES and REPLACEMENTS records in their collections at home. The lyrics are hard to follow at times since the singer's first language is not English (for example: "I'm just a kid born yesterday but I'm ready to smell the rat." and "The perfect plan calls your name. Follow up is your best excellence. It's on a LC display, not on a CRT display"), but you can just turn it up loud, open another beer and smash your head through the window. Overall, this is a solid punk album and well worth your money if you're a fan of the aforementioned bands. I could've done without the fucking LED ZEPPELIN cover though. Woof. (GH)
(HS!BF)

V/A – "Animal Puke on the Puke Train" EP

You know those guys who mope and complain about how when they were fifteen, they had to order SCARED STRAIGHT or whatever records from the classified section in the back of fucking like Flipside. And even if you sent $2.75 to the label you might not get it and it'd be months before you knew if you were ripped off or not. And how it's such bullshit that kids these days can just go fire up the old internet and hear CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS in two kiloseconds or however they measure internet-time and so now all bands just sound like a sum of their influences, and really the only difference between groups nowadays is how well they piece together various disparate influences into something reasonably coherent and catchy? Well, this record either came out in 1998 and got lost en route to MRR or the people who play on this compilation have never, ever heard another punk band. Buy it today! (I think I have to mention the bands on it: ANIMAL TRAIN, the PUKES, and MIKE PUKE, they all sound sort of British but they could be from Connecticut and likely listen to the BUSINESS). (BB)
(Soggy Dream)

V/A – "Messthetics #108: South Coast DIY '77-81" CD

Most of you will know by now what to expect from a new Messthetics collection, and this is no exception. It's apparently the biggest so far, and may indeed be the best yet. It's at least the most consistent listen: this time around most of the selections are from actual bands rather than bedroom cassette projects, and as a result there's a fair amount of ripping punk tunes, moody post-punk, and catchy mod-pop. The unheard punks of tatty seaside towns like Portsmouth, Bournemouth, Southampton, and Brighton finally get their day in the sun, alongside some who went on to future infamy. Maybe you'll be drawn in by the promise of demo material by POISON GIRLS; that's the least exciting offering here. From the sub-PISTOLS sneer of INTESTINES, to the inept FALL shambles of PINK FLAMINGOS, from the Devoto-esque buzz of the CHIMES to the organ-driven pop devolution of the ATTIC, the album uncovers track after track of premium DIY indie sounds. Of course, it's accompanied by a thick booklet packed with info on the various bands and scenes involved, including the Havant Free Rock scene, which seemed to mostly consist of bands who never rehearsed, and only ever played live when they could ambush the stage and "borrow" other bands' equipment until the plug was pulled. Of course, where recordings exist, those bands are included here. Throw in the bonus mp3s and even an early amateur video, and you're onto yet another winner. (AM)
(Hyped To Death)

V/A – "Nuisance Capitale" EP

Nuisance Capitale is a six-track compilation representing some current hardcore and punk bands coming out of Paris. I was immediately thrown off with the goat/grindcore lunacy of the first band, DESECRATION, but familiarity with a few of the other groups on this EP kept me from using the disc as a frisbee. DESECRATION might be the tits for people who like that sort of thing, but they don't really fit with the remaining bands here, similar to NAUSEA appearing on the New York Hardcore: The Way It Is album. But that's a minor point, because the rest of the record is overall still pretty damn fantastic. CRIPPLED OLD FARTS, the next band, have just the right blend of harmony and traditional hardcore, and this short tune will have you tracking down their other releases. LES LOUISE MITCHELS finishes off the first side (or actually, side B, which I started off on by mistake) with a killer, bass-thumpin' instrumental. Next up is UNLOGISTIC, who recently did a split LP with CRIPPLED OLD FARTS, and they throw down some forceful screamo insanity with a tease of melody. FAT BEAVERS just might be my favorite of the bunch with their really catchy style punk that reminds me of the VICIOUS a little bit. The final track, by 10LEC6, is a really interesting female-fronted art punk number that quickly raised my curiosity about the band. All together, a very cool sampling of the current French underground. (BG)
(Falling Down / Creepozoïd Productions / Slow Death / Middle Class Zombies Attack! / All is Blue Entertainment / Orange Juice / Et Mon Cul C'est Du Tofu)

V/A – "xTHRASHCORE FAMILYx" CD

Holy skateboards and bandanas, Batman! A comp of four Italian bands who love to play thrash. First up, SLAUGHTER IN THE VATICAN from La Spezia, Italy. They do MUNICIPAL WASTE style thrash that is tight, quick and fun. Even the song titles give a good idea what these guys sound like. "Wear Your Bandana" and "Skater at Satan Service." The sound might be a bit over-done but SLAUGHTER IN THE VATICAN thrash with the best. REANIMANIACS hail from Bologna, Italy and sound similar to SLAUGHTER IN THE VATICAN. The difference is they are slightly less metal and have more understandable vocals. "Thrash is Thrash (Is NOT Just Metal)" is a thrash anthem that's really catchy and includes the fun line "We Still Believe in Cyco" which I assume is a SUICIDAL TENDENCIES reference. NIDO DI VESPE is also from Italy and the first of these bands to sing in Italian. Other than the intro to "Candele Spents" NIDO DI VESPE is much more of a fast hardcore band. "Tutto Mi Parla Di Te" has a nice breakdown where I imagine the pit goes crazy. CARLOS DUNGA has been around for a couple years but I hadn't heard them. I love this shit! Catchy, hardcore thrash, sung in Italian. They have another 7" and split floating around that I'm going to hunt down now. Their track "Obviously Thrash" is my favorite track on this comp. Seems like there is a serious thrash scene going on in parts of Italy. Looks like these four bands put this out themselves and I couldn't find contact info, so you'll just have to deal with the four band's myspace pages. If you want more thrash you can't go wrong with this release. (MH)
(self-released)

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AMISH ON ACID – Turning rudimentary metal core into a themed joke band might have seemed like a good idea. But I would think that at some point in the transaction, at least one band member might have sobered up. Songs about farms and poop and being Amish, which I assume they are not, set to otherwise uninspiring mid-tempo metal with occasional blast beats. (Robert) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/aoa2009)

ASADACHI – This Halifax, NS band kicks out four songs that make me think of DEATH SIDE by way of deranged, hyper suburban teenagers. They want to play faster than their influences, but the drummer has the chops to pull it off and make it sound good, and the convoluted vocals and recording add a great personal touch. Next time, please record more than four songs. (Dan) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, providedrailroad@gmail.com)

AUTONOMY – Moments of two-step herk-and-jerk interplay with robotically-firing, catchy, bass-led synaptics and mechanically cold, and emotionally hollow melancholy to set up some interesting darker anarcho-leaning, melodic, goth-tinged punk tunes similar in mood to other current bands like SPECTRES, BELLICOSE MINDS, and that whole thing, if not a bit looser. You can tell that a good amount of effort has gone into these tunes and the lyrics and it shows nicely in the end result. (Justin) (8-song cassette, lyrics included. Social Collapse! PO Box 2881, Carbondale, IL 62902, autonomyband.blogspot.com)

BODY COP – Noise, in it's various forms, seems to be seeping into most subgenres of punk these days. I welcome the addition of new dimensions of sound, even (especially) when they are being introduced into otherwise basic sub-sects of punk that risk the dreaded sterility of monotony. BODY COP, without the noise, would be an interesting listen. Slow dirges that sound like tossed experimental jams from '90s guitar bands like DINOSAUR. But the noise takes these songs elsewhere, and while the vocals owe a measurable debt to early SONIC YOUTH, these pieces easily stand on their own, and the meandering electronics take a path through the songs without ever becoming completely a part of them. *Confusion Is Sex* meets SWANS in an overtly self-aware display of low end controlled chaos. Recommend. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Fan Death, PO Box 22417, Baltimore, MD 21203, www.fandeathrecords.com)

BRAIN TUMORS – I'm pretty sure this band features at least one member of MUCH WORSE, whose most recent record got a glowing review in the rag you're currently perusing. BRAIN TUMORS play scorching hardcore punk and sound quite similar to the aforementioned Minneapolis band, but I have to say I enjoy them even more than MUCH WORSE. The rhythm sections are similar, playing sometimes straightforward, sometimes herky-jerky, always lightning fast riffs and passages, but for me BRAIN TUMORS vocalist sounds much more deranged than his counterpart in MUCH WORSE. This demo is really fucking good. I'm guessing that the first four tracks were recorded in a different session than the last six, because the production is slightly cleaner on the early tracks. I actually prefer the later tracks, they're more driving and scuzzier and sound like the product of a band existing in a small Rust Belt town where weirdo thrashers annihilate each other at shows. If you still give a shit about American hardcore, you need this. (Kevin) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, teenageimpotents@gmail.com)

CARCINOGENZ – Snotty and feisty high-energy punk. A distortion free guitar rips through a whirlwind of garage-esque Southern California styled jams at a thousand miles an hour, while manic vocals buried in the mix struggle for recognition. This is undeniably and hopelessly good. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, bakersfieldpunx.com/carcinogenz)

CORTONA – Competent and bouncy garage punk offered by a group of French gentlemen who sound like they've been around the block. In other words, they know how to write catchy songs. Unfortunately, as catchy as some of these jams are, they're a little too clean and lacking the edge that makes some bands playing this style great while most languish in the land of mediocrity. Their press release says they've opened for numerous bands in the same vein, most of who peaked about 30 years ago (BUZZCOCKS, DICKIES, etc.), which makes perfect sense. (Kevin) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, casbah-records.com)

DEATH WISH 3 – I'm guessing this is bedroom laptop metal, though it comes across more like raw garage punk on this tape. If the sloppy digital presentation doesn't turn you off, then the rape and violence obsessed lyrics surely will. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, no contact info)

THE ELSINORES – This demo is great and all over the place musically, but I'll go song-by-song: the first three emulate the RAMONES pop sensibilities and throw in an organ, and the third is similar but considerably more moody. Flip the tape over, and "If I Had the Chance" is suitable for slow-dancing, and makes me picture the same kind of late-for-the-trend hipsters that would show up to a SHANNON AND THE CLAMS gig in Oakland, but this distraction doesn't take away from this song being good. After that, "A.C.A.B." picks up the speed a little and gets a little more defiant, including a great hook-y lead and chorus riff. The final song is similar, but a bit more sentimental. My only irritation is that this was recorded from a poorly burned CD-R, which makes the skips audible. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, theelsinores.blogspot.com)

GRAND HOTEL PARADOX – This is a first. Never before have I come across a band from Dubai. Frankly, I don't know why anyone would want to live in a completely unauthentic desert city planned, built and ruled by oppressive scumfucks, but hey, to each their own. Regardless, GRAND HOTEL PARADOX's music falls comfortably between pop-punk and alternative rock. The songs are well written and memorable, and feature some excellent lyrics about the repetitive nature of the punk scene (which apparently exists in Dubai). On one level, I think it's great that there's a decent band playing in a place like Dubai. However, I

do have some issues with this outfit. After browsing their website, it looks like all three of these guys are white, which I found really disappointing and actually made me pause for a couple minutes and think about where I wanted to go with this review. I'm probably assuming things here, but realistically, how do three white guys come to live in Dubai? Surely not by choice, my guess is work brought them there, and while It's obviously not anyone's responsibility to address certain issues if they don't want to, I have a problem with a self-proclaimed DIY punk band based in Dubai that doesn't talk about things like the fact that Western dress is still not allowed in most public places, over-the-counter painkillers are illegal and most importantly, queers are treated like animals. Sing about that shit, then I'll be on board. (Kevin) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, facebook.com/grandhotelparadox)

HEMINGERS – Jerry Lee Lewis has been reborn as four twenty somethings with ironic facial hair and a thirst for cheap beer. Old fashioned sweaty rock'n'roll party action—all that's missing is the piano. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 ppd from: Pink Fuzz Novelty, 33 W. Alden St., Coldwater, MI 49036)

HEROES OF HISTORY – Mid-paced lo-fi melodic punk that reminds me instantly of SHOTWELL, but without the instantly addictive qualities that make those Bay Area stalwarts shine through even the roughest of recordings. Fellow Ohio bands like GAUNT have left their mark on these kids as well and there are certainly good moments on this disc. I'm sure that sweat and beer help bring them to the forefront. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/heroesofhistory)

RAG RAGE – So apparently there's a new genre called "crust-pop," and after seeing and thoroughly enjoying CRACKBOX, I feel confident tossing RAG RAGE into the same new category as those likable miscreants from New Orleans. Grimy but catchy, fuzzy yet endearing, this trio from Tennessee is adept at presenting pop-tinged punk songs in a way that will appeal to youngsters looking for hooks to latch onto just as much as they'll appeal to old drunks looking for mostly depressing but strangely comforting tunes to reignite the flame. (Kevin) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, free from: 400 Ochs Hwy Chattanooga, TN 37409, myspace.com/ragrage)

SAME SEX DICTATOR – What an absolutely *monstrous* opening track we have on this bass and drum duo's demo, and it's rather unfortunate that they never hit similar stride anywhere else on this tape. Back to that opener… It's like a full bore hybrid of D-beat, GISM, and BIG BUSINESS, and the drumming reminds me of MAN IS THE BASTARD, with a mosh-able breakdown. What the fuck is not to like in that? The vocals sound crazy as hell and everything else, like a giant wall of sound. The following track is in a more standard doom-and-gloom sludge style, and that continues to into "Return to Embryo Metropolis," but they pick up the pace quite a bit. The fourth tune, "Juiced Back to Life," really lets the drummer shine in a way where he—and actually, the bass player too—build and build until they are just playing this really advanced jargon that hurts the ears and noggin in a really cool way… Overall this tape is an interesting and different listen and I am curious to hear more. (Justin) ($5 ppd. 4-song cassette, lyrics included. Justin Straw, 513 S. Maynard Ave., Apt. 202, Seattle, WA 98104, flophaus@hotmail.com)

SEX BUNKER – Catchy hardcore punk with plenty of teeth. Like the demo reviewed last month from these same miscreants, SEX BUNKER crank out quirky tunes that could manifest as '90s East Bay hits just as easily as the Chicago basement denizens that they are. It's the rare demo that actually requires thought to listen to…I'm not sure what their angle is, but dudes have certainly piqued my interest. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, % 2040 W. 19th St. Apt 1F, Chicago, IL 60608, xbnkr.blogspot.com)

SNOB VALUE – Killer snotty old school hardcore punk from Germany. Take the early '00s Kobenhavn throwback style, and inject it with the same modern enthusiasm that makes DEFECT DEFECT so damn good. SNOB VALUE definitely take their cues from '80s USHC and first wave Los Angeles punk, but the presentation is flawless and soon you'll forget that they sound "like …*someone*…" and just dig the tunes. Awesome tape repress of their sold out single, so take advantage of your second chance! (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, accessxdenied.blogsport.de)

THE SOLES – Very competent college rock with a decided swagger that prevents the SOLES from coming across as simply run of the mill. I don't care for it, but imagine a watered down DANKO JONES or a slightly amped up WEAKERTHANS without the wit. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.dinarts.com)

TACO LEG – Tour release from 2010 featuring a plodding live performance on the A-side (I confess that after a couple of tunes I spent my time trying to make out the audience conversations in the background instead of listening to the music—I found it more interesting) and a 2008 studio demo on the flip. Bare bones indie punk (heavier on the indie than the punk) with drab off key and off kilter vocals. I can't tell if this is meant as a joke? (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, Fan Death, PO Box 22417, Baltimore, MD 21203, www.fandeathrecords.com)

TEMPESTA – Full on, for the throat Spanish speed crust tinged liberally with metal overtones in the form of galloping beats and harsh guttural vocals. This is as much an ode to KREATOR (who are covered) as to ENGLISH DOGS, but TEMPESTA never sound like a simple throwback. These songs demand attention, and they are more than worthy of it. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, www.nodo50.org/trabucrecords)

TWAT SAUCE – Fukkn' killer raunchy shits from the deep (and, apparently, dirty) South. Everything that is right about catchy, melodic punk can be found in these songs, and I am instantly taken back to a time when WHITE TRASH SUPERMAN, VANBUILDERASS and HICKEY (all southerners, by the way) ruled my mental airwaves. Great tunes, made by punks who appear to be having great times, and I suggest you join them. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, $3-5 ppd from: 108 Sawyer St., Chatanooga, TN 37405)

VICIOUS BRICKS – Dark and heavy hardcore that's metallic sounding in terms of musical aesthetics, but beneath the growled vocals and big, blunt-sounding production are bludgeoning hardcore songs with often bizarre chord progressions that work nonetheless. Some songs are faster and others are slower, and a lot of songs end abruptly with the tape getting cut off. At least one person in this band was in CONTROL DE ESTADO. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, no contact info)

WEIRD KOREA – After reading this band's completely nonsensical and at times hilarious biography I was expecting and sort of hoping that this would be a complete train wreck. It's not, in fact it's pretty standard lo-fi indie garage pop, but I still dug it a lot. The songs have a bit of an Americana feel, but are still raw enough to pique my interest. These guys can really play and they write insanely good melodies. At times it sounds like they belong on In The Red, but I could also see them ending up on XL or Sub Pop if they decide they want to try and be huge, 'cause the talent is there. (Kevin) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, weirdkorea.bandcamp.com)

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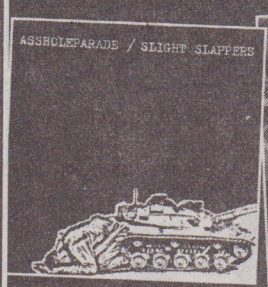

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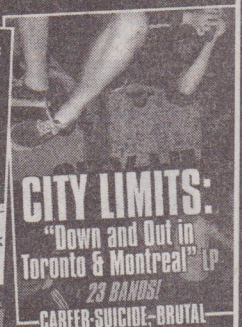

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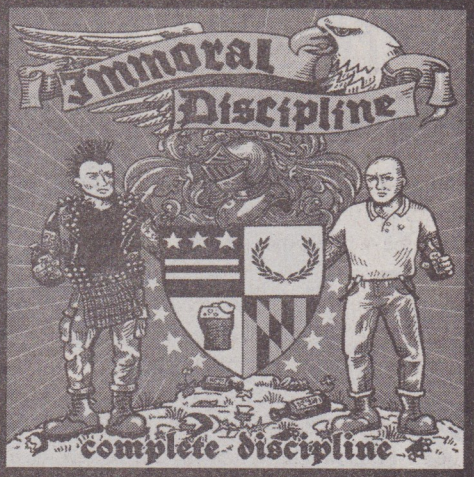

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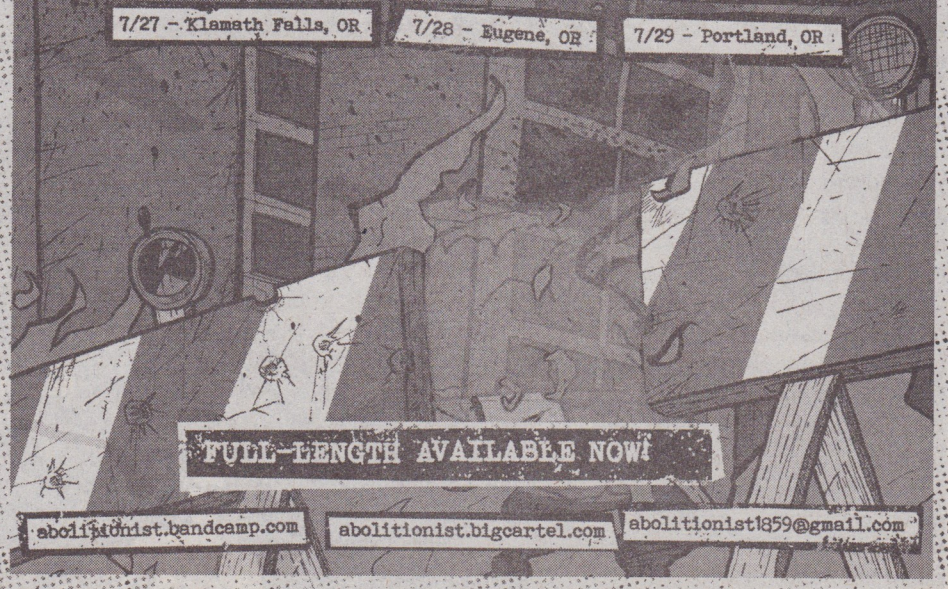

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:

(MB) Mariam Bastani	**(TB) Tim Brooks**	**(DJ) Danielle Gresham**	**(MM) Marissa Magic**	**(CR) Casey Ress**
(BP) Bryony Beynon	**(EC) E.Conner**	**(LG) Layla Gibbon**	**(KM) Kevin Manion**	**(FS) Fred Schrunk**
(JB) Julia Booze	**(DG) Dan Goetz**	**(BG) Bob Goldie**	**(JM) Jeff Mason**	**(DS) Dionne Stevens**
		(BL) Brad Lambert	**(LP) Langford Poh**	**(AT) Amelia Tith**

AB #12 / $2
5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Dear back to the land wingnuts; please always send me your zines. Laid out sparsely by candlelight. Manifested furiously on typewriter and with ballpoint. Black and white no frills realness. Wackjob lectures on the estrogenic properties of lavender and tea tree oils, claiming: "Some boys who used lavender as a perfume, began growing enlarged breasts". I wish this were true, sweet smelling men with titties abound is a dream come true. Schematics for some kind of dwelling take up the centerfold. I dare you to build that shit. There is plenty of advice for off the grid dwelling and goat milking. Let's all get free people. (EC)
Lisa Ahne / PO Box 181 / Alsea, OR 97324

ASKEW REVIEWS #15 / $4 ppd
5 x 7.5 – printed – 88 pgs
Not just reviews, there are memoir/fiction style pieces as well. Most of this stuff does not work for me, but the tour diary excerpts I did enjoy. The reviews largely consist of punk CDs and low-budget films of the older and trashy variety. There's an interview with a chef. This is a good read, densely packed with writing, and not many ads, but I think the price is too high. (JM)
PO Box 684 / Hanover, MA 02339

BONUS CUPPED #6 / email for prices
8.3 x 5.8 – printed – 36 pgs
Bonus Cupped is a nifty little self-styled "DIY Punk Travel Zine'" out of the UK. If that combo doesn't make you queasy, and you're into the Hot Water Music beer coozie end of the punk spectrum you'd do a lot worse than to pick this one up. Some of the righteous indignation grated a little, but then there were also some quite interesting explorations of things like the cumulative effect of the use of the current trend of using "hero" in the UK media to describe soldiers, along with some interviews with people who've done frankly mental things like canoeing through the Canadian wilderness and cycling around the world. (BP)
bonuscupped@yahoo.com

BROKE ASS #1 / free?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 26 pgs
Found this fine gem in my bathroom—took to it immediately. There's some scientific experimentation about drinking alone, tales of job hating, onesie comics, weed freakouts, even a B-list food mascot centerfold! It has just the right balance of crudely hand drawn playful bullshit to quiet, drunken reflection. Or whatever. There are some serious philosophical moments of solipsistic highness, as well as comical punkery. What exactly am I reading? Is this person celebrating the punk lifestyle or pointing out how ridiculous we are? I think it wins either way. (JB)
towerofswine@hotmail.com

BROKEN PENCIL #51 / $5.95
8 x 11 – printed – 72 pgs
Once again Canada confuses me. A polished magazine funded by the government, regarding "zine culture and the independent arts." There's a bike on the cover and the interior is white and pastoral. There's a zine gossip column written by a real asshole who makes me regret wishing for such a thing (see my review of *Xerography Debt*). Hey, Laura Trethewy if you are confused with a difficult grouping of words and the concept behind them like, "accountability process" there's this cool new thing called "GOOGLE." Do everyone a favor and look that shit up. Besides that there is some fiction/zine excerpts and plenty of reviews. You're probably better off avoiding this co-opted dilution of culture, though. (EC)
www.brokenpencil.com

COINTELSHOW: A PATRIOT ACT / $4.95
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 44 pgs
Theater! Another art form I have no use for. This is the script/stage direction for a one-person show about the US government's tactics countering radical groups. A bibliography is provided for those seeking further information on the subject; also a reading list for the study of radical performances. It's fine for the genre. You attention-loving thespians can utilize this template to savage the state. (JM)
PM Press PO Box 23912 / Oakland, CA 94623

CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR FANZINE #4 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
From Detroit comes this DIY zine that covers the local scene with an interview with *Aggro or Die*, appeals to set up more DIY venues, show and album reviews, show listings and an introductory diatribe about the stifling of the "*ubermensch*" that the author attributes to disposable income, instant gratification and personal safety. It's a bit roughly hewn but the passion is there. (CR)
PO Box 1196 / Royal Oak, MI 48068
david@detroitpunk.org

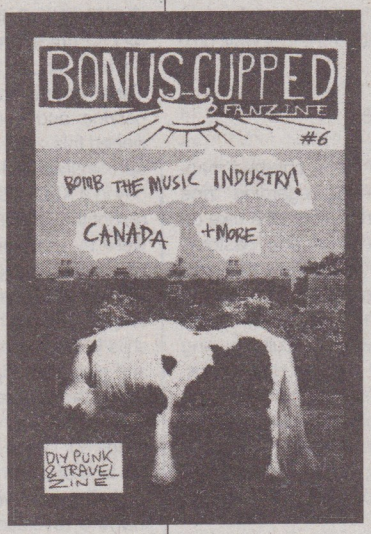
DEGENERATE #6 / $2 US, $3 INT
5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
I really dug this zine, it's pretty much a bunch of reviews and then a couple interviews with Anna Joy and Danyella Dyslexia. The writing is good, the formatting excellent and the interviews are informative. A good zine with a focus on old stuff, like reissues and long forgotten bands. Worth it. (MM)
degeneratezine@gmail.com

EVERYTHING IS A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER #2 / $2 (trade preferred)
5 x 8.5 – copied – 38 pgs
There are several stories by different writers in this perzine and some are better than others. I idly flipped this open when I first picked it up and read an autobiographical account of a drunk oogle fighting a guy in a KFC. It did not get me stoked on reading the rest of the zine and I told myself that if all the stories were by the type of people who throw shit at me when I'm working the door at a DIY show and won't let them in for free when they are chainsmoking and swigging from a beer they just bought while their dog shits in the corner I was going to get raw on this zine and give it the biggest dickhead review in *MRR* history. I had to scrap my mental outline when I actually gave it a chance. The stories are about different things but I keep seeing a theme pop up in most that it is kind of a bummer to be getting older. I can relate on being past your youth and being disappointed that the revolution doesn't seem to be happening and shitty jobs and life grind you down. So I ended up liking it. The thing is a little sloppy, needs editing, and some of the writings read like the author was inebriated but all that is pretty punk rock. (BL)
Brian Riek / 1024 Prospect Ave. Apt 3 / Olympia, WA 98506 / thinkcreep@yahoo.com

FAILSAFE / ?$
8 x 11 – printed – 36 pgs
There is surprising lack of contact information on these zines. No address, price, not even the issue number. And no return address on the envelope these were mailed in. Which is weird cause this zine is printed on some slightly glossy paper and has a color cover. Some one has to be running from the cops, or faked a suicide. I think this is from England, but who knows? It's a music fanzine that covers exclusively people and punk bands from the '70s and early '80s. Totally revivalist in content, but if that's your thing, this is real cool. Got modern day interviews with Alejandro Escovedo, AGENT ORANGE, CHRON-GEN, ULTRA-VIOLENT, URBAN WASTE and loads more. Lots of folks talking about their heyday, but its cool that they got tracked down. There're also show reviews that falls in line with the interview content. Reviews of UK SUBS and COCKNEY REJECTS shows from 2010... that kind of stuff. Also a few CD reviews but not much. Mostly just interviews from front to back. (FS)
failsafezine@yahoo.com

FIFTH ESTATE Summer 2010 & Spring 2011 / $4 each
8.5 x 11 – printed – 48pgs / 40 pgs
This venerable & thrice-yearly anarchist rag casts a

wide net. The summer issue features a study of Wilhelm Reich and the writing of Peter L. Wilson, a piece decrying "conspiracy theories," articles on surrealism and giant street parties (Carnival, Mardi Gras, etc.) David Solnit reports from Bolivia ten years after a rebellion against foreign control of a city's water supply, and Walker Lane describes Cuba transitioning out of the Castro era. I liked these last two reports, as well as the other, explicitly political news. The spring issue is a little thinner, with a Kathleen Hanna interview, a celebration of Detroit's Trumbullplex, a re-evaluation of the Haymarket bombing of 1886, a number of long-ish reviews, and some news of state prosecutions. I found the summer issue to be a news-ier and more solid version of *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*, while the spring issue is more down-to-earth but also not as strong. (JM)
PO Box 201016 / Ferndale, MI 48220 / www.fifthestate.org



GENEVA 13 #15 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
As zines become increasingly challenged to establish relevance in a blog-centric world, some zines find a way to use the format to their advantage. One of those format-specific qualities is zines ability to focus exclusively on the local and to speak to an audience that shares a common experience in a way that the Internet cannot impute. *Geneva 13* uses this quality to produce a unique, readable and interesting work. The focus is exclusively on Geneva, New York and its culture. This issue centers around pizza—specifically a local pizzeria, Cam's—that we learns about through the editors, interviews with the owners and a long time delivery driver and through the responses of the dedicated clientele. The interviews are incredibly in depth and lengthy and cover multiple aspects of the subject's experience. This really is a quality production that could be improved only by the elimination of the poetry! (CR)
Geneva 13 / PO Box 13 / Geneva, New York 14456
mail@geneva13.com

GIRLFRIENDS vol. 1 issue #1 / $2 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 8 pgs
I feel like after reading Girlfriends—short, sweet & powerful—I had to check myself for a number of reasons: here I am, a rather jaded queer feminist of color living in the SF Bay Area, constantly surrounded by political activism, punk and art everywhere to the point of feeling over-saturated and annoyed at how "alternative" everything is. Like, duhh, it wasn't always this way. It sure as hell ain't that way where I was from. We—wombyn, gender-fucks, riotboys, white/brown weirdos, faggots/dykes and everyone in between—are perpetually fighting with members of mainstream *and* our own underground communities that, "I have a problem with that," whether it be the way we get treated/spoken to/undermined/conspired against. One person's struggle might or might not intersect with somebody else's, one person's expression of freedom may inspire others or leave 'em feeling cold. Opening up *Girlfriends*, I was like "do people still say things like "no clit in the pit" and "girls can't be vegan?" Then I found myself being really critical of my fellow feminist that made the zine: do you really wanna encourage girls to get into fist fights just coz that's what guys do at shows? Why is this art depicting a monstrous female body made by a dude? Why is the only music recommendation a band with all dudes…?boyfriends? Am I also imitating the dominant paradigm? These are things I found problematic, at first afraid to say anything because I don't wanna squash anybody's efforts, especially a girlfriend…right? But what is more counter-productive than not speaking up and censoring oneself, especially when they have space to do so? Isn't it part of why they submitted the zine? Aren't girls tired of getting patronizing pats on the head for their hard work? I'd love to have a dialogue about it. The individuals behind this zine *are* doing important work in making male-inclusive space available within the feminist movement. I am all for [fill-in-the-blank]-exclusive/safe spaces, however ally-building is super important for all movements. That is not easy. How can we truly be accountable for ourselves if we're too busy being like Uppity Dick? At this point I try not to surround myself with toxic people, but it actually wasn't so long ago in the bay area that I dated a—yes, straight *and* white—dude I was playing in a band with who told me, "girls can't sing and play drums at the same time." Fuck YOU, *I* do. And apparently you don't have to be a white male to be a shit head. All my long-winded way of saying: always feel free to review my reviews, keep up the good work and YES, girlfriends and boyfriends, we DO try harder. (AT)
Girlfriendszine@gmail.com

GOT MYSELF #5 / $3 US, $4 world, write for trades
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
This is a well-done fanzine with interviews with WASTED TIME, NIGHT BIRDS, and DOUBLE NEGATIVE. Those bands are East Coasters that I haven't been able to check out live so I was stoked on reading about them. I've read some bad 'zine interviews before but this Sam guy knows what he's doing, the interviews are well done, funny, informative, and not so long I don't care by the end. The layout is sharp scissors and gluesticks style that is raw and punk looking but without the scribbles, whiteout, and confusion that are the hallmarks of an inexperienced 'zinester. Lots of photos and art that look good and the band shots are reproduced well. The whole back half of this thing is record reviews. Dude knows his shit and there are seriously nearly as many reviews as in an average copy of the zine you are holding, and we have a lot more than one guy working on it. This is a zine I would recommend to a friend. Keep em coming. (BL)
Sam Richardson / PO Box 25045 / Richmond, VA 23260

HEY RONNIE #8 / $2ppd will trade
11.7 x 8.3 – copied – 12 pgs
Regular readers of this zine will have a good idea what to expect from this ish, which is a skinnier than normal ready-for-tour version of *Hey Ronnie*. Interviews in this self-described "slam mag" this time are with Deaf Mutations and a short check-in with the ubiquitous Crazy Spirit. For me, this was a sweet affirmation of how instant, cool and fun hardcore punk fanzine writing can be, witnessed here in how Martin has developed his own rad style. Rather than rambling on for pages, his words on the sounds that make him go boom are short and direct, but still manage to fit in some wild metaphors about "shooting up underwater." All hail Cardiel. So cool! (BP)
1142 Illini Dr./ O Fallon, IL 62269
martinpoop@aol.com

JERK STORE #7 / ???
6.25 x 8.75 – printed – 48 pgs
I was unfamiliar with this deceptively dense zine prior to reading it, but essentially it's a less annoying Australian version of *Razorcake*. *Jerk Store* has an impeccable layout featuring a lot of incredibly clear photos, and is mostly comprised of interviews and reviews of pop-punk and orgcore bands. This particular issue places emphasis on local bands (Chilling Winston and Grim Fandango are both from Perth), but there are also interviews with Rumspringer (who are great), the Hextalls and the Arteries. As someone who is slowly losing interest in traditional pop-punk, for me, the best parts of this zine were Alex's (the compiler) various non-music related scribblings. However, if you're the type of person who gets excited about a certain yearly gathering of bearded dudes in Gainesville, you'll probably love this. (KM)
jerkstorehq@gmail.com
PO Box 284 / Maylands, WA / 6931 Australia

JERK STORE #8 / ???
6.25 x 8.75 – printed – 28 pgs
More pop-punk related musings from the land down under. This time around we get a shorter zine with interviews from the Creeps, the Transgressions, Iron Chic and The Gateway District (ex-Salteens!). There's also a review of The Fest 9. How unsurprising! Once again, the best parts of J*erk Store* are the angry editorials (it sounds like the Australian Post system is run by brain-dead mobsters). Honestly though, this guy obviously loves pop-punk. In both issues I've read for review this month, his interest in the music is quite apparent. Even though I'm not into most of the bands he writes about in *Jerk Store*, it's refreshing to see someone so committed to covering a certain sect of punk. Hell, the guy flew 27 hours *both ways* to attend The Fest last year. That's dedication. (KM)
jerkstorehq@gmail.com

MOTORCYCHO #22 / $?
6 x 9 – printed – 34 pgs
My inner biker babe fell in love with this zine at first glance. Great layout with lots of color pictures of all kinds of bikes, and short stories ranging from bike collecting, racing, to traveling. Everything is written in a tangible conversational style that doesn't make you feel dumb if you are not attuned to bike culture. A short essay on Finnish Choppers is noteworthy as well as my favorite story called "Killing Time Kiwi Style." The essay is about the rider and his "old lady" traveling and riding through New Zealand. Two band interviews are also in this issue, one with the Bouncing Souls, and the Vicious Cycles. Even comes with Vicious Cycles CD which has a street punk/ honky-billy sound. (DJ)
Motorcycho Zine / #170 - 13988 Maycrest Way / Richmond BC / V6V 3C3 / Canada

THE NEGATIVE GUEST LIST #22-24
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pgs / 24 pgs
Comparisons between this zine and *Distort* are going to be inevitable, as both hail from the same country (despite Brisbane being a 20 hour drive from

Melbourne), have fairly similar layouts, and share a fascination with outsider music in general, for Cleveland's in particular. As well as the same intelligent and in-depth approach towards interviewing or writing about their topics that's borne out of fanatical curiosity, making both of these publications *fanzines* in the truest sense of the word. In addition to music, *Negative Guest List* also contains musings, reviews, and interviews concerning other topics—film in particular—and I'd say that the writing is less hyperbolic and more grounded but without being any less colorful. Issue #22, aside from interviews with Death in June and Smog Veil Records, most notably has a couple of interesting pieces on extraterrestrial and UFO activity, the most interesting of the two being one that theoretically ponders the atomically advanced nature of life on Venus and why us Earthlings are unable to detect it using present-day science. Issue #23's interviews with Tesco Vee and No Trend make it worth the admission price alone, and the piece on actor/director Giuseppe Andrews (remember Lex, the main protagonist of *Detroit Rock City*?) that includes an interview and review of four films he's directed, also made me want to check out more of his work. Issue 24 is almost entirely devoted to film, with almost half of the pages devoted to contributor Monty Buckles' fascination with the parallel nature between the film *Snitch'd* being such a poorly-distributed piece of shit, the circumstances that resulted in it not being what the director had hoped, and the incomprehensible effort that nonetheless went into producing it. I know obscenely little about film in general, but found this article fascinating. According to the back cover of #24, issue #25 is to contain interviews with Sam McPheeters and My Mind's Eye Records in Cleveland (where else?), so stay tuned. (DG)
62 Washington Ave. / Tingalpa / Brisbane, QLD, 4173 / Australia / myspace.com/brisbanefanzine

NUTS! #7 /$3ppd yes to trades
11 x 17 – printed – 36 pgs
I must have been lucky this month, I get to review *Nuts* #7 in all its full-spread glory! It's merely the second issue I've had in my possession since the Perennial Nuts Winter 2010 (anniversary issue that comes with floppy vinyl), but Ben's been doing it for almost a decade. Having once been on photocopied and stapled pages, it's really inspiring to see when punks *do* evolve and share access with their community! Olympia is weird in a most wonderful way to a sheltered suburban Californian like me, who thought nature was something you had to drive an hour away to experience and punk was something you found on the internet or a church basement. I also really get a kick out of feeling equally safe and scared at the same time, but I still get freaked out in towns with little to no folks of color, especially when neo-nazism still seems to be hott in the northwest. After my first visit there on American Splits' trial tour in summer 2008 with Awesomes, I considered moving to Olympia because I really admired the way kids come out to support out of town bands and demonstrate against Oppressive Shittiness. I don't know the entire Olympia story, but political activism, beer, music and leisure seem to be part of its legacy. *NUTS!* announces the mundane and relevant while celebrating its multi-generational population of punks and wing-nuts with interviews. This issue features spreads on Bone Sickness, Living Eyes, a cameo of a (literal) whistle-blower from Fish Tale Brewery named Tony Powell. The section I appreciated most were all the interviews with folks [some who you might be a fan of, so I'll list names at the end of this chunk] about their relationship to the feminist movement, as well as some of their parents. There's also a small Looking-for-Love section that feature some bay area babes and food review section for perhaps the gourmet gutter-snipers who don't wanna eat like shit all the time. The comics and art pages by R.Storey and M.Moseley Smith are fucking *rad* and disgustingly tripped out (my favorite variety). I love that there's a Blue Iris Mystery School interview for those interested in connecting with the earth and ancestor consciousness-building. The interview with Jaime (of Human Baggage) gives a detailed account of winning tickets and attending a Lil' Wayne concert. Although it probably was meant to invoke some (ironic?) appreciation for rap n hip-hop, I'm not going to be critical of right now, because if it wasn't published I would have never known that I had things in common with one of my heroes (Nicki Minaj), like wielding dildos during a performance! Maybe *NUTS* has intentions to feature more rap hip-hop in the future, coz this tokenizing moment really rubs me the wrong way. NUTS still rules, get it. [***those featured in "feminism & my parents"-inspired interview: Jennifer Moore (Yellow Fever), Anton Seder (Dead Head), Kanoko Wynkoop (Broken Water), Nsayi Matingou (Kusikia), Vivienne Rohan (Diet Cokeheads), Veronica Ortuno (Finally Punk), Maryjane Dunphe (Polly Darton), Rachel Cams (the Need) and dude behind NUTS himself, Ben Trogden] (AT)
PO Box 7302 / Olympia, WA 98507

A PARASITE'S LIFE #1 / ?2.5 or $3.50
8.25 x 5.75 – printed – 80 pgs
After years of doing a German language zine, the editor and a couple of friends decided to try out their English skills and put out this remarkable first issue of *A Parasite's Life* that ironically focuses on all things Swedish. The layout is terrific, skillfully done with Photoshop while maintaining a DIY aesthetic, and the content covers all sorts of things about Sweden, from band interviews with Beyond Pink and Sista Sekunden (and a bunch more) to an interview with an ordinary German punk living in Sweden. What a concept, by the way, to interview someone in the scene who doesn't sing for a band or anything but is just an interesting person. There are also a few good articles and writings, such as one on the owner of Ikea who admitted to supporting fascism as a youth. Instead of immediately dismissing the guy for obvious reasons, the editor understands that maybe he was caught up in the zeitgeist of that era and tries not to pass sweeping judgment. It's that kind of humanity that makes *A Parasite's Life* standout from so many other punk zines. And did I mention the two CDs that come with this? One has 34 tracks representing Sweden (from Refused to Sista Sekunden to Asta Kask), and the other is 37 tracks comprised of German punk (from Spermbirds to Public Toys to Neurotic Arseholes). Incredible. Definitely worth checking out. (BG)
Philipp Bäppler / Norderstr. 35 / 24939 Flensburg / Deutschland / parasiteslife@googlemail.com

PIPE BOMB #43 / $2
8.5 x 5 – copied – 26 pgs
Woah, this is amazing. A pizza with one eye and a puppie's face and fangs greets you on the cover, and there's worse in store within… Zombie love comics, a hotdog flipping the bird whilst eating another hotdog, skate comics that are only about the slam section of the session. This is the visual explosion of a punk girl's brains, pizza, zombies, pizza eating zombies, zombies eating pizza, dreams with multi-layered raccoons disappearing down manholes, weird complicated volcanic drawings, lots of pictures of garbage and puke. In short, this rules. It reminds me of '80s skate zines and also of Janelle Blarg's infamous "Crusty Haiku" edition of *Tales of Blaarg*. Excellently inept, and ingenious at the same time. Recommended if your mind has been eaten by trash and/or zombies. (LG)
Chelsea Lea / 228 E Clayton St / Athens, GA 30601 /zinepipebomb@gmail.com

PLOPPY PANTS #12 / $5 or 4 euros
8 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
Another gem from Roddy Ploppy! Noize Noize Noize! This issue recounts the full force of his two week U.S. tour with the Wankys, Lotus Fucker, and Chaos Destroy. *PP*12 kicks off with an interview with Dan from Lotus Fucker, with some very powerful critiques on punk and U.S. politics. Also short interviews with Dawn of Humans, and Who Killed Spikey Jacket (two bands I am particularly fond of) and a fun one with Chaos Destroy. Did I mention it also comes with a Wankys flexi disc that has two tracks: "Please For Fuck Me" and "It's A Punk Rock Life." Yeah you know you want this. A must grab for all you noize darlings, especially since this might be the last issue?! (eep!) Well done and fun. (DJ)
Ploppy Pants / Sabal Mor Ostaig / Sleite / An t-Eilean Sgitheanach/ IV44 8QR / Alba / UK
www.x429x.blogspot.com

PUNKS! PUNKS! PUNKS! THE VALLEY PUNK PERSPECTIVE #4 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
This was hand delivered to me at a show a few days after the Youth of Today show and goddamn, there is an interview with John Porcelly from Youth of Today in here! This kid is fast! There are interviews with Pressure Point, who discuss skinhead culture and its history, and Black America, a band that prides itself on being dumb with that tired ass "controversial" anti-PC shit, but that's what they are going for… Snore. I guess it's easy for these kids to be tough in their crowd, but I am willing to bet they would be pretty tight-lipped otherwise if they actually had to deal with people of color or who ever else they think it's cute to offend. Good band or not, fuck you for wasting my time… Matt, the auteur of this zine, is a good interviewer. Seems like he is disarming, asks the right questions and not some groveling super fan with idol worship on the brain. The interviews come out interesting, funny and just the right length. It's impressive. There are reviews of Code of Conduct, Zero Progress, Deadbeats, Fix My Head and a last show of Instant Asshole that is somewhat hilarious in its constant adding and subtracting of punk points, earnest observations of each band and his reaction to them, his love of punk and his ability to make fun of himself and situations. Favorite quotes about Germ Attack at the Swamp in Oakland, "They are killing punk right here in front of me! I can't believe I am going to witness the death of punk right here in the Swamp" and "Seriously if you are going to be that much of a baby then you need to put your pants back on." They got –56,398 punk points for their numerous infractions… There are updates on local Valley punk bands, reviews and a "punk points" section where you can measure your punkness because, "Non-Punks have IQs, Punks have Punk Points." See if you measure up. This is funny and interesting with humor and constant critique. In his

intro to the zine, Matt says, "One thing I've learned since starting this zine is that people don't like zines because they are insecure." I don't know if I entirely agree, but I am glad that this kid gives a shit about punk and doesn't give a shit about popular opinion to unapologetically turn this thing out. Good zine. Get it. (MB)
www.punkpunkspunks.com

RAINCLOUD #3 / $2 or Trade
6 x 9 – copied – 22 pgs
This zine is like reading someone's personal journal where they go on about the assorted details of their day or week. Actually that's exactly what this zine is; the writer states so in the beginning. Ramblings include used book buying, multi-dimensional zine trading, and the etymology of certain words. The topics can be very interesting at times, like when the writer goes on about David Foster Wallace but the overall style just throws me off. It's written very loosely. If you enjoy peeping into someone's journal (that is not full of kink and naughty thoughts), this is for you. (DJ)
Raincloud Zine / c/o J. Bernoth / 24 Pines Rd. / Billernica / MA / 01821
Jbernoth@gmail.com

RAZORCAKE #62 / $4
8.5 x 11 – newsprint – 112 pgs
With this issue, *Razorcake* stands just past their ten year anniversary. Included in this issue are interviews with Too Many Daves, Mean Jeans, Greek zine *Mountza*, and Robert Scott of the Clean, as well as the usual bevy of columns and zine, music, book, and comic reviews. Too Many Daves has to be one of the most *Razorcake* nation-esque bands that I can conceptualize, take that as you will. I'm not a regular reader of this zine, and nothing in this issue is gonna convert me. Most of the columns don't resonate with me or my experiences or interest me, and sometimes I'm left wondering what they have to do with punk. The reviews are often sub-par, especially the music reviews, which are often too brief to impart anything meaningful about a record. And the politics... well, let's get into it. In his opening remarks, Todd Taylor specifically says that *Razorcake* and its readership are implicitly political, and makes a reference to Too Many Daves being "...über aware of what happens when shirts come off during their shows." Then later, in Amy Adoyzie's column, she directly addresses the issue (or issues) of activities and behaviors that men engage in at shows that make women feel alienated or uncomfortable at shows, including a very explicit explanation of why male shirtlessness is one of those behaviors. "Put you fucking shirt on," she says. Another columnist writes about Ben Weasel's punching of two women at a show, and states that while it is his aim to mock Ben Weasel, he is not going to address the implications of the fact that the people that Weasel assaulted are women. All of this makes me wonder why Todd wrote what he did in the intro to the zine. Maybe this zine is essential if you don't like politics, challenging visual esthetics, or abrasive un-poppy music, but friends, that ain't me. (LP)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA / 90042 / www.razorcake.org

RIGOR MORTIS Vol. 4 / $5ppd, $6 Mex/Can, $8 world
8.5 x 5 – printed – 72 pgs
Oh my goodness! Another installment of my favorite geek horror zine and it's a zombie bonanza! This is everything I've always wanted in this vein of horror zines; it's academic, humorous, it covers all the old and new aspects of horror I love and it is absolutely not only the "typical" perspective found in publications of this kind (sort of like in punk, eh?). There is an interesting article about racial and sociological implication of the Voodoo Zombie subgenre of horror, "Race, Revisionism and Voodoo Zombies." The concentration here is pre-'70s voodoo zombie movies with an over arching critique and critiques of individual movies within this subgenre that shaped voodoo zombie and zombie movies that came after. The writing is academic, but not inaccessible. There is an interpretation of the film *The Bride of Frankenstein* as a tale of sexual subversion with homosexuality deeply rooted in its subtext. If anyone knows anything about the history of this movie, including the actual text in which it was based, the connection is quite obvious, but there are still some valuable insights here to ponder. There is a convincing article praising the passed over 2003 remake by Glen Morgan of rat themed horror film *Willard*. There is an article about gratuitous nudity in horror, including the cataloging of these funnier moments. Also within these pages is an article on different fringe zombie movies that offer variations on the often cited by mainstream culture Romero zombie, a piece hailing the often overlooked Mario Bava and his genius, and an extensive review section. This is a great zine. Be warned though, there is definitely a level of pretension in these pages in that high school theater tech crew way. This zine is not about converting other horror fans to their taste, it is a very specialized zine that manages to break out of the stagnation that often traps this genre. They like it, and I like it, just fine this way. (MB)
D.G. Breier c/o Rigor Mortis / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212
zombie@leeking.com

SEX BEFORE SUICIDE #1 / 2 EURO + Shipping
8.5 x 12 – printed – 48 pgs
Well, this a nice "how-do-you-do." Debut issue of this French zine, which is trashy schlock of the highest order. Almost every page is littered with photos and clippings ranging from X-rated to violent to hilariously strange. A woman having sex with an octopus, a cut-out ad that would enable one to become a certified burrito taster (diploma included!), a comic about drug dealers fire-bombing a police station; three examples that should give you an idea of the level of sleaze present in this first offering. John Waters would definitely be into this. I probably should mention that there's a disclaimer on the cover, as there should be, because I could see a lot people being offended by some of the material in this rag. As far as the actual content is concerned, it's pretty fucking great. The creators acknowledge that English is not their first language (99% of the zine is in English however), but their writings and interview questions are excellent and nothing seems to be lost in translation. The mishmash of interviewees is superb. On the musical front, there are chats with Italian rager Alessandro (most recently of Folded Shirt fame) and NOLA sludge-merchants Eyehategod. The minds behind Sex Before Suicide also seem to have a strong interest in Mondo films, as evidenced by their extended interviews with Cinema Sewer purveyor Robin Bougie and French documentarian Angelique Bosio. Lastly, before the review section (records, demos, films, zines) there's an interview with *MRR* stalwart George Tabb. I was pretty floored by this zine, rarely have I read a first issue with a layout as strong and with content as continuously interesting and engaging as this. It's gaudy, but in the best possible way. (KM)
xhopex@hotmail.fr

SLINGSHOT #106 / $1
11 x 17 – printed – 16 pgs
Another issue of this long running publication; this one has articles on gentrification and violence in New Orleans and the exploitation of immigrant labor in a Mississippi factory, the Japanese nuclear disaster and many other topics of interest to punx and activists. From figuring out how to emerge from depression to bike touring and the revolutions in the MIddle east and North Africa and their potential impact on life here... I particularly like the reviews section. I always enjoy reading Eggplant's writing. (LG)
3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705

SO NAILS #6 / Free but trades preferred
8.5 x 7 – copied – 28 pgs
This zine is really cool. Put out by a punk out in Hawaii trying to make shit cool out there. Basic music fanzine style; editorial, band interviews, music and show reviews. In this issue we have interviews with The Judas Iscariot and Hawaiian band Narwhal. The music review section needs some beefing up, and the writer just lost a bunch of his records in a house fire, so you should send him your records. Also some ink given to the recent IRON LUNG shows in Hawaii and hunting from records from Hawaii's punk past. Good shit. (FS)
brainsandhands@yahoo.com
Corby R. Plumb / 2649 Varsity Place apt 410 / Honolulu / HI 96826

TRUST #147/02 / ?2.50
7.5 x 12 – printed – 66 pgs
Another issue of this professional-looking German zine that recently celebrated its 25th anniversary. This time around, there are interviews with Big Rock, T34, Spermbirds, Arctic Rodeo, Leather (the current Philly band, just to clarify), Edo Majka, Bis Aufs Messer, plus the usual record, book and zine reviews. I wish I could read German so that I could comment a bit more on the content of this zine, but given that a good number of the ads here seem to be from more "professional" corners of the underground, as well as ads more typical of what would appear in *MRR*, I'm gonna guess that this is representative of this zine's coverage. (DG)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany /trust-zine.de

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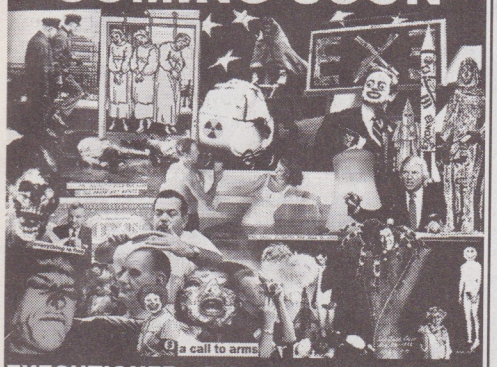

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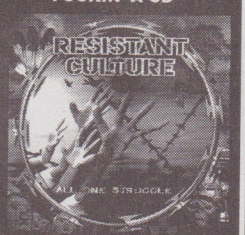

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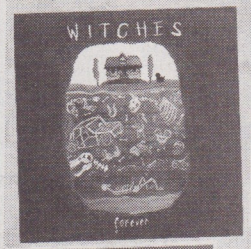

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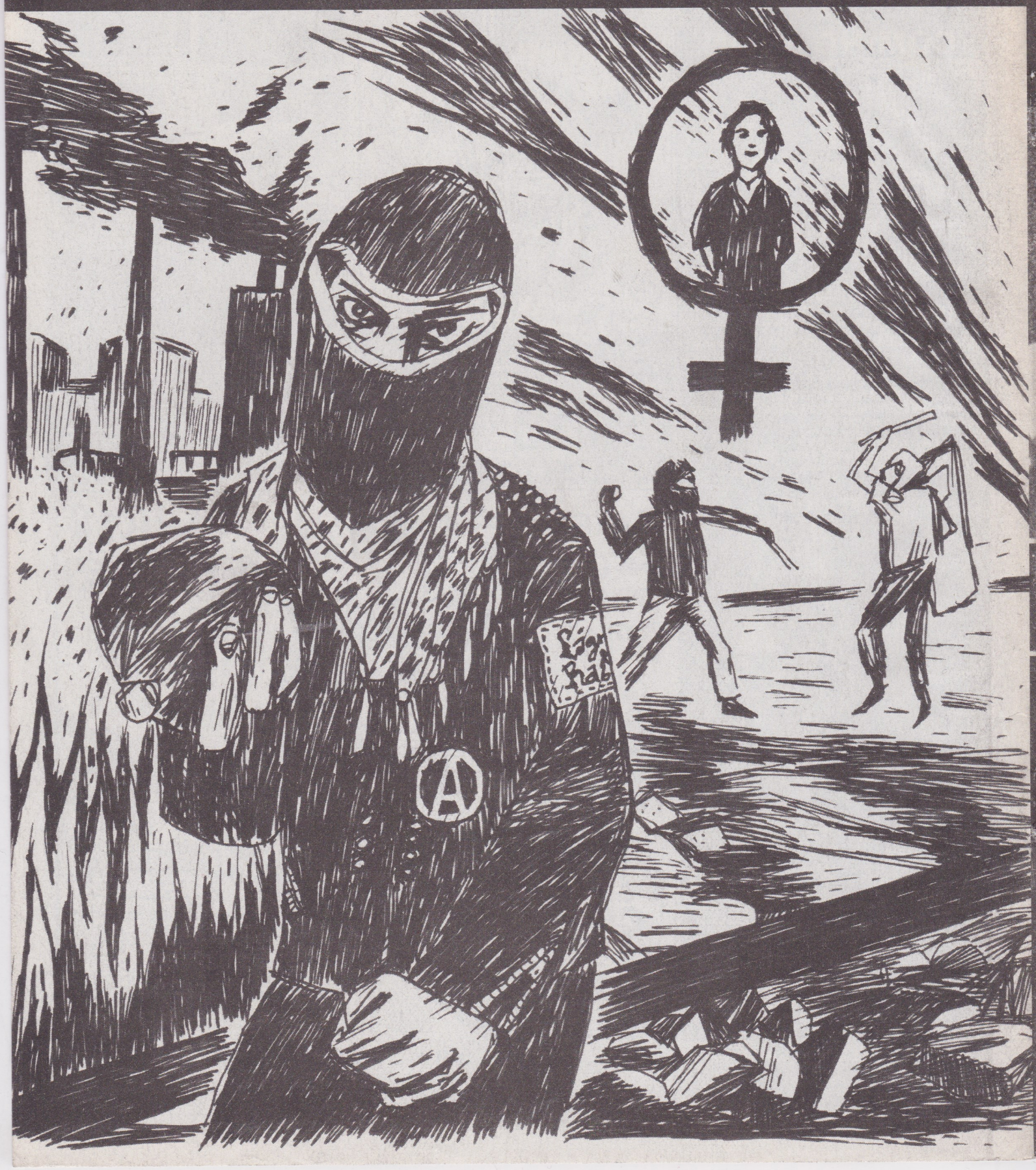
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